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WESTERN AMERICANA

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Cordially Yours
Carrie Adell Strahorn

Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage

A Woman's Unique Experience during Thirty Years of Path
Finding and Pioneering from the Missouri to the
Pacific and from Alaska to Mexico

By

Carrie Adell Strahorn

With 350 Illustrations from Drawings by Charles M. Russell and others, and from Photographs

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by
CARRIE ADELL STRAHORN

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THIS BOOK

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO MY DEAR HUSBAND

ROBERT E. STRAHORN

WHOSE CONSTANT CHUM AND COMPANION IT HAS BEEN MY GREATEST JOY TO
BE FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS IN THE CONQUERING
OF THE WILDERNESS

PREFACE

THE West of thirty-four years ago is now only a tradition. The picturesque wilderness with its marauding bands of Indians, with its lawless white men, with its quaint stage-coaches, and with its vast tenantless reaches of mountains and plains was a reality, with all the vast resources of the great domain yet to be developed.

The bird's-eye view of to-day looks down upon thousands of miles of railways, flourishing towns, substantial cities, and millions of acres of land green with cultivation where only yesterday were the dreary solitudes of sandy waste.

In the pages of this volume, I have endeavored to give a picture of the Old West, to tell of the efforts which a Westward marching population made to establish homes on the border line of civilization and beyond, enduring hardships and privations with the courage of heroes. I have tried to restore the picturesque condition of what was the great homeless frontier of our Western country, and to trace its development.

The narrative covers nearly every highway of the country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean and from the British lands to Mexico. The old Concord stage-coach with its swinging thoroughbrace and the covered "dead X" wagon were the Pullman cars for the overland traveller, and highway meals were served from the wagon box or at a wayside cabin that was frequently more than half a stable.

The circumstances that led to such a life date back to the year 1877, when my husband, Robert E. Strahorn, wrote and published a book on the resources, climatic conditions, and scenic attractions of what was then Wyoming Territory. The book fell into the hands of Jay Gould, who was then the wizard of the railroad world and the live wire of the Union Pacific Company, with its rails running from Omaha to Ogden and Salt Lake City. The fancy seized Mr. Gould to have Mr. Strahorn create a literary bureau and advertising department for the Union Pacific Railway Company, and to write a similar book on all Western States and Territories. It was a new departure for a railroad company, but as the scheme was discussed its scope broadened until it seemed to be without limit. The Company wanted to know the possibilities for extensions, the tonnage that might accrue, the tillable acres, the scenic attractions, and all the alluring inducements that could be offered to prospective home-seekers.

The offer came within a week after our marriage. To accept it meant the abandonment of plans already well matured, and the alternative of leaving me alone among strangers in the Far West, or subjecting me to a life of hardship in frontier travel that was looked upon as well nigh unendurable, either one of which seemed equally impossible for him to force upon me.

It was a career so suited to his capabilities and his liking that I determined not to be a stumbling block at the very threshold of our new life, and he was finally persuaded to accept the position, it being agreed that for a time at least I would accompany him. That stipulation the railroad officials emphatically refused. They said no woman could endure the hardships that conditions of travel then required on routes far away from the railroad, and added that he would be constantly hampered and delayed in his work. Mr. Strahorn was firm in his insistence, and they were obdurate and arbitrary; they argued and reasoned, then demurred, relented, and finally consented.

It meant going the length of nearly every stage road across our great frontier many times over; into remote districts, into lonely valleys and far-reaching mountains. It meant going into hundreds of mines, computing millions of feet of timber, the number of cattle and sheep and their increase. It involved the study of the prairies and hillsides with reference to their adaptability for raising cereals and fruits; the examination of watercourses and drainage, the determination of the climatic and scenic conditions, and, in short, every factor that would make attractive and instructive reading for the home-seeker.

Fifteen thousand miles by stage was but an incident of those strenuous years as the work progressed. When books, pamphlets, and newspapers started a fast and furious immigration, and railroads began their extensions, then came the locating of towns, colonizing the people into settlements, building bridges and irrigating-canals, schools, churches and colleges, organizing commercial bodies and fraternal societies, and pushing on with brain and brawn and pen until Pullman cars traversed the one-time wilderness on eight great overland lines.

While this is not a book of statistics, the historical references are believed to be correct. The main purpose has been to record some of the humorous and thrilling events during many years of pioneer travel, leaving out most of the heartaches and disappointments, the excessive fatigue and hardships, and giving more of the rainbow glow to an adventurous life on the frontier.

We shall ever have a kindly feeling in our hearts for the many friends on the frontier who smoothed our thorny way by generous and thoughtful hospitality. They threw such a rosy glow along the sparsely settled highways and made so homelike the widely separated settlements that the retrospect is colored by their kindness. In looking back, we are glad to linger over the humorous, to separate from its crude surroundings the picturesque element, and to endeavor to perpetuate the romances of the miner and prospector, the cowboy and the bullwhacker, the stage driver and the freighter, who with gaudily decked Indians made the frontier a galaxy of fascinating pictures. It was a land where eyes often ached with straining from horizon to horizon for the sight of a cabin, and where the heavy rattle of the stage-coach and the howling of coyotes were the only sounds that broke the silence of the vast expanse. Yet even that great silent anthem of Nature was entrancing in its immensity. Strenuous and trying as the life was, it had many compensations; it afforded experiences and a fund of reminiscences that may interest those who have followed our trail in the luxurious ways of modern travel.

C. A. S.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON,
June 7, 1911.

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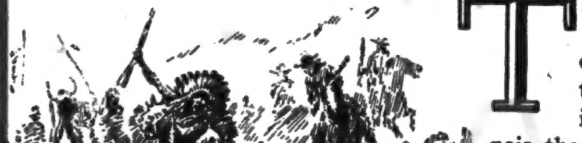
Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage

FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES BY STAGE

CHAPTER I

BEGINNING THE STAGE-COACH HONEYMOON

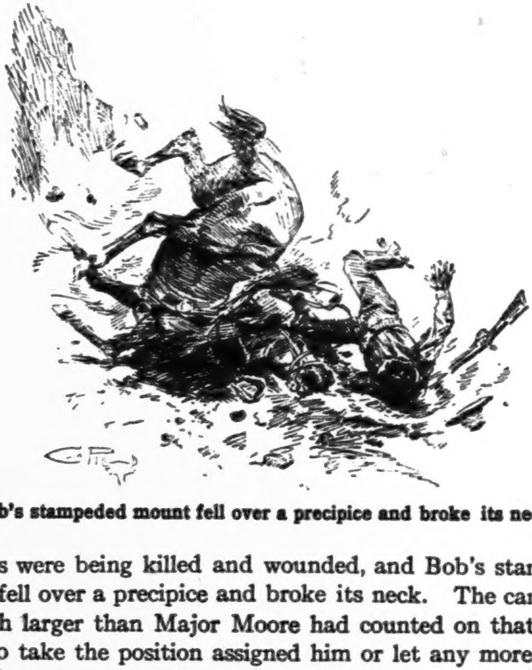


THE wedding bells had pealed merrily over the little village in northern Illinois, the marriage ceremony was over, and amid laughter and tears the guests had departed. There were many misgivings thirty-three years ago over a life to be spent away out on the Far West plains and mountains. People east of the Mississippi really believed such a life meant only hardship and danger, rubbing elbows with the slayers of Custer, the broncho busters, gamblers, and rough elements generally. Even the few better advised pictured it a mere existence among cattle barons, cowboys, miners, and freighters, forgetting their own earlier days in the now middle West where their pioneering had met with charms and fascinations they still loved to recall. The multitude of friends thought it little less than a calamity in 1877 that a girl should choose as a life partner one who would carry her out into that mysterious and unsettled country.

A dear old uncle, the local printer, was so sure of an error in copy for the wedding invitation that he changed the name of the bridegroom to suit the general supposition that a suitor less liable to roam in savage lands was to have first place. When the engraving had to be changed to suit the bride instead of Dame Rumor he said the father must have lost his usual good judgment to allow such a wedding to take place. He did not know that the dear old father's tearful consent had been the most forceful opposition to the nuptials. As the one most interested I knew the struggle in his heart was between his love for me and my happiness.

It was not particularly reassuring that the tall, boyishly slender bridegroom had come with the halo of a hero, fresh from the Sioux battle-fields. He had been with General Crook's command against the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes, with Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Dull Knife, and Little Wolf as Indian leaders. The newspapers had thrilled the village with tales of Indian warfare in which this newcomer had participated and now the younger generation stood in open-mouthed wonder and their elders in awe and homage due one who had come unscathed through such experiences. I must confess the opposition and these thrilling recitals did not leave me wholly without misgivings. One incident of that Sioux war, however, will give an idea of the manner of man I was to follow into an unknown future: He had not gone as an enlisted soldier with General Crook, but as a civilian to report the war news to the New York *Times*, Chicago *Tribune*, and the *Rocky Mountain News*. He wore civilian dress, but General Crook said: "It mattered not what the coat was; Bob was every inch a soldier, always the first man to the front when the battle call was on, where he could get his news in the most reliable way, and he never failed to work his rifle as well as his pen."

In the famous battle of Powder River where forty-seven were assigned to charge through the Crazy Horse camp and stampede the savages on to Major Moore's much larger force which was to be in ambush, Bob was one of the forty-seven mounted on one of the best of the "Egan Grays." The "Egan Grays" were the pick and pride of General Crook's cavalry, commanded by Teddy Egan, and on this occasion Captain Teddy remarked that Bob would not be at the tail end of the party so long as he stayed on that mount. The forty-seven brave troopers surely did awaken the camp on that terrific charge. Teddy Egan's horse was shot in the neck, Lieut. John G. Bourke's bridle rein was shot out of his hand, Hospital Steward Bryan's horse was killed under him, and in a few minutes troopers were being killed and wounded, and Bob's stampeded mount fell over a precipice and broke its neck. The camp was so much larger than Major Moore had counted on that he refused to take the position assigned him or let any more troops go to the rescue of the forty-seven, believing every man in the attacking party would be killed.



"Bob's stampeded mount fell over a precipice and broke its neck"

The battle raged for hours in the heart of the Indian village which was destroyed by fire at the first onslaught. Early in the fray all hands dismounted, using dead horses and logs as breastworks of defence, while fighting to the death and waiting for the rescuers who did not come.

The soldiers with Major Moore heard the incessant firing and could even see the terrible battle from their safe vantage ground on neighboring bluffs and begged to go to the rescue of their comrades. Fearing a mutiny at his refusal, the commander said he would have the first man shot who started to the Indian camp. Finally Col. T. H. Stanton, of the pay department, like Barbara Frietchie and her flag, stepped from the rank and said, "Shoot me if you will, but I am going to help our comrades. Come, boys, how many of you will go with me?" Out sprang eight men only who dared to disobey their commander, but away they flew yelling like a band of Indians and calling loudly to the boys in the battle: "Hold on, we 're coming." Down the mountain they flew, making such a din with their yelling and their rifle volleys that the Indians were deceived in the number of the party and took to their ponies and their heels in a panic. Help had come none too soon, for twelve of the forty-seven were already past the fighting stage, and lay dead and wounded by their rifles.

The brave Colonel Stanton was never shot as threatened by the timorous Moore, but a long and spirited court-martial followed in which Major Moore was condemned, while a little later Colonel Stanton was made Paymaster-General of the United States Army.

Teddy Egan said when we met in later years that the success of that day was due not a little to the coolness and good marksmanship of Pard and Lieut. John G. Bourke, an officer of General Crook's staff, both of whom were commended in general orders by the Secretary of War for exceptional gallantry.

It was thus just after the close of the Sioux war that Pard was made a prisoner by a pale-faced maiden, as the western newspapers expressed it, but it was a case of captive leading the captor, for back they went to the same trackless wilderness where he had fought with sword and pen for first news.

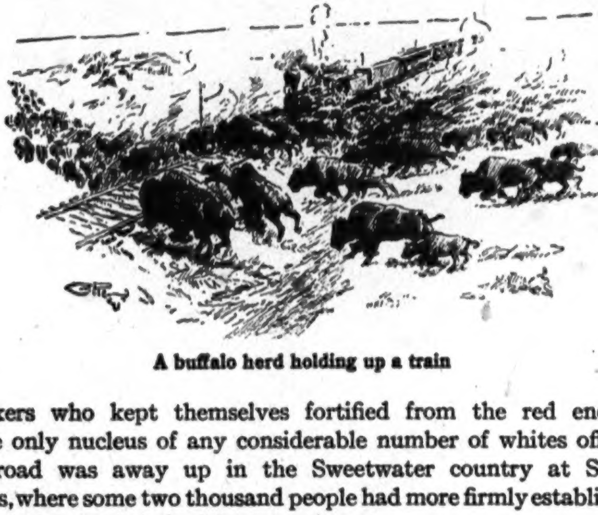
In 1877 there was but one transcontinental railway across the desert West, the combined Union and Central Pacific road from Omaha to San Francisco. There were no railroads north or northwest of Utah, and but a short branch west of St. Paul.

In those days the frontier was no myth, but it was there with its dangers and hardships still to be endured. Hundreds of thousands of square miles were still marked upon the school

5

Omaha in 1877

maps as "unexplored regions." Stage lines, hundreds upon hundreds of miles in length, traversed lands that were otherwise unexplored, to reach outposts and *entrepôts* of the great frontier. Wyoming, with its vast area, greater than all the New England States combined, had but a scattered population of 20,000 people, mostly distributed in a thin fringe along the line of the newly built Union Pacific Railroad which traversed the southern boundary of the territory. The middle and north sections were given up to roving tribes of Indians, with here and there on the plains a few reckless cattlemen, whose herds had so recently displaced the myriads of buffalo, and in the hills a few adventurous gold-seekers who kept themselves fortified from the red enemy. The only nucleus of any considerable number of whites off the railroad was away up in the Sweetwater country at South Pass, where some two thousand people had more firmly established themselves and their rich possessions.



A buffalo herd holding up a train

The venture of Brigham Young in peopling and reclaiming the Salt Lake Valley was still fresh on the page of history, but the Salt Lake Valley was but a gateway to the great Northwest. Brave, restless, pioneering spirits pushed on in the same way as their forefathers had done, but there was the satisfaction that civilization was creeping more rapidly behind the pathfinders.

It was small wonder that old friends looked solemn and that tears streamed down parental cheeks when a daughter was going to such an unknown life and country. Few girls realize what they

are doing when they leave the shelter of a loving home life for a man who may only be full of promises he cannot fulfil.

The dear old father, who had reluctantly given his consent to a marriage that would take his beloved daughter so far from home and friends, packed the boxes for the new home with the generous bridal gifts and home linens and cemented them together with his tears, which he tried dextrously to hide by a cheery voice: "I say, mother, I made our new son promise to put in a hundred bushels of potatoes every fall, but if he stays in Wyoming I think he will have to rustle some when its credits now are only wind and Indians." "Well, pa, don't worry," mother replied, "It does seem a long ways to be from home if things don't go right, but so long as daughter can sing as she

"The real home for many years was in the saddle or stage-coach"

does now she will never go hungry, for they do say there are churches in Cheyenne just the same as here. Everybody says our church won't know what to do without their 'sweet singer.' But you know a girl always thinks she knows more than anybody else about the man she wants to marry. She weaves a halo about him that makes it pretty hard for him to live up to, but sometimes he does it. You know she is a pretty good judge of human nature and maybe he 'll surprise us all some day by living up to her ideal. He don't seem to know much about women, but he does seem dreadfully fond of our girl. It was really funny last night to hear him tell Rev. Hutchinson, the minister, that the bride-to-be wanted the word 'obey' left out of the ceremony because there is Woman's Suffrage in Wyoming, and suggest, 'If you don't want to leave it out entirely, just put it in my part, for I 've been running wild so long I just want to be obliged to obey somebody.'"

That was not hard to believe when he raised his voice in full, round tones with an "I will" or an "I do" whenever the minister made a slight pause in the marriage ceremony. In answering at all such impressive pauses he could not fail to answer in the right place and give the impression that he was in dead earnest in the matter. The incident caused a perfect round of merriment and the funereal restraint common on such occasions was replaced by a burst of applause for the nervy man from the West.

Pard had just published a two hundred and fifty page book on the resources of Wyoming, and while at Omaha en route to Cheyenne after the wedding he was urged by General Passenger Agent Thos. L. Kimball to create and take charge of a publicity department for the Union Pacific Railway Company. His book on Wyoming was the kind of a book that they wanted written on every State and Territory their lines reached or intended to reach, and they also wanted to know the resources of all the country west and northwest, that they might know where and how to extend their railroads to commercial advantage. It was an undertaking of great scope, and would require travel almost without end.

Pard's ambition knew no bounds, but it required much consideration before accepting the position and he then required that I be allowed to accompany him on all his journeys. He would not take me so far away from friends, then leave me alone in a desolate country, and he never did.

Instead of a home in the windy city of Cheyenne, as had been anticipated, it was only a sort of home station for repairs and an occasional few days' rest, and the real home was in the stage-coach and saddle for many years that followed.

At Omaha, we were guests at the Grand Central Hotel which was then located where The Paxton stands now. It was burned a few years later, and thus was obliterated a place where we had the first startling episode of an eventful life. A terrible storm came up one night, such as are often experienced along the Missouri River bottoms. The lightning flashed in blinding fury and the thunder roared like a thousand cannon. Wakened by the commotion I went into the sitting-room to close a window. Pard heard the noise, and thinking it was a burglar, he softly crept into the room, lifted a chair above his head, and approached the spot whence came a slight rustle; he was just ready to strike the intruder to the floor when a flash of lightning revealed my white-robed figure at the window gazing at the storm. The chair fell from his hand with a crash, and he was limp with terror at coming so near a domestic tragedy. It was only the timely lightning that kept him from felling me to the floor as he was sure he had left me in bed. A curious coincidence might be stated in the fact that at that very time Omaha was greatly excited over a trial for murder of a man who had shot and killed his wife in mistaking her for a burglar. Such events seemed to be in the air,

First home of Platte Valley Masonic Lodge No. 32. On Old Oregon trail. Built 1870

and we decided to wear bells on our toes when we made night raids thereafter.

In Omaha at that time we were often guests in the home of General Crook where, with the General and the officers of his staff, Pard lived over and again the experiences of many an Indian battle-field, and they had many a good joke to tell on one another. It gave me a new insight into a warrior's heart, for while they laughed and joked over many a heartrending episode, it was only to cover the tear in the eye and to hide the depth of the heart-thrust such incidents gave each and every one. That little early experience served me in good stead oftentimes afterward and taught me to be lenient to some seemingly blusterous individual who might only be struggling for mastery over his deeper feelings.

Farnum Street, the main business street of Omaha, had not yet been paved and it was an odd sight to see the teams and wagons get stuck in the mud on that central thoroughfare. Even horses drawing light buggies shared the same fate, and a few months later our own carriage stuck fast en route to the railroad station and we missed the last train that could carry us to our friends in Chicago in time for Christmas. People had to tie on their rubbers, or leave them glued in the clay soil of the crossings.

CHAPTER II

CHEYENNE

CHEYENNE was different, and if it did not have mud it had wind. It was no joke that passengers on trains did not dare walk from one car to another on Cheyenne Hill for fear of being carried off. Of all forlorn, homesick looking towns, Cheyenne never had an equal, and my young heart was filled with dismay at the thought of living there. But if there is ever a time in a woman's life when she will endure hardships and make sunshine out of shadows it is when she first leaves the home nest to follow the man of her choice. There was a lot of good in Cheyenne that could not be blown away, and memories still cling lovingly around the raw old place. Hon. E. A. Slack and wife had been East for our wedding and that fact alone gave us a little home feeling in the town. Mr. Slack was managing editor and owner of the Cheyenne *Sun* and Pard had been a hand at the case and at the desk in association with the editor before the experience in the Sioux war.

There were many hard things said and rough jokes sprung on Cheyenne in those days. For example, one evening at the theatre in Denver the villain of the play was advised to leave the United States and go to Cheyenne. Cheyenne was the chief outfitting point for a chain of small military posts, Deadwood and the Black Hills several hundred miles to the north, and it was between an outgoing and a returning freighter near there that the dialogue took place about the famous load of twenty barrels of whiskey and one sack of flour when one said to the other, "What in —— are you going to do with so much flour?"

For laundry work we paid $2.50 per dozen pieces, and pianos rented for $15 per month. That seemed enormous then when fresh from the $3 rental price of Chicago, but prices for everything from bread to hats seemed extortionate.

The present United States Senator, Chas. E. Warren of Wyoming, was then an enterprising drygoods merchant of Cheyenne, and that he was a man of resources even regarding small things was made manifest early in his career. He had been married several years before a little daughter came to them, the same daughter that made life such a joy to her father after her mother was taken from them and whose recent marriage caused such a social stir at our National Capital.

Deadwood in 1876

When the little miss was to make her first appearance among friends in the East the Warren store was searched for all its best materials for baby's outfit, and money and work were lavished without stint on the little darling's tucks and ruffles. But a great heartless railway company made such a mysterious disappearance of the trunk containing all the dress parade wardrobe, that when the little family arrived at its eastern destination the trunk was missing and could not be found anywhere. The little miss had to meet all her relatives and new-found friends in ordinary store clothes. Senator Warren struggled for years to find some trace of the missing trunk, but without success, nor could he secure any reimbursement until he thought of a unique method which he at once put into execution. He placed a watchman in the railroad yards of Cheyenne with instructions to report the arrival of the first freight car bearing the name of the road upon which he travelled. In a day or two the watchman gave the necessary information. Senator Warren at once went before a local magistrate and sued out an attachment upon the freight car. Then he wired to the railroad officials stating what he had done, and awaited results.

In less than three hours came a dispatch saying that a check for the value of the missing trunk had been forwarded to him, and asking him to let the freight car proceed upon its way. Then the suit was withdrawn. And now comes the sequel to the story in the fact that the trunk has recently been found after all its years of hiding in some obscure and remote storehouse. It was found after Miss Warren's late marriage, and its contents may yet make a mother's heart glad, as even the cans of condensed milk were intact.

The second railroad from Cheyenne south to Denver was completed at noon on Sunday, Dec. 4, 1877, and the first train on this new Colorado Central road was run on the following Tuesday, with Mr. Phelps, the local passenger agent, Dr. Gordon of Cheyenne, Pard, and myself as the first passengers over the road. The time schedule to Denver was five hours, but we were seven hours in reaching Boulder, only half way, and changed our car twice. The car we started in was the one that carried Abraham Lincoln to Washington after he was elected President of the United States, and the same one that carried his body to its place of burial. I was never able to learn how that car became a common carrier of the windy desert. The outside was painted a bright yellow. Inside a long seat ran the whole length on either side of the car with upholstered cushions, and the upholstery was continued up the sides of the car between the windows. It was a great contrast, however, to the luxurious cars of the present day.

There were nearly as many churches in Cheyenne in '77 as there are now, but I hope there is less rivalry. The divine head, Rector Thompkins, of the Episcopalian diocese, was so angry because I preferred to sing in another choir than his, that he rode in the same Pullman car in a section opposite my own all the way to Omaha without seeing me. At another time his choirmaster, one Mr. Wells, sought revenge at a public meeting where we were to sing a responsive duet. We had our places on the platform and I had carried my part and paused for his response. He simply stood there with his eyes riveted on his music until the audience thought I had made a complete breakdown. It was a terrible moment, but fortunately his part was not difficult and I took it up and sang it myself, and after that first part I did not allow him a chance but sang both parts to the end. The table turned on him so completely that he looked like an apoplectic when he turned to his seat, and he was exposed to most cutting criticism by the musical fraternity.

Without a spear of grass, without a tree within the scope of the eye, without water except as it was pumped for household use, with a soil sandy, hard, and barren, and with never-ceasing wind—that was the raw Cheyenne in the late '70's, in marked contrast to its parks, shady streets, and well-kept lawns of to-day. That was the place of my early bride days. What a transition from the green rolling hills of northern Illinois, with all its forests, its fruits and flowers, and rich harvest fields, and its clear flowing rivers.

In all my girlhood the one thing that I wanted to avoid in my life was to be a pioneer. So often had I listened to tales of my elders of " '49 and spring of '50" etc., that it had made me say many times that I would never be a pioneer and be called the oldest settler in a town or country, or one of the early ones in any State history. Yet, there I was at the very threshold of a new land where I was to be the first woman in many then unexploited regions, and the title of "old settler" was to be indelibly and forever attached to me and mine.

The matrimonial venture did not lead me to the duties of a matron with home, children, and windows full of flowers, but our launch was pushed into the sea of adventure paralleled by none save that of my own Pard, whom I followed for thirty years wheresoe'er he blazed the trail, until we were captivated by the soughing pines of Spokane.

Soon after our arrival in Cheyenne, the locality was visited by the worst hail storm in its history. In our house a hailstone went through a window, then through a cane-seated chair, hitting the floor with force enough to bound back and make a second hole through the cane seat. The city looked as if Fort Russell had turned her batteries loose on the town, for there was scarcely a north window left unbroken. Many of the stones measured seven inches in circumference, and our enterprising landlady gathered enough hailstones to freeze several gallons of cream and then gave what she called a hailstone party.

Old Fort Russell was the pride of Cheyenne and its Sunday concert was the event of the week. Everything on wheels moved to the fort and if there were not wheels enough to carry all who wanted to go, the surplus would walk out over the hard, sandy road rather than miss the harmonies that floated out through the bright, clear air.

Cheyenne afforded my first glimpse of army life, and Fort Russell was a fair post to compare with any on the barren frontier. In the first place, a plains fort is no fort at all; it is simply a collection of houses and buildings set down on the prairie or on the crest of some high bluff, with no bastions, walls, stockade, nor defence of any kind, and might better be termed a small settlement than a fort. Select a fairly level piece of ground, say 400 yards square; on two sides build substantial quarters for the officers, and on the other two sides rows of barracks for the enlisted men. Erect stables, guard-house, post-trader's store, a club-room for officers, another for enlisted men, install hospital for the sick, with capable doctors and attentive nurses, a bakery, reading-room, gymnasium, and bathing-rooms, and the picture is complete. At regimental quarters a good band was always stationed, and, once or twice a week there were hops and dances for both officers and enlisted men. At the post exchange light wines, beer, and cider were sold at almost cost prices, but in some cases no whiskey under any pretence was allowed for sale within the limits of a garrison. In the billiard rooms a nominal charge of five cents a game was made, the receipts merely sufficing to pay the attendants and keep the place in repair.

Very raw material is taken for soldiers; they are men of all nationalities and all climes. They enter the army as bright as meteors and as verdant as unripe cucumbers, but no matter how ignorant or green a recruit may be at the time of joining, he usually leaves the army well satisfied with his five years of discipline and experience, his erect figure and fine marksmanship. The bump of fun is exceedingly large in the average soldier of the line. Young men in the prime of manhood and of fine physique generally look on the term of enlistment as a sort of lark, and propose to get as much amusement and fun out of the five years as possible. Their devices and tricks for getting out of drill and other duties are as varied as the boys themselves. In time of peace, guard duty is about the hardest service in the army, and to this the soldier is eligible one day in every six or seven. Any man in any company, whenever he feels so inclined, if not detailed on some duty, can amuse himself by knocking over jack-rabbits, bagging sage hens, quail, and prairie chickens galore, or missing as many shots as he wants to. Tours of detached service are simply picnics, and no man would stay in a garrison if he had half a chance to get out over the prairie for service of any kind. But with all the cleverness at entertaining themselves and having jocular sports about the fort, the life is a tedious one, and to an ambitious man it becomes almost intolerable. The call to arms is hailed with joy, not because it means war, but because it means action and a change of scene and events.

The light air of the mountain country makes people energetic and full of vim, and the climatic influence is especially noted in school children where every eye gleams in a nervous tension unknown in lower or southern climes. Sometimes it may tend to make children too precocious as was the case during one of President Harriman's more recent visits to Cheyenne, when Frank Jones, the young son of Chief Clerk D. A. Jones, of the Master Mechanic's office, was sent to the private car with a telegram for Superintendent McKeen. Pushing his way into the private car of President Harriman, the lad said: "Hello: I got er telegram for McKeen." "You mean Mr. McKeen," interposed Mr. Harriman. "Yep, I guess so; th' head cheese 'f th' motive department." Mr. Harriman smiled and took the telegram and had it sent to Mr. McKeen. "What do you do," he asked the lad. "I 'm one 'f the directors 'f th' Union Pacific." "What?" exclaimed Mr. Harriman. "Yep, I direct envelopes over t' th' Master Mechanic's office," was the laconic reply as the lad left the car. He left Mr. Harriman and the other magnates in an uproar and the joke no doubt followed Mr. Harriman for some time.

There were many idlers in Cheyenne in spite of the life-giving air, but I never saw them stand in knots and make remarks about passing ladies. If a woman chanced to pass a saloon where a lot of men were lolling about the entrance, she could pass quietly along without hesitation for every man of them would be out of sight before she reached them. I saw that happen so often from the windows of the hotel that I knew it was not simply a chance circumstance, and that ladies were shown a deference by those outcasts of society that proved them not lost beyond recall if the right influences were used. Social conditions of the West were entirely new to me and it required time to adjust myself to the more democratic gentility which is the outcome of a concourse of pioneers.

It was a difficult matter up to 1877 to draw social lines in Cheyenne, but in every growing town there comes a time when its four hundred will draw the reins of exclusiveness. That four hundred is generally considered the upper tendom, but there are places where the lower tendom will swarm away from their betters, leaving it an easy matter for the others to draw the social lines as tight as they please. In the early days the bad elements of Cheyenne were so large and unsavory that they clung together and poured out their disapproval of a higher life in no unmistakable terms. But those in the better way conquered and in '77 the social status was no longer quivering in the balance, but was governed by such as our now noted United States Senator, Chas. E. Warren, the Hon. E. A. Slack, Judge (later United States Senator) J. M. Cary, Luke Voorhees, and others who have risen to prominent places in the affairs of our nation and who were educated up to their great usefulness right on the windy plains of Cheyenne.

Cheyenne and Wyoming were little less known for the strength of character and cultivation of their ladies than for their notable men. It was no wonder that Mr. Slack, editor of the Cheyenne *Sun*, was such a gloriously fine man, for he had a mother who was an honor to our country.

She was Mrs. Esther Morris, born in 1814, at Spencer, Tioga

County, New York; her grandfather, Daniel McQuigg served as captain under General Sullivan in his expedition that drove the Indians out of western New York. He was one of the first twelve settlers in Tioga County. Esther was left an orphan at the early age of eleven years, and she was ever a warm advocate of right. She took a stand for justice at an Abolitionist meeting held one night in the Baptist Church of her native town, when she was but twenty years old. So incensed were the pro-slavery advocates of the community that a prominent citizen declared that if the ladies would leave the church the men would tear it down. Esther stood up in her seat and said: "This church belongs to the Baptist people, and no one has a right to destroy it. If it is proposed to burn it down, I will stay right here and see who does it."

She married Artemus Slack at the age of twenty-eight, after she had made a comfortable fortune for herself in a commercial enterprise. Mr. Slack was then engaged in the construction of the Erie Railway, but when he died several years later he was one of the chief engineers of the Illinois Central and left her a large grant of land along that line.

In 1845 Esther Slack was married to John Morris oı Peru, Illinois, but it was while settling the Slack estate that she realized the great injustice of the property laws in their relation to women, and she resolved to devote her life to the betterment of such conditions.

In 1869 she joined her husband again at South Pass, Wyoming, and it was there she was made the first woman Justice of the Peace in the United States, if not in the world. Mr. Morris objected to her acceptance of the office and made a scene in the court-room and she fined him for contempt which he refused to pay. Then she promptly sent him to jail. It was a good illustration of her determination of character.

She tried more than fifty cases and never had a ruling reversed on an appeal. Her court was world famous and from her success there she took up the work of Woman's Suffrage and carried it to a successful completion in Wyoming.

When I knew her best she was more than fifty years old, but young in heart, and her powers of conversation though blunt and often cutting, would have given her a conspicuous position anywhere. The charm of her personality was in her cheerful disposition under all conditions. It was as natural for her to look on the bright side of things as it is for the flower to turn to the sun that gives it warmth and life, and her faith in the eternal goodness of God made her old age one of joy and cheerfulness. Those in trouble always found in her a kind friend and wise counsellor.

Another Cheyenne debutante was Miss Estelle Reel. She was a teacher in the school there and we became warm friends. She has developed into a sphere of usefulness attained by few. She went to Wyoming for her health after her education was completed, and as she became well and strong again she took up educational work and passed from teacher to county and State Superintendent. She became very much interested in the leasing and disposition of the State school lands, with the object of securing a good school fund, the result of which was that the State has now a satisfactory school fund and the best system of schools possible. She made her trips throughout the Territory by stage or on horseback, and often crossed long stretches of the lonely prairies alone.

Miss Reel's savage wards

Her successor as State Superintendent was a man. "Why did you not select a woman?" she asked of the political leaders. "Well, this man is the father of eleven children," was the reply, "and we concluded a man who is doing so much for the State is entitled to as much consideration as a woman who seems determined to remain an old maid." Miss Reel laughed merrily and told her political friends that she had no desire to compete with the man who had eleven children.

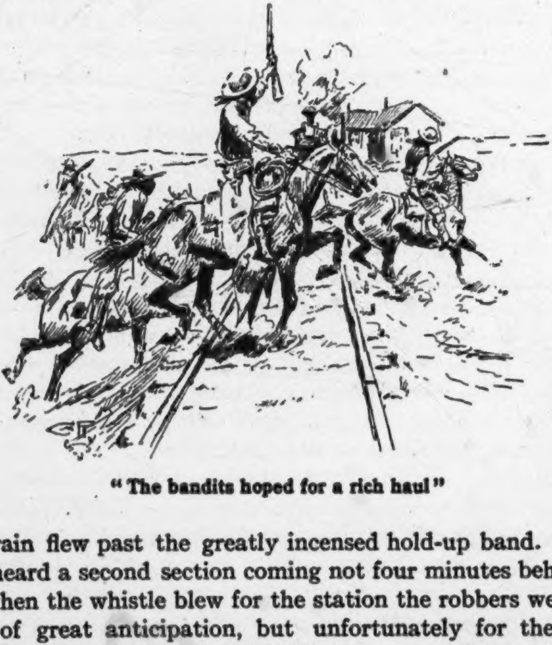
Miss Reel has been for many years the Government Superintendent of Indian Schools for the United States, and she is thoroughly absorbed and interested in her work. The Indians call her the "Big White Squaw from Washington"; they love and adore her in the true Indian way of wanting to give her their children.

Even Pard had a political bee buzzing in his bonnet when we were married, and he had been assured of the Territorial Secretaryship of Wyoming if he wanted it. The incumbent of the office was then a Mr. Morgan who, with his wife, were almost our first callers, and I cannot forget how unhappy I felt all the time they were in the house to think that we were being urged to usurp the places of such charming people as they were, and it gave us both a distaste for politics that we have never rallied from, and within a few months from that time when the bubble was about to burst upon the people Pard resigned all claims to the office and decided to remain with Jay Gould's interests and take up the line of work as it had been outlined at the Union Pacific headquarters in Omaha. That meant the penetrating into all the unwritten lands of our great West and Northwest and dipping a pen into every interest that could be made a feeder for the great railway system. How much of the vast influx of settlers has been due to Pard's facile pen and untiring energies none may ever know, but we have watched the flow of immigration until it has become a tidal wave of humanity sweeping over the broad western domains and obliterating every vestige of the pioneer trails. The trip from Ogden to Helena and on up to British Columbia in an automobile or by steam car is a lark nowadays, and so it is all over the land where the creaking, lumbering old stage-coach rattled along the rutty, rough highways in the '70's and '80's of the nineteenth century.

We had many misgivings about the success of so vast an undertaking and though we never discussed failure we planned constantly for steps of progress and were always met with joy and compliments whenever we entered the home office at Omaha. The company soon considered me such an inseparable and indivisible part of Pard that they never made out any transportation for him that its counterpart was not made out for me whether on their own road or requested of another.

Circumstances often compelled us to make trips separately, but we generally met on the road somewhere. I well remember a trip west after our first Christmas back in Illinois in '77. It was in the dead of winter and Pard had gone ahead to make a quick trip to Salt Lake. I was anxious to reach Denver at the same time that he returned there, and to do so I had to battle against the home people for starting out when the whole western country was snowbound. One old northwestern conductor, J. J. Donnelly, swore most vociferously that I "would never get through in God's world," and when it was too late I began to feel repentant for my wilfulness and to think that the wishes of others should have been given precedence. The cars of the train leaving Chicago were miserable shells; either the good cars were stalled in snowdrifts or the railway company did not want to send them out, and I was the only woman on the train. We were twenty-four hours going sixty-five miles and butted snowdrifts all the way. The second day out the weather mellowed and rain began to fall, then a freight wreck delayed us some six hours and we had to transfer to another train sent to our relief. The change was made by walking along the track through the wreckage of freight cars and wading ankle deep and more in slush, and before Omaha was finally reached I was in the fourth car, having changed for a worse one every time, until there was not only no sleeper, but only one passenger coach on the train.

From Omaha west we started out on the Union Pacific train well equipped again, and with many belated passengers, but at Ogallala the train was held forty-eight hours by floods and one thousand feet of track that had been washed out had to be rebuilt. The town swarmed with cowboys and renegade gangs of bandits who laid a plot to hold up our train at a station just west of Ogallala. The telegraph operator at that station was A. G. Smith, now the secretary of the North Coast Railroad Company; he was bound and locked in a small side room in the station, but as he often slept in that little room he had fitted up and connected a little battery so that he could send out a message at night from there if he so desired, for he was always anticipating just such an experience. When our train was ready to go on west it was a combination of several trains and the bandits hoped for a rich haul, but the imprisoned operator worked one hand loose and got a message into Ogallala just before our train pulled out, and in spite of the signal to stop, our train flew past the greatly incensed hold-up band. Then they heard a second section coming not four minutes behind us and when the whistle blew for the station the robbers were in a state of great anticipation, but unfortunately for them the second train contained the sheriff and a posse of deputies who captured several of the bandits whom the court sentenced to many years' imprisonment.



"The bandits hoped for a rich haul"

I was heartily glad to reach Denver after my week on the road, but I soon learned that Pard had also been delayed and he wired me to come on to Laramie in Wyoming. I arrived there in the evening and he was to reach there early the next morning. It was a bitter cold night and I was glad to be off the train and have a good warm room, but when I was ready to retire I noticed for the first time that the room was lighted with electricity, and how I was to get rid of that light and have it again in the morning was a problem that set me guessing, for as yet our city hotels were not so fortunate as to have electric lights. I hunted all around the room for some instructions but found none. There was but one large lamp and it hung by the bed so I had none to experiment with and I looked long and lovingly at the projecting flat button above the glass bulb wondering what it might do to me or to the light if I tried to turn it, and I wished it would talk. Finally, after locating the call button for the office in case I should need help, I nerved myself up to an experiment, and the joy that it gave me to see the light come and go was supreme. I tried it many times during the night, and when the morning call came for me to get up for Pard's early train I turned on the light again with the joyousness of a child, and thought how strange it was that my first experience with those lights should be in a place that Eastern people considered as out of God's jurisdiction, so far away did the Laramie Plains seem to people using oil or gas. Later electric lights illuminated nearly every small town, not only streets and stores, but the homes long before Eastern homes had the luxury.

Once in New York a friend asked if it did not seem good to get back to a city having the luxury of gas, and when I said the electric light was a little strong sometimes but that it was preferable to gas he looked as if I had lost my reason or had no regard for the truth. He had been West! Oh, yes, he had been as far west as Buffalo, but there were no towns in New York lighted by electricity and he did not enjoy my expressed sympathy for users of gas who had travelled so little. In later years, after his mind opened up to the advantages of the great West he often referred to that moment of humiliation for himself when he thought I needed pity and sympathy for living outside of New York, and had the tables turned on himself.

Laramie was then the home of Bill Nye. He edited the ***Laramie Boomerang***, which brought him into prominence as a humorist. Bill Nye was a funny man with his pen, but not with his tongue, and it was seldom he could give quick, bright repartee in speech. Once in his home town his wit did come in a sudden flash on an occasion when he went into a bar for his favorite beverage. As he put his foot up on the rail and leaned over the mahogany, a stalwart stranger gave him a shove that aroused the funny man's ire. Turning about and indignantly scoring the great bulk of humanity beside him, he said he would give him just two minutes in which to apologize. The great six-footer eyed Mr. Nye's diminutive form from his bald head down to his shiny boots and back again, taking nearly the limit of his time in the scrutiny. Then, without a gesture or smile, he simply said, "I apologize" and walked out. The manipulator of cocktails let go his breath with a noisy "phew!" as he asked Nye if he knew who that man was. Mr. Nye replied that he did not and didn't care as he had apologized. The man behind the bar was so excited he could scarcely articulate, but he bawled out: "Why—why—why, that man is John L. Sullivan; now what would you have done if he had not apologized? I say, what would you have done?" "Well," said Nye, as his eyes widened with the thoughts of his miraculous escape, "I would have extended his time!"

Before the railroad was finished there was a tri-weekly stage between Cheyenne and Denver, which were rival cities for many years, but the location of Denver gave it every advantage as an outfitting point for miners, or as headquarters for tourists for scenic delights and its climate was ideal. Two or three rail routes have been built between the cities hoping for a closer relationship but the topography of the country made railroad building difficult and unsatisfactory, and two of the roads have alternately been rebuilt and blended until the Denver Pacific and Colorado Central have each lost their original lines. The only rail route from Omaha to Denver was through Cheyenne until the Julesberg cut-off was built which is now called the Denver Short Line from Omaha. Denver people also had to go through Cheyenne to reach Ogden just as they do now, and there seems to be no better way of surmounting the Rockies than the route through the Laramie Plains.

There were but few times in our years of pioneering that we did not live at hotels and the few exceptions developed some peculiar conditions. We felt especially favored at one time by being offered some charming rooms and board in one of the most aristocratic families of the place, where we could go and come at will, and the condition was charming for it would be like going home after an arduous journey. On our first return, however, there was an extra fine pair of blankets, a wedding present, missing from our bed. It was a pair that had been accidentally left out when our goods were stored away and they seemed safest to be in use. The bedroom in our absence was used as a spare room for guests, and when I enquired about the blankets no one knew anything about them. I asked who had occupied the room, and was told that one guest was a Baptist minister from Laramie and another was the president of the State College of Colorado at Boulder. We knew both parties well, and they were so far above suspicion that it made the joke on them a laughable one, but we never found the blankets and we soon after learned that one member of the family was a noted kleptomaniac who did many curious things. On one occasion she took out her false teeth, dressed in a disguise, and went about town begging flowers from those who were fortunate enough to have blooming house plants. Her excuse was a sick loved one who was passionately fond of flowers, and although she was recognized by two or three they said nothing to betray her, but gave her the flowers in pity for her own weakness. On one occasion she arranged the flowers very tastefully and sent them to a funeral with the request that they be left on the grave. After the ceremony was over and the cemetery was lacking in visitors she brought the flower piece home, rearranged it, and sent it that same night as a wedding gift. She also found it convenient to unpack and use my silverware and other wedding presents, and to give away my gowns when I was absent and then we decided to look for home comforts elsewhere.

There was one place in Denver where the landlady's mother was insane, and oftentimes I would have a strange feeling of a human presence when I believed myself to be alone, and would turn about to find the crazed creature standing grinning behind me. I grew more afraid of her every day and finally locked my doors every time I entered the rooms. After that I would often see the knob quietly turning or hear a little click at the lock as she was stealthily trying to enter. It was a beautiful suite of parlors and the location was ideal, but they were no compensation for such occult companionship, and we went back to the Windsor Hotel, satisfied to remain there while in town.

It was a keynote of progress to see every new hotel in Denver built a little farther uptown. The old American House down on Blake Street was the most fashionable hotel in town in 1877, and it elicited as much surprise and pleasure as the Brown Palace did in later days. The Windsor, the St. James, the Albany, Wentworth, Glenarm, and others out to the present site of the Brown Palace have told the trend of progress, and there are but few people now who remember Blake and Larimer streets as the principal shopping streets of the city.

The night of the opening of the Tabor Grand Opera House was an event in Denver's history not to be forgotten. The city celebrated two events in one, for the first passenger train on the Denver Short Line arrived the same evening, and brought in the Nebraska Press Association. Accompanied by a party of friends, including Mrs. David Kimball of Omaha, I made that first through trip. At Julesberg we were met by Pard and John Arkins of the *Rocky Mountain News* and Tom Dawson of the Denver *Times*. Since that time Mr. Dawson has been Senator Teller's private secretary in Washington and is now the head of the Associated Press which sends out all the Washington Congressional dispatches.

The members of the Nebraska contingent included Fred Nye and Mr. Woodbridge of the Omaha *Republican*. Mr. Nye was very short and Mr. Woodbridge was very long, so one said he brought the other along for use as a fire escape. The entire party occupied boxes in the new theatre and the curtain raising was delayed an hour for the belated new train to arrive, and the city guests to get their dinner, for all trains then stopped for meals or waited for the end of a run.

CHAPTER III

BLACK HAWK AND CENTRAL—GEORGETOWN AND GRAY'S PEAK

IT was past the middle of November when we left Denver on a bright Sunday morning to enjoy the glories of Clear Creek Canyon and to penetrate the mysteries of the Black Hawk mines. I felt especially interested in this trip because it was there and at Central City in 1871 that Pard had worked at the printer's case so arduously, and made a record far beyond his co-workers in the number of "ems" he could correctly set up in a given time, always working early and late that he might supply his invalid father with help for family needs.

The wonders of Clear Creek Canyon are not so unknown to the world now, and do not need minute description. The narrow-gauge rail line was considered a most wonderful achievement in engineering, with its towering cliffs on the one side, and the torrents of rushing waters on the other. We crossed and recrossed the rocky gorge, reviewing the frowning cliffs and foamy depths, gaining a glimpse of our engine as we rounded some sharp curve, or rolled under a projecting shelf that threatened to fall upon the baby train. On and up we went, wrapped in a halo of sublimity, *en rapport* with the grandeur of nature's arts, and dumb with admiration and reverence. What halcyon days those were, with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth to summon to the appreciation and praises of such exciting travel.

In the party for that day was a retired banker from Boston, a man genial and companionable, who entered into the spirit of enjoyment with great zest, but he amazed everybody by asking if we were *west of Omaha*. When he saw the consternation depicted on the several faces, he said he really did not know where he was, that he had bought a round-trip ticket to the Coast including several intermediate trips, but he did not know how far he was along although he had spent several days in Denver.

Our train was carrying a "Pinafore" company up to the mountain towns that morning, and as it was waiting at the forks of Clear Creek for the down express we heard an altercation between a man and his wife belonging to the company which suddenly culminated in the man rushing from the car saying "Good-bye"; he sprang to the platform, and, before any one realized his intent he stepped up on to the framework of the bridge and jumped into the creek. The water was very high and the current running with a fall of a hundred and fifty feet to the mile. He made frantic efforts to save himself, but to no avail, and even his body could not be recovered. It was a great shock to the company with whom he was a general favorite as their "Dick Dead Eye." It seemed impossible that he meant to do more than frighten his wife, for he was such a

In Clear Creek Canyon, Colorado

clever, good-natured man, always doing something to entertain the company. The distracted (?) wife offered $25 reward for the return of the body if covered with the new suit of clothes which he wore when he was drowned.

Ever and anon dark holes in the mountainsides would prove the love of man for gold, and his untiring efforts to draw out the very vitals of our mother-earth. Mother Grundy beamed upon us as we whizzed past, while the donkey pictured in the pinnacles above had more the appearance of wishing himself nearer that he might enjoy his hereditary amusement of landing all intruders at the foot of the hills. The "old frog" seemed ready to begin his evening melody as soon as the shadows lengthened, but he looked as contented as though he had not been sitting bolt upright on his stony hind legs for ages and criticised by every passing man, woman, and child.

The high, towering cliffs were as grand and majestic as though the storms of centuries had not fought and striven to

Mother Grundy, Clear Creek Canyon, Colorado

crush them to the earth; and who can tell how many centuries they may yet hold their mighty sway over the dark shadows of the canyon with its mass of human habitants. The unruly waters of the creek went rushing and seething over the rocks in their wild race to the sea. The mountains, the pictured rocks, and the roaring waters wove around us such a spell that the cry of the brakeman for Black Hawk seemed like a sacrilegious intrusion into the sanctum of our deepest and purest thoughts. But the spell was broken and we descended to earth to find ourselves still of the earth with human beings round about us.

When we made the first trip up this canyon the track was laid only to Black Hawk. While the Central City station was only a mile farther up the gulch, the rail line had to circuit about and zigzag for four miles among the gold mines on the mountainside to make the grade. Workmen were busy all along the distance hurrying the work to completion.

The altitude of Central City is 8300 feet above sea-level or nearly twice that of Denver. There was no hotel in Black Hawk, but at Central City the "Teller House," built by our good friend Senator Teller, was as fine as any country hotel in the State. Most streets of Central City were not over twenty feet wide, and the houses looked like bird cages hung on hooks jutting out from the mountainsides. Nearly every house was reached by a flight of stairs, and though it might be two or three stories high on the lower side, there would be an entrance on a level with the top floor on the upper side. Pard pointed out one rickety building where, in 1871, his dextrous fingers picked type out of the case at the rate of seven dollars per day, which amount, however, he found harder to collect than to set the type. But the more thrifty looking Central City *register* Office, where Col. Frank Hall did the newspaper business on a cash basis, furnished many a remittance to Pard's sick folks at home.

The Hill Smelting Works were then in this canyon, and covered four acres of ground. Professor Hill (later Colorado's United States Senator) took great pride in explaining the remarkable twenty-seven stages of treating the ore before it was lumped into the beautiful stacks of bullion piled on the office floor. Fifty-two tons of ore were treated daily and that was considered a large day's turnout at that time. Fifty cords of wood were daily consumed in smelting the fifty tons of ore.

The expense of running the smelter was on an average of five hundred dollars per day.

The Bobtail gold mine tunnel was in the western part of the town. With lighted torches and rubber clothing we penetrated twenty-two hundred feet into the secret chest of mother-earth to see where she stored her wealth. We also visited other mines and scenic places, Pard to gather his statistics of productions, and I to study the people and the social ways, and both to marvel at the wondrous handiwork of our great Creator.

Tons of bullion ready for the mint

Next morning by half-past seven o'clock we were on our way through Virginia Canyon to Idaho Springs, a distance of only seven miles, but wonderful in its scenic grandeur. It was over this route that the stage drivers made some memorable records on the last four miles, sometimes making that distance in twelve minutes. General Grant and his daughter Nellie were put through at a four-minute gait, and when the General protested against such speed the driver coolly said his own neck was as dear as anybody's and the General need not worry.

It was here also that Horace Greeley paid an extra fare to be taken to Idaho Springs in time to catch a train to Denver. There had been a cloudburst down the north fork and it had washed out the track below Black Hawk, and the great Horace had an appointment to meet and he needed speed. Driving like a madman down the steep grade was too much, however, for Mr. Greeley; he tried to call the driver down, while striving also to hold himself on the coach, but the man with the ribbons called to him: "Keep your seat Horace, you will be there in time. You won't have to walk."

The wind blew a gale, but over one mountain and another we sped along, passing Old Chief, Squaw, and Papoose mountains, swinging the curves and corners of the road, glancing nervously at the depths and heights and wishing we might moderate the pace as earnestly as Horace Greeley or General Grant could have done, yet with no more influence over the Jehu than the squirrels of the woods chirping their incense at human intrusion.

About midway of the canyon lived a peculiar hermit, in an old log cabin, and the man's possessions were chiefly his dog and horse. The queer old man would find a mine and sell it for some price, then get drunk and stay drunk while the money lasted. When he started off on his spree he turned his horse and dog loose on the hills to care for themselves. The dog would follow the horse all day and drive it to the barn at night, watch by the door until morning, when they would both start out together again. We saw the horse feeding on the mountain grass and his faithful attendant lying a few feet away, waiting for the master's return. No one could learn what the dog subsisted on, for he never left his duty to forage.

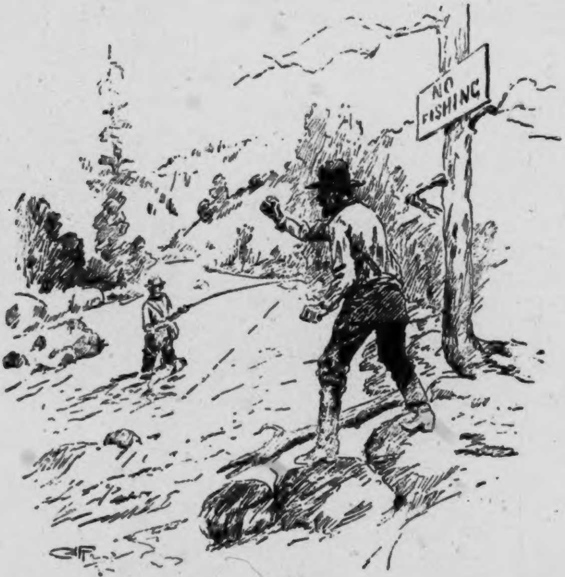
The trip through that famous canyon was one we had the privilege of paying well for, and we had our money's worth, if we were glad when it ended and were safe once more at the Beebe House of Idaho Springs. We hurriedly wended our way to the hot springs for a plunge, but when we learned that the "Omaha Board of Trade" had just been cleansed we turned our faces to a dip of less proportions.

On another trip in summer we made the ride over to Bear Creek which was full of romance and grandeur. A gradual ascent over a smooth road along the bank of Bear Creek was a joy not to forget. Wild roses bloomed in profusion, sweet syringa, wild columbine, daisies, and purple flagg grew in confusion along the rocks and hedges. The most remarkable flower to me was that of the soap plant, or soapweed, an unromantic name given it because of the soapy quality of its root. The stalks grew about twenty inches high, and many had fully forty blossoms on a stem that looked like so many water lilies on a stalk. These weeds were very plentiful and would make a

In the shadow of the Chief, the Squaw, and Papoose Mountains, the horse and dog awaited the master's return

fine showing in any Eastern collection of house plants. The leaves of the plant are long and narrow, with very sharp points, and are used extensively in the manufacture of paper.

The only defacement in this canyon was a frequent sign warning the followers of Isaak Walton that no fishing was allowed. One cunning nimrod made himself famous by ingeniously reaching the head waters and wading down the bed of the creek. A wrathy ranchman discovered the young man, clad to the neck in rubber, coolly casting his fly and unmindful of all threats that the irate rancher could hurl at him. At last the infuriated owner plunged into the water to drag out the trespasser, but the hook and line man only went into deeper water, and continued to pull up the speckled beauties. He said he came with the water from the mountain top and had a right to stay with it, then deftly he lured the irate landowner into a deep hole, at the same time telling him that when he was wet enough he had better get out of the water. It was a most



"He lured the irate landowner into a deep hole" exasperating condition for the landowner and he left the water and the river vowing vengeance in "blue hot air," as he went dripping into the woods toward his cabin.

While resting on the hotel veranda at Idaho Springs we were given a striking illustration of the fine discrimination and disgust for intoxicated men by the mountaineer's good transportation ally, the shaggy little burro. Half a dozen little boys and girls were hanging all over one of these sturdy animals which was apparently a village pet. He seemed to immensely enjoy their fun of trying to cover his anatomy at all points from his ears to his tail, and would cheerfully and safely carry all such little riders as could cling to him without saddle or bridle. A big drunken wretch who had been watching the fun from a near-by groggery, thinking to participate staggered up, brushed the children aside, and threw his burly frame across the burro. In an instant the sleepy little fellow was wide awake, those long ears flew back to the horizontal, the man was thrown and kicked half-way across the street, and with mouth wide open exposing a wicked set of teeth the insulted animal followed up his advantage until he chased his victim over a neighboring fence.

Georgetown, a few miles above Idaho Springs, was then the heart of the mining section, and there General Marshall provided us with riding horses, and with his son for a guide we made the climb to the head of Clear Creek, where the waters were indeed as clear as molten crystal. We could look down on the "Silver Queen," as Georgetown was often called, with her four thousand inhabitants, where she made a mere speck in the distant valley. We visited many a "prospect" and "salted" mine, but the point of greatest interest was the Colorado Central mine. At a depth of two hundred and fifty feet we took a pick and hacked out pieces of silver ore from a vein that averaged $450 to the ton. The top of this mine was at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea-level, and it was entered through a tunnel 1360 feet long at the end of which 800 feet of mother-earth hung over us. The tunnel also led to the underground hall where was held one of the grandest and most unique balls ever given. There were eight rows of lights extending full length of the tunnel, and the silver walls were draped in bunting from end to end. The ballroom, thus cut out of the heart of the mountain, and which was later the machinery hall, was a blaze of light and beauty, for many ladies from the capital city and other towns of the West came in their richest gowns and made the function one of the most beautiful, novel, and weird known in mining history.

To one reared on Illinois prairies the wooded hills and timber chutes were intensely interesting. Often a chute is several thousand feet long that the timber cut on the mountain can be run to the bottom with lightning speed. It rains every day in and above Georgetown, just a shower about noon. The shower was as sure as the strike of a clock all summer long, and its great regularity rendered irrigation or sprinkling unnecessary to crops or lawns. One man along our way had a four-acre patch of potatoes which netted him $2500 a year. The sun shines only about six hours for the longest day in Georgetown, then the mountains hide it and there is only a mellow twilight after 3 P.M.

Pack train waiting for a load

There can be no more interesting trips in Colorado that those to Green Lake and Gray's Peak. The former is well named the "Gem of the Mountains" and it possesses rare charms for all lovers of the beautiful. It is but two miles and a half from Georgetown, and the road leading thither winds around in short curves up the mountainside until, at a glorious vantage point fifteen hundred feet above the city, one catches through romantic openings in the forest the first glimpse of the lake. The noise of the village is no longer heard, or has become like sweet music, as the turmoil, din, and rattle of a busy city blends in sweetest harmony to the aeronaut as he rises among the clouds. The lake is only half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide, but every foot of its surface affords interest to its visitors.

With a good boat, one could paddle about in the water as long as he chose, or better yet, an oarsman would go along and pleasantly tell the romances of the locality. The petrified forest in the bottom of Green Lake is no myth, although it may not be exactly what scientists call petrification. The wood has reached that stage where it is very hard and can only be chipped by a sharp instrument. When the water is calm the stubby tree tops can be distinctly seen in the green deep.

There were thousands of fish of different varieties in the lake, and other thousands of California salmon were in the hatching pond near the lake. It was well worth the trip to see the fish at feeding time. Fishermen were charged fifty cents per fish for indulging in their favorite pastime but the catch would be broiled for them without extra charge. Some of the fish were said to be so large and tame that they had been trained to pull boats around the lake.

The beginning of a gold mine

Two hundred feet above the lake on the farther shore is the "Cave of the Winds," a weird place where rocks are piled in pyramidal form, the point of which is called "Prospect Rock," but it is between the lower ledges where the wild winds race and roar, which gives the place its name. From "Prospect Rock" a good view is had of the "Battle ground of the Gods" where huge boulders were thrown about and piled in direst confusion by some mighty upheaval of nature in ages past. Then a little beyond were the sunny waters of Clear Lake, whose clear liquid depths were marvels of submarine beauty, and where rests the head of the tumbling waters we had followed up through rocky canyons. It was a pity that so transparent and iridescent in its own dancing aerie it should become so contaminated, heavy, and poisonous ere it reached the valley by the washes from the mines and smelters intervening.

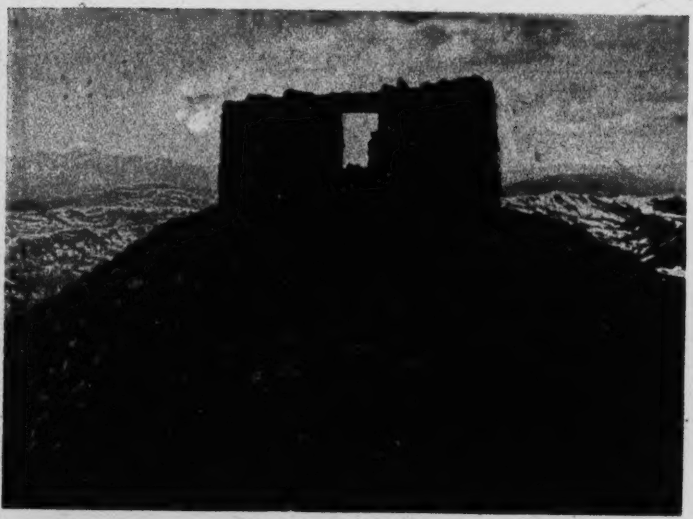
To visit the summit of the universe was an inspiration not to be neglected and Gray's Peak with its altitude of 14,341 feet was then supposed to be the nearest point to heaven that one could reach on horseback. It was the dome of our continental divide, and its electrical summit had not sufficient terror to deter us from scaling its dizzy heights. From Georgetown the drive was a charming one. The carriage was luxurious and for ten miles along the beautiful toll road to the Kelso ranch the receding lowlands spread out in wondrous glory below us. Our carriage was well loaded, for aside from having four people in the party we had to carry our saddles for the ride to the summit. We spent a joyous evening at the ranch before a huge grate fire, where several fine dogs surrounding the fireplace made a picture of comfort that any artist might have coveted.

We were seated in our saddles at the first streak of day for an early climb to the summit to watch the sun chase the shadows from the earth as the goddess of the morning started her steeds in the air. Old Sol made a merry chase after the smiling Aurora, but they were both lost to us in the mazy depths of fleecy clouds before the noon hour had passed.

One Mr. Case, the Union Pacific ticket agent of Idaho Springs, and my sister were with us and shared some peculiar phenomena away up in the clouds that came wondrously near leaving our friend Mr. Case on the summit, and gave us a scare that put lightening in our heels to get down from our pedestal.

Gray's Peak lifts its head from the main range as one man of genius rises above common humanity, and above his upreaching fellows of ambition and talent, and then looks back at his less prosperous comrades in compassion and beckons them on. Half a mile above Kelso's ranch a couple of miners dodged their heads out of the ground and inquired if we wanted a guide, but there was no need of their services with such a good trail.

Midway to the top we were enveloped in a blinding snowstorm which lasted over an hour. Then ever and anon a storm would break over us or go around just below us. Slowly we climbed higher and higher for several hours, giving the horses a rest every few steps as we neared the summit. Up, up, up we went, riding and walking by turn, until weary but anxious we seemed to find ourselves at the very portal of eternity, and we were rewarded by a glimpse of grandeur unexcelled. Far, far away the billowy mountains rolled, robed in green and gold, and pink and purple, dotted here and there with huge patches of snow, and anon a lakelet glistening in the sunlight.


The top of Gray's Peak

To the north Long's Peak stood out bold and stern above its hoary rivals. Southward Pike's Peak loomed darkly in the sky, and on still beyond, the Spanish Peaks pointed upward in twinlike grace, while away to the southwest the "Mount of the Holy Cross" gleamed in virgin purity against its dark shadowy setting of pines and weather-beaten rocks. In the east the plains stretching beyond the slopes melted away in the far distant horizon. It was our "Angelus" and with wonder, awe, and reverence we bowed our heads.

Fourteen thousand three hundred and forty-one feet above the tide level, up where the sun bestows its first morning kiss, and where it lends its soft halo of mellow lights until it passes to the world on the other side, we could nearly span the continent from sea to sea with the naked eye. What a sublime pinnacle!

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Mount of the Holy Cross

One such view of grandeur can afford food for thought and study for almost a lifetime. One's soul is thrown in such close communion with nature and nature's God that it seems but a step beyond to the great eternity.

The peak was covered with small, flat stones from base to summit, making the trail a shifting one and affording only a loose sliding foothold. Near the top is a large spring where one can refresh himself, and where comfort would dictate to spread the lunch, unless one carries timber along for a fire on the summit, where it is intensely cold.

The clouds were full of freaks that drew forth loud exclamations of wonder and surprise. They would wind their snowy sheets around the base of the peak and intertwine among the lesser hills, then rise and fall full of rainbow splendor. At one time a seeming wall reaching thousands of feet above us and extending to the base of the mountains slowly approached us. It seemed that nothing could save us—that we must be crowded off our pedestal and dashed on the rocks. There was no break in the moving mass, and nearer and nearer it came. We stood in terror and awe of what might happen, yet in defiance we awaited its approach, until with all the gentleness of a mother's arms we were enveloped in a sheet of blinding snow. So softly it fell, so still was the air, that no one spoke, and scarcely had our senses begun to shape themselves to earthly things again than the clouds rolled on in their great white purity, leaving us numb with fear and cold.

The little cabin on the summit was half full of snow and ice, the glass in the windows all broken; even the roof had long since given way on one side from its weight of snow, and its fallen timbers confined the clear space of the room to one corner. We clapped our hands, we danced, and jumped about to get warm, then we spread our lunch which we had brought with us. There was not a sliver of wood to make the least bit of a fire, but we drank our cold coffee and ate our sandwiches with a relish that an epicure might envy.

Some one had evidently been there before us, and not satisfied with leaving his name and address on a stone slab, he added a further identification of himself in the statement that he was the "first d—— fool of the season."

While enjoying the novel experience of our surroundings we suddenly heard a crackling in one corner of the roof that sounded like a bunch of rattlesnakes. Not stopping to think that snakes could not live in that altitude, we rushed madly from the cabin, looked upon the roof, and around the ground on the new fallen snow, but saw no evidence of any living thing. The men looked after the horses to see if they were securely tied and found them showing great evidences of fear. When they were gently patted to assure them of their safety, the men were subjected to such thrills of electric currents that they were nearly struck dumb. One declared his mustache assumed life, the other that every individual hair on his head stood up straight. In trying to point to the location of the first noise, flames flew from the finger tips, and every pat on a horse's body would bring out fire. It surely was an electrical storm that we had not been advised about, and therefore knew not the danger we were in. When miners realize that one of these storms is coming on they lose no time in getting down to timber line, but ignorance was bliss and fortunately no more serious effects occurred than to have Mr. Case stunned enough to fall, and though he was soon restored we could not dispel the strange feelings that had so nearly overpowered the entire party.

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Lost to the world

The snow-storm that had passed over us had dropped into the valley and become black as night from which forks of ragged lightning sent its glimmering lights back to us. The storm clouds seemed to fairly bump against a mountain in the great abyss below, causing them to rebound and float back over the same locality again until they struck another mountain, then to be whirled through a canyon away out of sight.

We had been so absorbed in watching the grand panorama below that we had failed to see a second wall coming toward us. This time it was not the fleecy white of unfallen snow, but a wall as black as the starless midnight. We saw the lightning flash in it and clouds whirl among themselves as they came steadily on.

The great black mass came floating toward us with tokens of danger not to be trifled with. There was no need of words for haste; we snatched our bridles, not waiting to mount, but hurried down the trail, fairly dragging the poor horses who stumbled at every step in their haste over the loose shale trail. Over a mile was left behind when we stopped for a moment's rest; we, too, tumbled and tripped over the rocky way intent only on reaching lower ground. The lightning flashed and the thunder reverberated round about us, echoing from peak to peak. Then the storm began to break in fury. We mounted our horses the first moment that we could make any time by doing so, but we could not escape the torrents of water that came pouring down upon us, and we raced madly on until we reached the Kelso ranch. Tired and wet as we were, we dared not delay, and quickly getting the horses into harness again continued the race with the elements to Georgetown. Such a cloudburst in the mountains is always a forerunner of floods in the canyons and valleys below, and we must keep ahead of it if possible. The roar of the oncoming waters was like wings to our horses' feet, and we turned from the course of the storm not more than three minutes ahead of the great waterspout that tore up the road behind us and filled the canyons with floods and débris. It was a race for life, and when we turned from its course we sent up a shout of joy that echoed far down the Georgetown street.

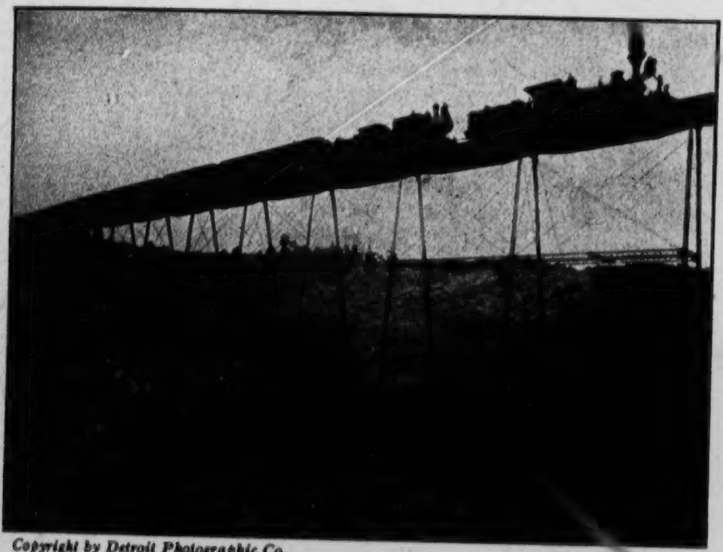
CHAPTER IV

TO SALT LAKE

IN 1877 the only rail route across our continent was known as the Union and Central Pacific. The Union Pacific was from Omaha to Ogden, in Utah, where it connected with the Central Pacific for San Francisco. Some points of interest along the Union Pacific have now been obliterated or the roadbed changed in the interest of lower grades and easier curves, but much of surpassing beauty still remains. We closed the year by a trip to Salt Lake City and its environs, and were enthused over the novel life opening out before us as Pard's work progressed.

Full of the love of adventure, before leaving Cheyenne for Ogden we procured an order enabling us to ride on the cow-catcher or pilot of the engines whenever we desired. In fact our pockets were full of special privileges to go where we pleased and whenever we desired. The pass on the cow-catcher was one of the favors that I did not tell to my mother in my bi-weekly or tri-weekly records, sent to allay her anxieties and to reconcile the dear parents to the vacant chair at the home fireside.

We went over the summit of the divide seated in the lap of the engine, clinging to its iron supports with the tenacity of every muscle strained to its full worth. What a wild rush down the grade of ninety feet to the mile! Through tunnels, through snow-sheds, nodding a welcome and farewell at the same instant, and then two miles west of the summit, the train rolled onto the famous Dale Creek bridge, six hundred and fifty feet long and a hundred and fifty feet above the silvery thread of a stream. With bated breath we clung to the iron rail and felt the great throb of power behind us. The view was magnificent, but the wind blew a gale and seemed determined to carry us to total destruction, and in the midst of the intense effort to hold our position we heard the excited voice of the engineer saying, "Hold on tight for it is sure death if you loosen your hold a d—— little bit." We had not drawn a free breath after leaving the bridge or turned for a look of thankfulness in each other's eyes before we plunged into a snow-shed and succeeding tunnel where not a glimmer of the track was visible, and the darkness of the moment was more appalling than when we could see the dangers around us.



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Crossing Dale Creek bridge on the cow-catcher

Not a ray of light penetrated the black depths, the train creaked and the engine rumbled like muffled thunder, the end of all adventure seemed to press upon us in black inevitable surety.

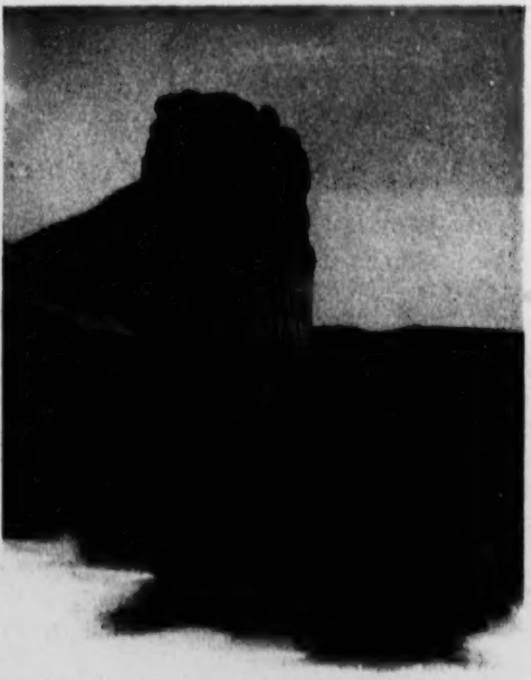
"Fools will enter where
Angels dare not tread."

We thought the engineer had allowed us to plunge into that terrible blackness in the hope that we would be dissuaded from the further effort to ride on that pilot seat, but his own pale face as well as the frightened manner of other trainmen who rushed to the front as soon as we were in the daylight again gave evidence of something unusual, and it was soon learned that the guard who usually stood at the entrance of the tunnel to give assurance that everything was all right, and to keep the tunnel illuminated with lanterns, had been suddenly taken ill, with no one there to help him or to share his duties. The train was well in the darkness before any one realized the full import of the guard's absence, then the engineer did not dare to make a stop in the tunnel. The smoke of the engine would have soon suffocated every one on the train, and he hurried on to open air with the chance and hope that the track was all right. We were glad to climb down from our exalted seat and compose our nerves in a quiet nook of the Pullman car for a while at least.

Leaving Laramie City, the soil assumed a deep reddish hue, showing the presence of iron. The rocks and minarets of the mountainsides had most fantastic shapes, from massive castles to church spires, pulpits, wigwams, skulls, and almost anything else that an imaginative fancy would help to find in the picture. It was breakfast time when the train pulled into Green River station, a place as bold, barren, and cheerless as one could wish to see, with its only pleasing features in the great towering rocks and the rushing waters of Green River.

A short distance below Green River City Pard pointed out a small wooded island in the middle of the river as being an important landmark in connection with a thrilling twelve hundred mile horseback ride of his in earlier days from Denver through the wilderness a hundred or more miles south of the Union Pacific road to Salt Lake City. On the ride in question Pard lost his partner, Abbott, by drowning, while they were fording the river, the stream being very much larger down at the point where the misadventure occurred.

Going on to Salt Lake alone after the sad calamity and numerous other unfortunate incidents and close calls for his life, Pard did not relish the idea of riding back to Denver alone. In his search for a companion he heard of a Scotchman, named Alex. Cochrane, who was intending to ride over the same territory, but Cochrane having preceded him out of Salt Lake they missed each other on the trail for several days. When Pard finally overtook Cochrane and each had allayed the fear that the other was a highwayman or a horse thief, they were overtaken by a small party of Mormons who wished to trade Cochrane out of his horses. As the animals were finely bred and great pets Cochrane demurred; but with evident determination to in some way get hold of the horses, the Mormons insisted on accompanying the gentlemen to their camp for that



Green River Castle and the island where Pard and Cochrane hid from the Indians

night. About daylight a great commotion arose around the camp and Cochrane and Pard waked up to find themselves surrounded by a score or more Indians, or Mormons disguised as such, some of whom were taking great liberties with Cochrane's horses, such as riding them about the camp and patting them in a familiar way. On asking their Mormon companions what this meant, the latter replied that the Indians probably meant to take the horses. Our friends thereupon commenced saddling up and by dint of considerable coaxing and apparently not believing anything serious was intended, finally got their horses saddled and packs on. By this time one burly Indian was sitting astride a colt of Cochrane's favorite saddle-mare and, on being asked to get off, he refused to do so, saying he was going to keep that animal. As Cochrane and Pard leaped into their saddles, the former, being immediately opposite the Indian who was mounted upon the colt, put the spurs into his mare, and at the same instant pulled his revolver from its usual resting-place just inside his vest, and shot the Indian. The riderless colt sprang like a deer after its mother and then began a race for life.

There was a long chase punctuated by many lively volleys from the pursuers, several of which took effect in the leading horses, although none stopped the flight. The first safe rendezvous after the escape, which seemed little short of miraculous, was the little wooded island in the middle of Green River just referred to. It was here that Cochrane begged Pard to leave him, as they were pretty sure to be overtaken by Utah officers backed up by Indians. Considering himself entirely responsible, he did not want Pard to suffer with him. This Pard refused to do, and they proceeded on their long ride to Denver, using every precaution known to such an old California backwoodsman as Cochrane to elude their pursuers, and finally reaching Denver without further serious mishap.

Just back of the city of Green River the noted Castle Rock towers six hundred and fifteen feet above the valley. Its summit is crowned by a strange, decomposing, weather-beaten limestone whose outlines are like a huge turreted castle falling in decay. The whole country around Green River was most forbidding in its barren alkali surface. It looked as if the waters of the universe could scarcely cleanse it of its poison ash. It was from this unattractive spot that the Oregon Short Line first divided the arms of the Union Pacific and sent a helping hand across the northwest to McCammon and Pocatello and thence on to Portland. The real division point was a few miles farther west than Green River, at a point called Granger, but it was many years before the business was transacted or exchange made at the real point of diversion.

Forbidding as Green River was, it had a fairly good hotel, and was an eating station for all overland trains; it was far better to have transfers at Green River where waiting for late trains did not mean starvation as at Granger. The overland train then stopped at Cheyenne for dinner, Laramie for supper, and Green River for breakfast, and did not reach Ogden until a late supper time, making the time thirty-three hours from Cheyenne to Ogden, and nearly three full days from Omaha to Ogden, which has now been shortened to the rapid transit of thirty hours or less for the entire distance.

Soon after leaving Evanston we again took seats on

Devil's Slide, Utah, on the Union Pacific Railway the engine, much against the wishes of our new engineer for that division. It may not have been a rational thing to do because huge rocks of the disintegrating mountains were constantly falling along the track, and the vibration of the trains often loosened some overhanging walls of Echo and Weber canyons. But we could not withstand the temptation to chance the exhilarating dash, and once again in the open we wished for two pairs of eyes to make sure that no point of interest escaped the vision. The curves in the road were short and decisive, changing the entire view at every train length. High up on the mountainside "The Witches" were holding a session of consultation; they were queer formations resembling tall women, one in a pulpit above the others as if a presiding officer. The walls of rock were so high and craggy that only the proud eagle could find a resting-place among them. In that locality was also the famous thousand-mile tree, just a thousand miles from Omaha, and it bore such a placard in large letters to be read from the train.

Then there was the Devil's Slide, a wonder in itself, consisting of two walls of rock about six feet wide and from twenty to fifty feet high, running parallel for six hundred feet up the mountainside, with a space of only fourteen feet between the ledges. A ride down that slide in a toboggan would afford thrills and chills to satisfy the most ambitious lover of wild sensations.

The rocky cliffs rose from five hundred to a thousand feet on either side of the canyon, and the Weber River had made so narrow a channel that much of the railroad was built over the middle of the stream, but suddenly, as if we had made a flying leap over all difficulties, the canyons were left behind and the Great Salt Lake Valley spread its panoramic area over such vast estate in the foreground that the mind was lost in the expanse and in thinking, with Brigham Young and his apostles, that it was indeed the "Land of promise made to blossom like a rose." Even the old iron horse snorted with satisfaction as it halted on the edge of the heather land.

Salt Lake City was more of a curiosity in 1877 than in 1911. Brigham Young had but recently passed away and guards hovered over the grave held intact by a deeply cemented slab. But in spite of all precaution a deep-laid scheme to carry away the body came near being successful. Several men rented a nearby house at the base of the hill on which the cemetery was located. They dug a tunnel nearly to his grave before their plot was discovered and frustrated, and it was never learned how the dirt was disposed of that was taken out of the tunnel, as it had been secretly taken away and all traces covered up. What a curious sensation it was to feel that we were really in the realm of Mormonism. The land of tired women and wizen-faced, long-bearded men. The stone wall surrounding the most of Brigham Young's collection of homes was still intact; it was several feet in thickness and ten feet high, with an occasional cumbersome gate bearing a heavy padlock. His own office building, near the Eagle gate, seemed to be the only edifice denoting any comfort. His large easy chair, where he was wont to sit, and where Pard interviewed him some years before, still stood in its accustomed place on the front veranda. It was there he was so often seen in converse with his various apostles. Some of the gates were then standing unbarred and open, exposing much of the

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Brigham Young's grave

grounds and many of the occupants. It was indeed an iron-clad prison during the life of Brigham. The home of the favorite Amelia was just outside the walls and across the street from his office building, and there was but one finer house in the city at that time. Later she sold her life interest in the house for $10,000.

The tabernacle remains unchanged in its general features, with its seating capacity for 12,000 people and its fourteen entrances, each from nine to eleven feet wide. Its organ, built in the building of native woods, was a marvel of its kind, and afforded a grand accompaniment to the choir of a hundred and fifty voices, just as it does to-day.

The new Mormon temple near-by, in the same inclosure, was nearly half a century in the hands of the builders. The base of its foundation is sixteen feet thick and nine feet on the ground level. It is built entirely of granite brought from the Wasatch Mountains and the cost has not been less than $15,000,000. Its subterranean construction is a marvel of intricate windings and strangely constructed apartments. Any one imprisoned in that great vault would be lost to all human aid except the jailer who put him there, and all the strange tales of mysterious disappearances in that city of many saintless saints have ever been connected in my mind with those great black echoless chambers. It is there that the endowment robes are put on never to be taken off, the robe of fealty to the Church and its teachings that no member dare deny.

The endowment house of 1877 was within the Temple Block, but it looked like an ordinary two-storied dwelling; there was nothing about it to attract attention but its ever-closed windows and blinds. It was in the endowment house where all marriages were performed. Applicants for matrimony were baptised in a room adjoining the main building the night before the ceremony was to take place, and they were then told that the strictest attention must be given to every detail as they went through the "House of the Lord" on the following day.

It required a service beginning at eight o'clock in the morning and lasting until three o'clock in the afternoon to sufficiently impress the woman with the abject slavery to which she must submit when she marries, and the man required the same time to gloat over his power and witness her submission.

There they were anointed with oil and every part of the body blessed for its usefulness. They were given celestial names by which they were to be called at the great resurrection. But God is to call only the men, and the men must call the women. It rests altogether with man whether the woman he marries will ever be called to life eternal, and no one but the husband knows the celestial name of the wife; the wife is never to speak that name after she whispers it to her husband under a penalty of eternal death.

Mormon Tabernacle and Temple

It is in the endowment house where various robes are worn: the apron with the nine fig leaves; again the robe consisting of a long piece of cloth folded over and cut open in the middle to let the head through, then girdled at the waist. All wear caps and moccasins, and finally the real endowment robe is put on, with a sign of a square on the right breast and a compass on the left, and on the knee there is a large hole which is called the "Stone," but I do not know its significance.

These suits are always and continuously worn by Mormons now the same as then. It is seldom that a Mormon will take the robe off all at once, but as he slips one part off he puts another one on, for they are taught that no evil can befall them so long as the endowment robe is on the body.

There were no marriage certificates, and the only record was a list of applicants for marriage, and even that is denied by the Church. So a marriage ceremony might at any time be denied if it was likely to make any trouble for the Church. If it was desired, a polygamous marriage might have no proof, the bridal pair would then go alone in the marriage room, and there would be no witnesses to the final ceremony, which consisted of kneeling at a small table in front of the Bishop who asked a few questions, made a few commands, and pronounced them man and wife.

It is said that of all Brigham Young's fifty-six children not one was halt, lame, or blind. That he would take one of them and dandle it on his knee with a "link-a-toodle, ladle, iddle, oodle" the same as any other dad, and he was always particular about those who came to play with his children. If any young man tried to enter the family gate, he was put through a course of questions that implied a penalty equal to the Inquisition if he spoke falsely.

It was seven o'clock in the morning late in December that we started southward from Salt Lake to the valley of the Jordan and of Utah Lake. At the American Fork Junction where we took a dummy train into the mountains we notified the jolly German landlord to have a hearty dinner ready for a hungry party when we returned from exploring the canyon and it was indeed an appetizing trip. After two or three miles in the open landscape we entered mountains showing the wildest formations. Gigantic heights on either side looked as if the molten masses had been forced thousands of feet up in the air and suddenly cooled in all their irregularity of motion. The air was perfumed with the odor of the pines, stately cottonwoods towered above us, and the broad willows swayed over the running stream, while the maples colored the whole landscape with their bright-hued leaves still clinging on the branches. The Indian pinks, which are so charily cultivated in the East, grew in profusion, and in the wild rose season the canyon is a veritable bower of pink petals. But over all stands the grand Aspinwall Mountain fourteen thousand feet high, as if stretching his white head to kiss the clouds that keep him wrapped in robes of purity.

We passed under a hanging rock broader than our car and as we emerged from under the threatened passage there loomed in view a tall crag with a hole through it like an all-seeing eye ever watching and magnetically holding in place that delicately poised mass of stone that might cause much terror if it were to fall. American Fork Canyon was one of the most noted of the Wasatch range of mountains for snow-slides and several miles of our way was under the sloping roof of snow-sheds that hugged the mountainside.

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American Fork Canyon

Dale Creek, sixteen miles from the junction, had choice features for a summer residence. There was a picturesque old mill, falling into decay with its silent wheel, while a more modern mill was turning out many thousands of feet of lumber every day, and close by thousands of bushels of charcoal were lifted from the smoking pointed pits. The active mill and charcoal pits were not inviting features of a summer resort, but the Oregon grapevine, covering the mountainsides, aided in giving to the whole scene a richness of autumnal colorings that held one's eyes entranced. It made one weep to see the great glorious trees falling under the woodman's axe to feed the clamorous mill. Oh, with what wanton wastefulness the great monarchs of our forests are sacrificed to man's avarice.

The little Dale Creek station was five thousand feet above where dinner was waiting, and we were glad to hear the call for the downward trip. Nature's handiwork formed a grand panorama, but man was turning its glories to material use and destroying the enchanting site. The havoc of trees almost made us lose interest in the object of our trip to visit the "Emma Mine" which was then one of the banner mines of Utah.

The conductor stationed himself at the brake in front of our small open car having six cross-seats, and when he gave command of "All aboard," he also gave the brake a fling and with its release we went spinning down the road in a most independent manner regardless of other power than our own momentum. Words fail to express the exhilaration of such a ride. We seemed less a part of the majestic scenery through which we passed than when we trailed up behind the decrepit engine or the sinewy mules that carried us part of the way. It was like unto a racing automobile of the present day running on slender iron rails. The mules that had taken us up were given standing room on a rear platform and seemed to enjoy the ride down-hill, even though they had to struggle for an equilibrium.

It was in American Fork Canyon where we found the only free school in Utah, for the Mormon leaders did not believe in free schools, or in educating their people, except for church work.

We called upon a Mormon Elder, who was also the postmaster and proprietor of a music store at the junction town. His two wives occupied contrasting positions. Wife No. 1 was on her knees, scrubbing the kitchen floor as we saw her through a glass door, while wife No. 2 came in well dressed and sat down to listen to our conversation. She had eyes like a startled deer as we plied the Elder with questions regarding his religion and its effect on their lives. He made his answers with surprising alacrity, and when asked if the Bible advocated polygamy he scratched his head and said, "No, but we adopt that law and the Bible backs us up in it." He advocated his principles in a way to impress strangers with the sincerity of his Mormon Christian character, but we had hardly left his place before we learned much to his discredit that the courts and Uncle Sam would have to settle.

Our host at the junction hotel was a Mormon out of gratitude. He reached Utah a penniless man, and the Mormons cared for him and placed him where he could make some money. He had but one wife, but his statements were so liberal we thought he must have half a dozen at least, and when I began to fear that we might miss our train back to the city he said, with a sly twinkle in his Dutch eye, "Now, never mind lady, I 'll get you there in time. Don't be scared, we have women enough down here now."

There were many things in the city of the Latter Day Saints that were of special interest. We were glad that circumstances often led us there whether it was to better prepare for a journey into the great Northwest, or to rest on the return when nature has endured its limit, there to sit by the side of a warm, bright fire and think of a long journey drawing to its close, reviewing a vast panorama of places, faces, and circumstances rising before the mind's eye in a most bewildered vision. In our long tedious journeyings I often longed for a season of rest. "God bless the man who first invented sleep,"—so said Sancho Panza, and so say I; that quotation often ran through my mind until its prosy tone took my soul away to float among the lilies of dreamland, while my head was left to roll at will against the hard casings of the windows, the rough ribs of a stage-coach, or by a sudden lurch to almost leave my body.

In 1881 Salt Lake City was much excited over Governor Murray's action in trying to exclude the Apostle Cannon from Congress by awarding the certificate of election to the Hon. A. G. Campbell. Extra tithings were vigorously collected and extra taxes assessed on the Mormon Church to obtain money for the apostle's use in Washington. It was the first direct blow at the Mormon life, and all pure-minded people took off their hats and bowed in acquiescence to the decree that crowned the effort for Mormon exclusion with success.

Although the city had but twenty thousand people, its buildings covered an area of nine square miles, with broad streets and large blocks containing ten acres each. East of the city, three miles distant, the Wasatch Mountains rise abruptly to a height of eleven thousand feet; they are covered with snow that knows no melting. On the west the Oquirrh Mountains, which are almost as grand, unite with the Wasatch range some twenty miles south of the city, enclosing the beautiful Jordan valley with its fertile farms and fruitful orchards.

There was not a better kept hotel between Chicago and the coast than the Walker House of Salt Lake City. Major Erb, the genial landlord, had hosts of friends whom he made glad to come, and sorry to leave. The house was a four-story brick structure, while the table was noted for its abundance of well-prepared eatables.

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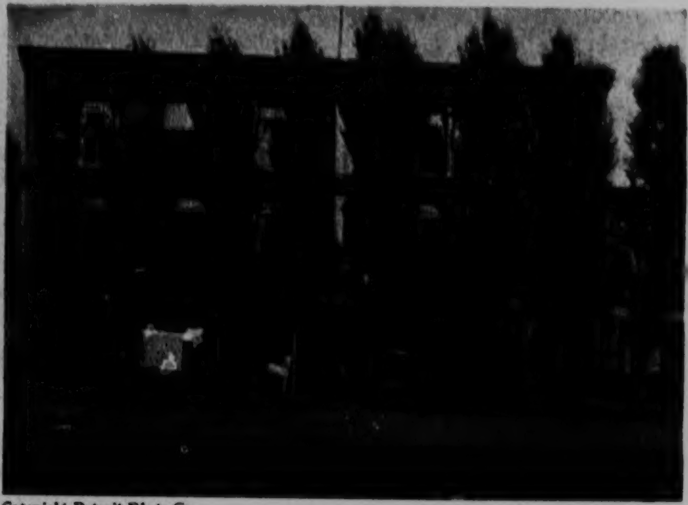
Mormon Tithing House

There were no public schools, but every Gentile church had one or more schools which it supported. The Presbytery of Utah, in the two years 1880 and 1881, had established twenty-three schools in twenty-two Mormon towns, employing thirty-five teachers, and schooling twelve hundred children. The Collegiate Institute in Salt Lake City was at the head with an attendance of two hundred bright, promising scholars. The Congregationalists were backed by the "New West Education Commission" of Chicago and had an academy and primary school, and several schools in outside towns. The Mormons taxed each scholar twenty-five cents per week, and aside from that all citizens, whether Mormon or Gentile, had the regular school tax to pay into the Mormon purse which was kept closed to education.

Mr. Reynolds, the noted polygamist, who had been for two years in the penitentiary, was released in 1881 and again lionized by the Mormon masses. The Sabbath afternoon after his release he preached to a crowded house in the new church in Temple Block. Every available corner was filled with the followers of his creed and the scheming leaders. He cried down all teaching and schooling save the doctrines of the Church and the Mormon faith. He said his imprisonment had not made him "love his wife less or respect *them* less." He instantly noticed his blunder in using the plural and added that he meant his family.



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Co-operative Store

Amelia's palace had long been unoccupied because of a ghost that haunted the place, and the superstitious people gave it a wide birth. Amelia, having sold her life interest in the place, built a new palace on her father's grounds. Brigham's grave was no longer guarded; in 1881 the old guard died and the vacancy was never filled.

Many miners swelled the population in town in winter simply to be on hand to move at the first bidding of the most exciting mining field in the spring, and in '81 they made a grand rush for Wood River in Idaho.

Park City, on the Union Pacific Railroad, was drawing the most local attention. The Ontario mine there was one of the largest in the West. It produced $1,500,000 in 1880, and it was the bulwark of the mining industry in Utah.

The Hot Sulphur Springs in the outskirts of the city were not much improved, but they formed the favorite winter resort for the citizens, and street cars were run to them at short intervals. Fort Douglas was not as attractive then as now, and the guns were trained toward the city as the point most likely to need punishment.

The Salt Lake Theatre was a little gem of the Doric style of architecture, with fluted columns and massive cornices. It had the usual dimensions of parquette and dress circle with three balconies and four private boxes and could seat nearly two thousand people. The city had just planned to have the electric light, and gas stock was falling below par.

Salt Lake City was fortunate in those pioneering days in the possession of a splendid circle of strong, public spirited men, such as Judge Goodwin and Pat Lannan of the *Salt Lake Tribune;* Governor Murray, with Col. N. E. Linsley and Col. E. A. Wall, foremost among mining men; O. J. Salisbury of stage line fame, and Walker brothers, the bankers and merchant princes, to shape the destinies and ceaselessly push the development of the city and surrounding country. The four Walker brothers, though in different lines of business, had the unique system of keeping one common bank account, on which all drew at will. This continued for many years even after they were all married.

I made a trip into Salt Lake in 1883 from San Francisco in company with my sister and her daughter and Mr. W. H. Babcock, now General Agent of the Lehigh Valley Railway Company, and his wife. Pard had preceded us by a few days and was to join us again in Zion City. After leaving 'Frisco it was learned that some of the passengers were taking our party for a Mormon family, and we decided to carry out the little play for their entertainment. There were two or three who shifted their positions whenever possible to hear some of our conversations, which we took pains to make interesting by having some little jealousies, or in talking about the different places of residence, and which one was to go on East with W. H., etc. As we neared Ogden we drew him into that discussion and he said, "Well, now, whose turn is it to go?" Of course, we mentioned the wife by her given name, and then he added: "That ought to settle the matter." He wanted to know what he brought us the last time he went East, and what we wanted this time; also, which one should go to the ranch, and which one to the house in town, and many other questions that made it difficult for us to hold our facial expressions. We had the passengers pretty well wrought up and their remarks were quite as amusing to us, such as "They look so intelligent, too, don't they?" "I would like to tell them what I think of Mormonism." "Is n't it funny how they divide up?" "He seems to think a lot of that little girl," etc. We have often wondered what direful tales they had to tell their friends when they reached home, about that "real" Mormon family that seemed so happy, and did not dare to quarrel in the presence of the Mormon Master.

About noon of a late August day after our arrival in Zion City we were attracted by loud words and cries on the street and saw a big burly negro in an altercation with a restaurant keeper named Grice, whose place of business was just across the street. The difficulty arose over work and wages, and the negro Harvey grew so insolent that he had been ordered out of the establishment. He came out with threats of violence and flourish of a pistol, daring Grice to come out on the street. Grice first telephoned to police headquarters and in obedience to the call Marshall Andrew Burt, the most popular officer of the Territory, who had been Chief of Police of Salt Lake City for nineteen years, and Water Master Charles H. Wilcken made their appearance. Mr. Grice started out with them to find the negro and they had not far to go. On the first corner stood Harvey with a rifle at half cock in his hands. As soon as Grice called out, "There 's the man" Marshall Burt advanced to arrest him. The street was full of people but Harvey raised his rifle and fired directly at the officer. Marshall Burt fell, with a cry, and died within a few minutes.

Officer Wilcken was thus left alone to fight the maniacal negro. As the rifle could not be used at such close range, the negro drew his revolver and shot the officer twice, but they were only flesh wounds and he knew he must overpower Harvey or more people would be killed.

The Hermitage, Ogden Canyon

Those on the street were so panic-stricken that they did not realize the officer's great need of help. Finally Homer J. Stone stepped into the fray, and they soon succeeded in throwing the negro. When he was once down, people by the score were ready to tramp on him; and in spite of Officer Wilcken the man was fairly kicked to the city hall which was close by. Within ten minutes after he was locked up it was known that Marshall Burt was dead, and a thousand infuriated people took possession of the avenue, clamoring for the blood of the murderer.

The door of the jail was broken by the mob and the negro was tossed out all bleeding and bruised. The air was thick with oaths and imprecations and the appeals of the wretch for mercy were unheeded. He was dragged a distance of seventy-five feet and strung up over a beam in the city hall stables. While still struggling, his body was lowered again and dragged like a mop over the sidewalk for two blocks. An express wagon was procured and it was the intention to drag the body from one end of the city to the other, but such an outrage was prevented by Mayor Jennings, who jumped into the wagon and cried out that he would shoot the first man who attempted any further indignity to the dead body.

The face of the polygamous wife that was turned to the Gentiles was usually a smiling one, for she dared not imply aught else than contentment to a stranger. If one visited a Mormon home often enough he might ultimately be ignored and witness a hair pulling scene without any restraint. It is not in human nature to submit to tyranny of one wife over another, and they were of the same flesh and blood as other women.

Mormon women looked at me in open-mouthed wonder when I asked Pard to do some little thing for me, and as he was always bestowing gracious and gallant attentions upon me they were constantly curious about us. It was not an uncommon sight to see a Mormon sitting on a fence watching his many wives working in the field, and more than once we heard calls to one and another to hurry up with their work. Gallantry was something that a Mormon woman could not understand.

It was supposed that our first trip would be a brief one, but duties multiplied until Pard was obliged to remain in Salt Lake City for some time. I had promised to sing at a concert to be given at a near date in Cheyenne and was obliged thereby to return alone. Of course, it was best to brace up my courage and go back, for Pard wanted me to help his old friends in their musical effort, and added that it would be doubly pleasant to be there when it became known that a certain appropriation was announced for his first book by the Territorial legislature.

After that was over I was to go on to Illinois for the holidays, and he would join me in time for Christmas. We had our first parting, and our first disappointments followed closely.

On my arrival in Cheyenne I soon learned that the concert had been postponed as my telegram had not been received telling them that I would surely be there, and also because of the illness of another one of the participants. Transportation failing to arrive, I did not get off for the East until Pard's return.

We went on to Omaha together, after a brief trip to Denver, but in going from the hotel to the depot in Omaha we became so deeply mired in mud that it was impossible to extricate the carriage only in time to reach the station as the train was crossing the Missouri River bridge. That was the last train to reach our home before the Christmas gathering, and it seemed like the last straw in the load of disappointments. Youth is often deeply hurt, but it is so elastic that it bounds back into the happy line again with very little encouragement, and a message from home saying Christmas would wait for us made us forget every other annoyance.

CHAPTER V

IN THE COLORADO ROCKIES. ESTES PARK

AFTER our Christmas festivities we spent several months in Omaha where Pard published a monthly paper called *The New West Illustrated* in the interests of immigration; it was devoted entirely to the Far West's attractions, its stock-raising, and its wonderful mineral productions. In the early summer we went again to the mountains. With an atmosphere at once cool and invigorating we were made to feel as if treading on air. Ascending from the city heat to the world of eternal snows, so strangely high and wonderful, we moved along the zigzag road from summit to summit, thinking always that the next pinnacle would fairly afford a view into eternity itself, and it was a surprise to look down into a valley for our destination.

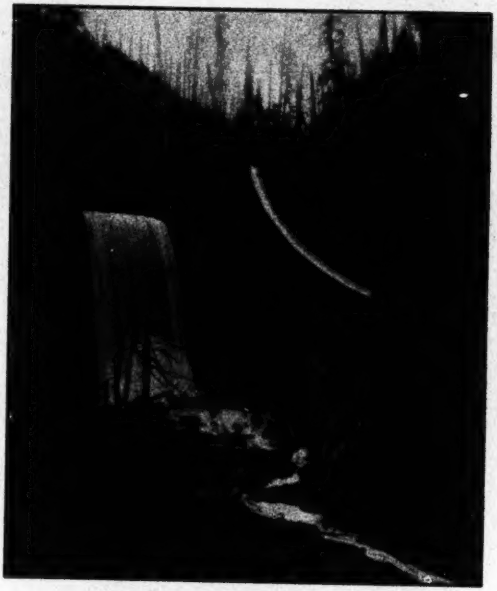
Estes Park is a veritable Eden nestling on the north side of Long's Peak, twenty-five miles from Loveland or Longmont. The stage ride was one of grandeur from the very first turn of the wheels, up, up, up, along the zigzag trail until the day was nearly spent; then just as the sun was slipping away for the night we emerged from a dense wood to the face of a precipice, and there, down a thousand feet below were the fifty thousand undulating acres of this grand mountain eyrie.

It was an entrancing sight with its green fields and meandering streams surrounded by rocky walls thousands of feet high, up into the very domain of the snow king. The hotel and little ranch homes dotted the park with life and old Long's Peak seemed to stand as sentinel and guard towering over all in grandeur and dignity.

The crack of the whip sent the tired horses galloping down the steep grade to the MacGregor ranch, where there were many people on pleasure bent, some in tents or small cottages, and some in the main home building. Mrs. MacGregor was an artist possessing rare merit, her decorative work around the house proved her ability with the brush, while our host was a retired man of the quill. The refined atmosphere of the home was most attractive. Among the guests was Sol Smith Russell's favorite brother, who was enjoying his honeymoon up among the crags. There was also one Colonel Jones, a lawyer of much renown from Texas. We sat around a big camp-fire one night telling stories and conundrums, thinking the children had all gone to bed. Suddenly a small boy rolled himself into the arena and called out, "Say, why are Colonel Jones's feet like a camel?" The Colonel was the prince of the party; in his fastidious toilets he was always immaculate and a picture of a man perfectly dressed, and he added to that a charming individuality. All eyes were turned on him, and we waited breathlessly for the boy's answer, which was drawled out in regular Missourian tone, "'Cause they can go so long without water." It fell like a sudden cold shower on the assembly, and though all eyes did turn toward the genial limb of the law, every one present wanted to apply a shingle to the lad where it would do the most good.

Mr. MacGregor had about twelve hundred acres in his ranch, from which the table was supplied with fresh vegetables, eggs, butter, cream, and other tempting viands. The cool breezes coming down from the snowy cliffs and ringing in sweet cadences through the pine trees were fairly hypnotic in their influence to hold travellers in that enchanting spot during the heated term of the lowlands.

There were days of exploring that kept up the excitement for the venturesome. Lily Lake was especially interesting. Midway up the side of Long's Peak, the lake contained hundreds of acres so thickly covered with lilies that the only water visible was along the shore line. Instead of being the more common white lilies they were of a deep orange color, and the odor was also of that fruit. The water was deep close to shore, and it was dangerous to ride our horses in after them, but Mr. Bradley of Boulder, Colorado, performed the perilous mission with surprising coolness. When he was reaching down from his horse for the few last flowers to complete his armful, his horse suddenly went off into deep water and down out of sight, but by the time others started to the rescue the gallant rider came up from the depths triumphantly holding his bunch of lilies.



Lumber flume by the romantic wayside

An irrigating ditch taken from Lily Lake was dammed every night by the beavers and every morning a ranchman had to ride three miles to tear down the dam. It was a good illustration of the industry and persistency of that energetic water worker, who so zealously keeps up his work under most adverse conditions, and it is a good example for imitation by the human race.

Midway to Lily Lake there was another small body of brackish water called Mary's Lake, which was noted for a peculiar variety of fish which inhabited it. When grown they are about a foot long and have much the same color as a trout, but they have four legs and wallow about in the soft muddy pools. They also have a covering over the head like a hood, and when they are jerked out of the water with a hook they squeal like a pig.

Estes Park

Mountain sheep are fond of this brackish water and in the days of 1878 they came every day in large numbers to drink. We saw several fall under the hunter's bullet and many mountain cabins were adorned with the horns of these wary cliff climbers. Their horns differ from the domestic sheep in being much larger at the base, sometimes five or six inches in diameter; they are curved as if to enable the sheep to fully protect his head and to do the trick so often accredited to him of rolling down a precipice without breaking the points.

In Willow Park we were invited into a spring-house for a drink of milk, or of water from a fine spring which was harnessed to do the churning by means of wheel and shaft. On one side stood a freezer of ice-cream, most tempting to warm and tired scenic enthusiasts, and close by were saddles of two fine elks. There was scrupulous neatness in every pan and board. We noticed our young men making goo-goo eyes at several responsive orbs, and fearing that we might permanently lose several of friend MacGregor's boarders we hastily mounted our horses and led the way at a gallop down the mountainside.

Another day we were on our horses in the early morning to explore the mysterious depths of Black Canyon, with its thick growth of pines and black and gloomy shadows. None but an experienced woodsman would have known that we followed a trail, but the confidence in Hank Farrar, our guide, was absolute, and we plunged recklessly wherever he led. I rode a cross saddle which was not as popular as it is at this advanced age, and my costume was long trousers and short skirt, with close fitting bodice. Then with a long skirt strapped to my saddle I could quickly change my appearance when I dismounted. I always carried such an outfit throughout my frontier experiences and oftentimes it was the only suit I could carry. On some long trips where we had but one pack animal there was no way to carry anything but food and blankets except what I could have strapped to my own saddle.

We followed the Black Canyon Creek, and as we went stumbling up the mountainside the creek went tumbling down its headlong course as if trying to equal the gaiety of our cavalry brigade. Three miles up the canyon the Black Falls at eleven o'clock in summer time are crowned with rainbow colorings. There was one fall of twenty-five feet and then after many lesser falls the whole river seemed blocked by a huge boulder, perfectly smooth and gently inclined, but the waters struck the rock and leaped over it, falling a hundred and fifty feet in a great unbroken sheet shimmering in the sunlight. On either side of the river the ride through the canyon was in a dense white pine forest whose lofty tops are never cheered by the merry songsters, for no bird but the eagle lives at such an altitude. We climbed on up to Emma Lake, ten thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, and there we stopped for our noonday rest, and luncheon in the warm sunshine, which was most grateful on this July day. We gathered flowers close beside a snowbank, and in a little cove of a smaller lake still higher up some half dozen of the party paddled about on a huge cake of ice. Some of the most ambitious ones scaled heights from which they declared they could see all of this continent and part of Europe, but we smothered them in snow before they could further slay their reputations for veracity.

I used to think that the snowy range was a chain of mountains entirely and perpetually covered with snow; it was a disappointment to learn that the term implies only fissures in the higher ranges where snow never melts, and that few peaks have the surface covered all the time. The "Mount of the Holy Cross" in Colorado, derives its name from two fissures cutting a mountainside at right angles, forming the shape of a cross, and in which the snow never melts entirely away. The red shadings of the cross are made by infinitesimal red animalcula so numerous as to color the snow. The snow line in Colorado in summer is about 11,250 feet above sea-level.

The return from Emma Lake was somewhat more eventful. One stream my horse absolutely refused to leap across. It was too deep to ford and too wide to step over. My "Daisy" would curl herself up for a leap, then suddenly decide that she liked it where she was, and would turn about and nibble the tufts of grass. It required the help of a rescue party to give my horse some unmistakable demonstrations of our earnest intentions to get home, before she would bound over to the other side, and then she cantered victoriously on to lead the rest of the party as if she had been the first brave horse to cross. Night came on and we were still eight miles from home.

After pushing along vigorously for two or three miles, the guide held up a warning hand and faced about, but we were not prepared for his announcement that we were off the trail. Whoever heard of Hank Farrar, the guide, being off the trail? It seemed like some joke he was playing, until he dismounted and made several side trips into the woods to get his bearings. He led us at last over rocks and fallen trees and through "cut-offs," until hope seemed to vanish from every face and a night on the mountainside, without food, shelter, or blankets was momentarily growing to a certainty, when suddenly he called out "All right, I have found it," and we knew "it" was the trail, and we were merry in an instant, although it was too dark to see the glad light that beamed in every eye.

Mr. MacGregor had become anxious for our safety and we met him coming to us with lanterns and a basket of food. He said he knew we would get in all right, but some of our friends were decidedly uneasy. After a good supper every one was glad of the experience of being lost and rescued, and camp fire stories of the trials in the dark woods grew quite thrilling.

The next day there was a total eclipse of the sun. Slowly but surely the darkness spread over us and the useful smoked glass revealed something coming between us and the sun, leaving us a little more in the shadow as the moments passed. A strange, weird light enveloped the mountains, and an uncanny essence pervaded the whole atmosphere. The dogs barked in savage fear and their hair stood straight up along their backs as they tried to find some place to hide; some of the poor creatures cried as if they were being whipped, some howled, and still others bayed in mournful tones. The chickens cackled and sought their places to roost, the roosters crowed, and all the feathery kingdom were chattering over the unseemly hour of night. The huddled people felt a sort of ghostly presence as the weirdness of the surroundings deepened. A sharp quick cry of "Look! look!" caused every one to lift his glass and double his energy to see what more gruesome details were to send the creepers along the spine. The last rays of the sun were being hidden from our view, and the little rim of light seemed to be intensified a thousand-fold as the rest of the sun passed into the shadow. For two and a half minutes the obscurity was total. The corona was grand beyond description, and they who climbed to the near summit of Long's Peak and looked beyond the limit of totality had an experience that seldom falls to lot of man, but all were glad when it was over and the day came on again with a greater glory than we had ever felt before.

Hank Farrar, the park guide

A strangely pathetic incident was that when night really did come, and all that had been so strangely weird had again become normal, the feathered flocks of the barnyard absolutely refused to go to roost until after ten o'clock, as if anticipating a second deception, the roosters crowed and the hens kept up an incessant cackle, until with almost one accord they filed away to their respective low branches of the trees, still scolding and chattering as they settled themselves for the night.

It required a day or two of quiet before any one felt like making other explorations, but as the uncanny feeling fled, the plans were made again to follow our trusty guide through Horseshoe Park to the cascades of Fall River. Thus do we all forget strange and unseemly conditions when the skies clear and health bounds in the veins.

A busy day

We had to leave our horses at the entrance to the Fall River Canyon and climb over rocks and fallen timber for miles on foot. There was a wild cataract of immense volume tumbling madly over grotesque rocks in a width of one hundred and fifty feet, at the head of which, some miles farther on, a perpendicular fall of one hundred feet gave an impetus to the motion that lent to these two miles of cascades a force uncontrollable. Were all the grandeur of the main fall and cascades confined, old Niagara would have to yield the honors to her western peer up here under the protectorate of the snow-clad peaks of the

Rockies. When we thought of the many marvellous bits of scenery hidden in the remote nooks of uninhabited places in our loved country, we could but wonder if they would not some day be revealed by railroad invasion to the travelling public as scenic wonders of the world, and be made accessible with less discomfort than was then possible.

The Earl of Dunraven owned the largest part of Estes Park, and it became a favorite resort for many of his countrymen.

Along the banks of the many streams throughout the park were numerous bright tents, betokening camp life. A Boston party were reminders of the Aztecs in their barbaric costumes. They looked as if they had spent a winter in reading yellow literature and then concluded that a camp trip to the Rockies necessitated costumes of outlandish design. One stripling wore a pair of schapps, a six-shooter strapped around his waist, his blue flannel shirt decked with white braid and brass buttons, and he crowned it all with a large sombrero trimmed with tinsel cord.

His sweetheart was attired in the same unconventional way, with the gayest of gypsy colors. Her feet in brogans, not ornamental, were swinging below her too short gown of navy blue. Her skirt and waist were profusely trimmed with scarlet flannel and brass buttons, and finished with a long fringe made of the same flaming flannel. A gay red sash girdled her waist, a bright red bow tied the braids of her long black hair and her shapeless hat had the same gaudy ribbons flowing to the breeze. Such were two of the party, not more conspicuous than their companions. It must have been a surprise to them to see people in civilized dress in the camps about them.

The wonderful scenery about the park is more seductive than the Garden of the Gods, and as we turned our backs upon its enchantments, the sun never shone more brilliantly, the flowers never blossomed more beautifully and the waters never chanted more hypnotic music, all luring us to stay. But the high stone walls and pinnacled buttresses of the highway soon hid the charms and left us to the plain, practical, and unpoetic experience of chuck-holes and sidling roads in the ride down to Longmont and the iron horse in waiting. We longed for the trout supper, the crackling camp fire, the soughing of the pines, the mellowing lights of evening time, without the smoke of factories to dim their lustre, and we longed for the quiet hush of the night and the faces grown dear among the Bohemian experiences. But all were now engraven on the tablet of memory and new conditions with new faces were again around and about us. We had a long trip ahead of us into Montana, and we hastened on to Salt Lake City again and then to the northern border of Utah which ended the rail route.

CHAPTER VI

TO MONTANA IN 1878 THROUGH THE BANNOCK WAR LINES

"SAY, if you fellers ain't got no guns you better git some for you may need 'em 'fore you strike another town o' this size." It was Jake Farson, the stage-driver, who spoke thus to two travellers preparing to take the outgoing stage. Everybody around the little Mormon settlement of Oneida, on the north border of Utah, in 1878, knew Jake Farson as well as the people did all along the stage route from there to Fort Benton. He was a little taller than the average, with keen, penetrating eyes, a firm mouth, and determined expression of countenance that such men have who push to the frontier. His hand was wide across the knuckles and his long fingers ended in broad cushions which touched every buckle and strap of the harnesses after the stock-tender was through with them. "Don't know how derned soon we may have to get into a race with them red devils, and I want to know where all the weak spots is in this here gearin'," said Jake, as he minutely tugged at every part of the outfit.

The Bannock war of 1878 was at its height and no one knew what terrors might befall an unprotected stage at any hour of that five days' trip between there and Helena.

James Randolph and Pard heard the conversation with far different feelings. Randolph was fresh from New York, without any knowledge of the dangers of such a trip and evidently viewing the situation as a huge joke. He said his revolver would do for him as he displayed a tiny toy, while refusing to provide himself with any more burdensome firearms. His haughty manner and curt speech made him and Jake enemies at the very start.

Pard was made of different stuff. He had been with General Crook through four Sioux campaigns, and the horror of it all rooted him to the spot for a time, while trying to clear his mind for action. He knew what Jake Farson said was only too true. It had been but a few weeks since General Crook had written, forbidding the crossing of the Blackfoot country to Helena at that time, but it was thought that we had waited long enough for the danger to be past. The papers were not publishing any further accounts of the war, and Pard did not know what news was being suppressed until now when about to start out in the thickest of the trouble, with his bride of only a few months. To take her into such dangers seemed an impossible thing for

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Chief Joseph

him to do, yet there he was, sent on an important mission for a great corporation, with plans laid out for months of exploration and hard endeavor on which depended his future life work.

He went back to the little structure graced by the name of hotel, which had seemed such a crude, crowded cabin, where every available square inch was made to do service of some kind, without being partitioned off on the first floor or under the low gabled roof above.

As he caught a glimpse of the tallow dip glimmering through the window with all its homely surroundings, he could but feel a sense of security and comfort compared with what might await the party on the long, desolate road to the north. It was a trip of five days' and nights' continuous travel to reach Helena, Montana, in an old Concord stage-coach that was already piled to the roof inside with mail and express, leaving only cramped space between it and the one rear seat left for the three booked passengers. He looked through the window into the dimly lighted room and saw the cheery face of his young wife as she watched the packing of a lunch box, and warmed the heavy wraps by the glowing fire; how could he tell her of the danger ahead and much less take her along with him, but he suddenly resolved to tell her the conditions and then send her back over the lonely desert to her home friends, while he continued the journey alone.

With this clearing of the dilemma he opened the door to hear her say, "Well, Pardy, old boy, here is a wondrously fine fried chicken for the redskins if they get us before we can eat it." The resolution in her face and voice showed no sign of retreat for her, and every effort to persuade her to return was met with a laugh that made resistance useless.

It was nine o'clock when Jake drove the six bronchos up to the door for the trio to get aboard, and fill the last available inch of space afforded them. Mail and express had been held back for a number of days because of the danger in sending it out, until the accumulation was so great that it could not be properly cared for, so now the heavy load added a new danger. It compelled slower travelling, and if the stage should be attacked by the savages it would also prevent the free handling of any weapons for defence.

It was not a very merry party that was pulled along into the black night, and the very shouts of good-will that followed close on the rumbling wheels seemed like a wail marking the departure to where none return.

The long bags of mail were under the two seats in front, as well as over them, and left no way of stretching out the limbs or feet, or to do other than sit in a perfectly straight position day and night for five consecutive suns.

The first night the drive was comparatively safe and, adjusting themselves to their positions as well as possible, the three passengers talked a while on the dangers and possibilities ahead of them, and then one and another began to nod like sunflowers in a breeze. Occasionally one would waken and squirm for a new position, only to settle down again in the same old uncomfortable way.

Eagle Rock Bridge. First one built across Snake River

When the night wore away, bringing a glorious sunny morning so full of hope and promise, it dissipated all fears as had the darkness generated them, but Pard knew there was no time for a cessation of alertness; his well-trained eyes watched the horizon with the keen instinct of the red warrior. The day wore slowly on and when the sable shades began to envelop the earth again, there also came a greater realization of helplessness, and a cold fear filled my heart.

To be in the heart of a wilderness, to know that it holds the brutal redskins waiting for prey, and from whom no mercy could be expected should they attack the party, was enough to give grave thoughts to all and to wonder what a day or a night might develop.

Just after dark the driver reined up at a small cabin where dwelt a solitary stock-tender. The stage station contained four stalls for animals, and a combination parlor, kitchen, and sleeping apartment ten by ten feet in size. Over the door, outside, huge characters read, "Hotel de Starvation, 1,000 miles from hay and grain, seventy miles from wood, fifteen miles from water, and only twelve inches from h—ll."

The walls of the room were decorated with pictures cut from police publications. Over the door, inside, in charcoal letters a foot in length, were the words, "God bless our home," and in another place the notice, "Wanted—A nice young girl for general housework. Apply within." The host's duties were not only the care of the stage horses on one side of the thin board partition, but he was also the cook and general utility man on the other side. The supper table stood against the partition and as the travellers were gathering what information possible, while trying to eat some of the coarse food, the horses were stamping and pawing in discontent and plunging against the frail barrier of boards between them and the dining table so violently as to suggest their kicking the dishes off the table,

The host's news was far from reassuring. The stage ahead of us had been attacked by the Indians and burned. The driver was killed and the horses stolen. There were no passengers, or they, too, would have been killed or captured. It seemed necessary to adopt some plan of action in case of an attack, and Pard looked at the driver with a knowing scrutiny and asked him if he would stand by the party if trouble came. James Randolph looked up with a puzzled expression on his face and asked what was meant by such a question, as he could not see how the driver could do anything else than share the fate of the others. Pard said he believed the driver was a fair man, and would not desert us, but he had known some drivers to "cut and run" in a time of peril, which means that they would cut the traces, mount one of the horses and start off with all of the horses leaving the stage and passengers to their fate.

Jake Farson had been changed off down the road and this driver lacked the frankness and firmness of speech and purpose that characterized our first jehu, and when the question was put to him so frankly the blaze of blood was apparent rising beneath his swarthy skin, and his answer was evidence enough that he had his own safety in mind when he drawled out that he would stay with us as long as he could. Randolph instantly lost the indifferent air that had characterized him from the first, and with fire in his eyes he turned a withering glance upon the sniveling driver, saying, "Now, you mark me, this man and his wife shall keep their eyes out on either side of the coach, and mine will be riveted on you, and the first move you make to desert us will be your last, for by the Holy Church, there is a horse apiece for us, and if one goes, we all go." With that bold thrust he left the table and lit a cigar as he sauntered out of the cabin leaving no doubt behind him of his sincerity.

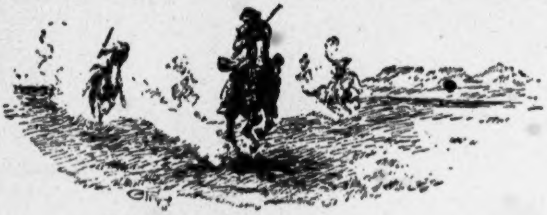
The night was a perfect one, the moon hung full and resplendent, and the stars twinkled as merrily as if looking down upon a land unknown to carnage and bloodshed. The stage-coach was not the popular old "thorough-brace," but had been changed to what was known as a "jerky" with sides and top of canvas, and a boot fore and aft to resemble the regular coach in all but size and comfort. Some of the mail bags had been left along the way, but the smaller coach made still more cramped positions.

It was often lamented that necessity made it needful to crowd into so small a space, but now, by shifting the mail sacks, it served well to reflect the shadow of the driver on the canvas so clearly that his every movement was discernible from the inside. The first part of the night wore away at last, and midnight brought us again to a lonely station, where no change of horses was waiting because the tender said the Indians had run them off, but more likely he was afraid to go out in open ground to bring them in.

He coaxed and begged the driver and passengers to remain with him, for Indians were seen on the road ahead at five o'clock that afternoon, and death surely awaited any white man who dared venture on.

A council was held, but the poor shack that would be the only shelter was a burlesque for safety. It was the only protection gained by staying, and the Indians would burn the occupants out of that in a very few minutes, if they could not

lure them out in any other way. As a last appeal the trembling stockman finally exclaimed, "Well, if you will not stay for your own sakes, for God's sake stay for that woman you have in the stage there." Pard exclaimed, "That woman is my wife, and we will abide by her decision; if she says to wait, we will wait." Advancing toward the stage, they found me expectantly and anxiously watching their faces, and I read the inmost thoughts of each of them by the mellow light of the moon and the sickly rays of the lanterns. It was a desperate situation left for me to decide, and perhaps the fate of all hung on my answer. In spite of their care to speak in low tones I had heard the most of their conversation, and after a little more explaining I said that to go on with the stage there was one show of getting away if there was time to mount the horses, and the moon was so bright that anyone coming toward us could be seen for some distance. If we stayed there with all the horses gone there was no hope of escape. So it was decided to move on, with the poor stock-tender violently gesticulating and declaring, with many oaths, that it was a drive to death, and ended with "May the devil take the lot of ye" as the last vent of his rage at being left alone again.



"Indians were seen on the road"

Randolph decided to take a seat on the box and share the vigil of outlook, as well as to watch the mistrusted driver. A signal was arranged whereby the inside passengers were to instantly get out and mount a horse if an attack seemed imminent.

We listened to the grinding of the wheels in the deep sand, and watched the clouds of dust roll into the coach, enveloping us in gray cloaks until we looked like hooded monks. Our eyes and ears and nostrils were full of the fine alkaline ash that cut the tender skin like an acid. We listened, too, with bated breath for every sound. If one spoke suddenly it would cause a response of—Hark! The breeze flapping a curtain, the horses' hoofs on the stones, the lurching of the coach, all seemed to make a different noise than when our eyes could penetrate the distant shadows in the light of day. Once the driver stopped and climbed down from his seat. Quick as thought Randolph drew his revolver to fire, but heeding a second impulse, he jumped off the stage only to find a loosened tug which the jehu was calmly hooking up. But our companion expressed himself in no unmistakable language that Mr. Driver better say something next time he got off the perch, or he might not be able to fly up there again, for there was to be no foolishness on that trip.

Every curtain was rolled up to its limit, in order that we might see as clearly as the moonlight would permit. After every sudden and seemingly perilous rousing all would grow quiet with a sort of dulled consciousness that could hardly be called sleep, but a stupor that comes to over-excited nerves, only to jump to action when the slightest agitation occurred. Thus the night wore on, while the sage-brush shadows seemed ever to conceal a dusky form, and the rumbling coach on the rocky roadbed sounded like the roaring of Niagara to our overstrained ears.

It was indeed a night of fear and horror. The Indian fire signals that lit up the horizon at several different points were felt to be the telling of our whereabouts, and we might be going straight into a deathnet of their weaving for all we knew.

With a good repeating rifle across his knees and eyes fairly bulging from their sockets, Pard's tense vigil that night will never be forgotten, and I knew I saw an Indian every time the breeze swayed a sage-brush; every shadow gave me the creeps. Never was a morning sun so gladly seen to redden the eastern sky, and dispel the black shadows of the night and suspicion. The poor tired horses, doing double work, seemed to partake of the courage the new sun gave, and quickened their pace as if sharing the joy of release from the goblin hours of darkness.

It was nine o'clock when the stage rattled into the corral of one of the home stations. The place was fairly bristling with soldiers and armed men. A high stockade surrounded the corral and portholes were manned with lookouts and guns. It was easy to see why the ride had been free from attack, as these trusty messengers of Uncle Sam were known to be in that vicinity, and the Indians had fallen back from the road and given the signal of the soldiers' arrival by their many fires, thus allowing the stage to pass unmolested while seeking their own safety.

How glad and thankful we were for the courage given us to make that night ride and reach such a haven of safety. But the sensation of peace and rest was not of long duration. Our government and our people are generous and resistless in the civilization of the great West, and the United States mail must move onward. Accommodations were ten times overstrained at this little fortress by the more remote settlers seeking

Courtesy of Lee Moorhouse, photographer, Pendleton, Oregon

To-ka-map-map-e, Squaw of the Battle of the Big Hole[1] the refuge of safety, by freighters with their wagon-loads of costly goods, waiting for a day of surety to go onward, stage company officials, stock-tenders and drivers, and a few travellers who would not venture farther; but now, in addition, were the newly arrived troops.

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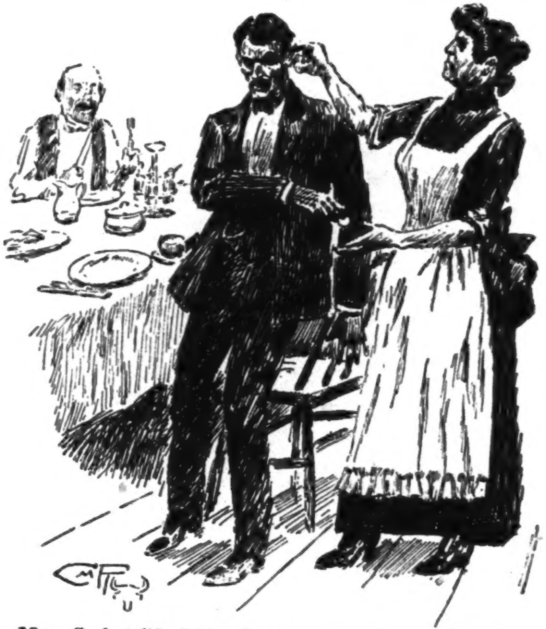
[1] At the Battle of the Big Hole, when General Gibbon engaged Chief Joseph, this squaw was captured and tied on a horse behind a soldier who was ordered to take her to Gibbon's Headquarters. She succeeded in getting her hands free, took a knife out of the soldier's belt, killed him and made her way to Joseph's camp.

It surely was a place devoid of all comfort except that gleaned from a table well laden with pork and beans, bread, and black coffee, all of which better satisfied a hungry stomach than all the dainties of a rich man's table, though not the viands an epicure would select.

The gleam of the soldiers' guns in profusion gave a sense of security and so stimulated the desire for adventure that it was decided to continue the journey at once, hoping the first flush of excitement given by the arrival of the soldiers would open the way for a safe run through to Helena. We, therefore, ate our breakfast and listened to tales of woe and fear, and watched the faces of those who kept silent.

As we climbed into the stage again there was much muttering and some loud imprecations on our foolhardiness in deliberately riding out to sure death or worse. The day was a perfect one, cool and crisp; the clatter of our horses' feet and the rumbling of our coach wheels were soon the only sounds to break the great silence of an uninhabited country. I say uninhabited because there were no homes dotting the great highway in 1878 as there are now, thirty-two years later. The stage company's stations were from ten to twelve and twenty miles apart, and once in twenty-four hours there was what was known as a home station, where supplies were stored and where there was some pretence of defence from the frontier enemies.

One of the home stations on this line was kept by a Mrs. Corbet, who made herself a terror to travellers, and no one passed her place without adding a bit to her already notorious history. She was very tall and large of bone, and claimed to be a cousin of "Long" John Wentworth of Chicago, who was one of the sterling characters in that city's history. It was reported as not an uncommon thing for her to go out with pistol in hand and command stage passengers to go to her table and eat meals that she had prepared for them at one dollar per. Not having been informed of her peculiarities of entertainment, we decided to enjoy a remnant of lunch from our own basket, and when we had finished we went to the door for a drink of water, and were informed by a shrill voice from some obscure place that if we wanted water we could go to the river and get it. We gazed at the limpid river flowing at the base of a steep declivity, and thought it better to go thirsty than take any chance of having the stage go on without us. As we drove away from there the driver told us that Dame Corbet was sick that day, else she would have been out after us. He then related how, "a spell back," a couple of Montana gentlemen had stopped there for dinner and one of them having called for coffee was quite incensed at its quality, and asked the waitress if she called that "stuff" coffee. He had not seen Mrs. Corbet, who was standing in a near doorway, but she walked up behind him, lifted him by the ears, compelled him to put the price of his dinner on the table, and then she put him forcibly out of doors. Some of our first callers in Helena were given this story, with a



Mrs. Corbet lifted him by the ears and put him out few additional flourishes, and while they seemed to enjoy it as if it were a new one, I later learned that they were the identical two gentlemen of the coffee episode, but they had the courtesy to spare my chagrin, and listened as attentively as if they had never heard the incident before. It may not be fair to tell their names, but one of them has since been the U. S. marshal of Alaska, and figured in the story of "The Spoilers" by Rex Beach.

That third day's ride took us off the Indian war grounds and our spirits rose according to our thankfulness and hopes.

At the last station before reaching Helena the driver who was to take the stage through was taken ill, and much to our joy we saw that Mr. O. J. Salisbury, one of the owners of the stage line, was to handle the ribbons. At the previous station we had taken on a young lady who was to teach in a country school near Helena; she was a newcomer from the States and had stopped at intervals of her journey through fear and weariness until that day; she had gained the seat with the driver and held it until the end of the journey. In the parlor of the Cosmopolitan Hotel the new teacher made me her confidante, and the things she said about Mr. Salisbury, "stage-driver," were intensely amusing. After she had exhausted her adjectives in describing him, and her surprise at his conversation, she ended her story by saying that he almost proposed to her as they were driving into town, and if he was a stage-driver she just wanted to see him again. When she was told who he was her surprise and chagrin knew no bounds. Later, when he told his side of the story, it was doubly amusing. He was a most extraordinary man in intelligence and good looks, and he had played rather a practical joke on her, which she soon realized, but she was not allowed to be the only one to feel the force of the joke, and to his dying day Mr. O. J. S. held up his hand in self-defence when he saw us coming toward him. Knowing him well, we learned his side of the escapade before telling him what the fair school-ma'am had said of his lovemaking, and the blending of the two would make quite a readable romance.

We reached Helena about one o'clock of the fifth night out, and in spite of the lateness of the hour many people had gathered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel for the latest news, as the telegraph wires had been cut by the Indians, and also for the excitement of seeing the stage arrive and unload. It was the chief entertainment of the town for the four and twenty hours. Tired mentally and physically from the long perilous trip, there yet seemed much buoyancy in our movements as we emerged from among the dark depths of the old coach, and with a sense of security and safety quite exhilarating to our benumbed muscles, we made our way into the bright hotel office. But I am sure I was asleep before my head fell on a pillow.

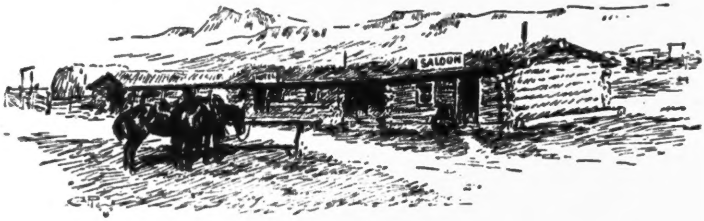
The house was only a two-story brick building, the rooms were large and airy, and the second story was on a level with the street in the rear, so that an entrance was made on either street. No one thought of locking doors, and when we asked for a key to our door we were given our first "tenderfoot laugh," although they did hunt up a key, which we never used after the first night.

It was the first experience with a Chinese "chambermaid," but he went about his business in such a methodical way that it was enjoyable to watch him about his work. Chinese servants were about the only kind to be had in Helena, but they were loyal helpers in any capacity, as we learned then and later by personal experience.

We had a good long sleep into the day following our arrival and arose rested and renewed to get a daylight view of the town. Our first caller that day was the Hon. Robert Fisk, editor of the Helena *Herald*, who began immediately to lay plans for our enjoyment, and to open the way for us to gather material for various publications and to have the resources of Montana made known to the world at large. He first arranged for a drive to the Hot Springs about four miles from town, which was delightful in spite of the very rough and rocky roads. There were practically no improvements at the springs, but some very crude rough buildings that served as shelter only for the bathers—quite a contrast to the elegance there now, which has made Helena famous. The water contains soda and sulphur and it was hot enough to boil eggs.

We were most generously entertained by the townspeople who have made history for Montana, including the Fisk brothers, Col. W. F. Sanders, Col. Sam. Word, Colonel Broadwater, Captain Mills, and many others, who have closed their careers, but will live ever in the hearts of the Montanians.

The scarcity of fruit seemed like a famine of luxuries. Oranges were a dollar apiece, apples were seventy-five cents a pound, and the hardy pears were twenty-five cents each. There were no tramps, no beggars or burglars, no objects of charity in the town—doors were always left unlocked and one could not help feeling a sense of freedom unknown in the more "civilized" cities along the rail routes. It seemed a pity to propose a railroad to such a happy community, yet the thought of the long distance to the steam horse made one prefer even the bold bad burglar, if one was an adjunct of the other. We would have felt especially shut out of the world while the wires were down had we been given time to think about it.



Typical home stage station

Messrs. Schwab and Zimmerman, the managers of the hotel, made us feel at home in ways seldom offered in these later days of touring, and their tables were full of tempting viands. Many of the army officers' families made the Cosmopolitan their home, and during the prevailing Bannock war the officers' wives were there, living in the dread expectancy of fatalities to loved ones at the front.

There were some queer-looking individuals in the dining-room, and I can never forget two women who seemed to view life and their personal appearance with grave seriousness. They were most angular in figure, tall, slim, and stiff, with long slim features that could not be raised into a smile. Each tried to outdo the other in little "spit curls" from the middle parting of the hair down to the lobe of the ear, and each was so prim and precise in every move that one could easily believe they were automatons. I do not often smile at another's appearance, but they fascinated me and I could not keep my eyes from them.

Those were days when men in the army besought their friends to bring out sisters, cousins, and aunts, and they were sometimes weird specimens of the sex, but even such could reign as queens, dance, ride, and flirt to their hearts' content, and marry, too, which does not always follow in these later days.

The frontier was a fact and not fiction in the '70's. A woman in the far West was a blessing sent direct from Heaven, or from the East, which was much the same in those days. Almost everywhere away from the more favored ox freight lines the modes of living were crude and often far from tempting.

The furniture of a stage station might be all homemade, but attractive and comfortable, but usually it was stiff and scarce, and the seats only boxes and kegs which had yielded their contents to an uninviting table. There was seldom a cloth to cover the pine board tables, but that was better than the much soiled colored ones that in some places seemed to do service for a whole season.

The bottles of condiments, with the addition of an old caster of cruets filling the centre of the table, wore their fly-specked paper wrappings, and were made worse by dirt and greasy hands; the cups and plates were of the heaviest and coarsest ware, glasses were thick and lustreless, if there were any at all, the snout of the cream pitcher (which never knew cream) would be gone, the sugar bowl cracked, and over all in season a swarm of flies settled and buzzed and fought for more than their share of provender.

Yet people lived and thrived and waited, for in the wake of all this toilsome, dreary pioneering development and prosperity must come. With the coming of the dainty matron, the real homemaker, the whole western world brightened, and it was no wonder the great and glorious pioneer cried for a mate. Neither must we forget the occasional oasis of even those early days where everything was spotless in its cleanliness, and the tables were loaded with the choicest viands of the most dainty housewife's handiwork.

Helena of thirty years ago was a busy town; the buildings were mostly two-story bricks. The Government Assay building was an attractive structure in its surroundings of trees and grass, and on the inside we were shown through the whole process of the works and examined scales so delicate that even a pencil mark would change the balance. I wrote my name on a piece of paper that had already been weighed and found the writing to add just $\frac{1}{184}$ of a grain. I am curious to know how much less weight it will have when affixed to this manuscript.

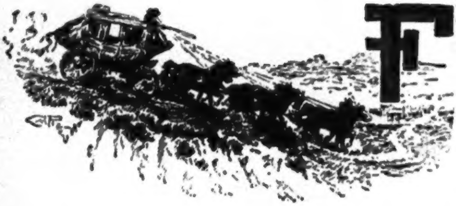
The brewery of Helena made more money than the mint in those days, but in a way quite different.

Captain Berthoud had just been put in command of a party of some twenty men to make a survey of Yellowstone Park. He offered us the protection of his party as we desired to go through that country. General Miles, with a party of soldiers, also invited us to go with him as soon as the Indian outbreak was quieted. But the Indians did not quiet down, and we had to wait two years before we could safely make the trip into that great wonderland.

Indian war dance

CHAPTER VII

BUTTE. VIRGINIA CITY



FROM Helena to Butte the old stage line went via Deer Lodge, then south through Silver Bow. The sun shone beautifully when the start was made from Helena, but only a few miles had been left behind when it began to rain and the storm grew in intensity for the rest of the way to Deer Lodge, where a delay of a day was made for the storm to spend its fury. However, the second day later it still stormed when the trip was continued. The mud was deep and clung in heavy pads to the coach wheels and clogged them in the chuck-holes, until our six horses were undone in extricating the stage and pulling the load over the divide.

While waiting for a change of horses at Silver Bow, Pard sauntered into the stage station where he found a copy of his book on Montana. Not averse to landing either a compliment or criticism, he asked the man on duty whether it was something worth reading. "Yep, that 's a great book, by a feller who's got 'em all skinned on drawing the long bow." "Well, do you mean the man really lies in his descriptions or figures?" anxiously queried the author. "Well, now, stranger, you see it's like this. You can read that thing through from beginning to end, and you can't put your finger on a single gol darned lie, but the fellow what writ that book has the darndest way of telling the truth of any man you ever saw."

By ten o'clock at night the stars came twinkling out to light us into the thriving little mining camp of Butte at an altitude of fifty-eight hundred feet above sea-level, up where the sky was blue and the air then was pure. It was in days before the smelters sent forth their sulphurous fumes and changed the atmosphere to that ascribed to a much lower region. But trees never grew around that section, and with no water the town must be lacking in the charm of shade for many years to come. They say in these later days that trees would not grow because of the acid fumes in the air, but they had refused to grow ages before the smelters were ever started.

Our first visit to Butte was as brief as we could well make it. The hotel was most objectionable, and was overrun by creepers and crawlers to a degree beyond endurance. The stay was rendered quite charming outside of the hotel, however, through the courtesy of H. T. Brown, proprietor and editor of the Butte *Miner*, and his wife, who invited us to occupy a room in their own home while in the town. It was a gracious favor, which was more than appreciated. When writing to my friends from the hotel I cautioned all of them to examine the letters carefully to see that nothing crawled out of them.

We were offered two of the choicest lots in the town if we would locate there, but they seemed pretty dear at the price asked. The offer was left open for two years, but there was no change of heart with us, and we lost our one chance of a fortune through Butte real estate.

At that time clocks were kept an hour ahead of time, so that servants, workmen, miners, etc., would get up early and put in a day's work.

Across the street from the hotel was a wholesale liquor house and several retail places for the fiery beverage. There was also a dry-goods store, a hardware and jeweller's establishment, and down the street a little way an Odd Fellows' Hall and a couple of banks made a good showing.

Butte had aspirations to be the pride of Montana, leaving Helena a wall-flower who had had her day. It was in the days of the "Alice," the "Moulton," "the Original," the "Lexington" and some thirty other mines that made a lively camp, and things were doing. Hundreds of smaller mines and prospects drew a population like a magnet draws the steel, and the charm is ever invincible to those who have once been under the spell.

A lively mining camp illustrates the love of man for a Bohemian life. The professional man, the college graduate, the society favorite are all to be found, with manners as reckless and debonair as their garb. When they came from the far East the Missouri River was known as the dividing line between restraint and freedom. At Omaha one was said to throw his Bible and his manners into the river and don his schapps and leather belt of cartridges, to which was attached his bowie knife and revolver; then with a canvas coat and a slouch hat and an old brown pipe he swung into a mining camp with an air of intimidating everybody in it, and a bravado of manners that visibly fell at the first words of a bull-whacker who recognized the tenderfoot on sight. There was never any use for a tenderfoot to try a disguise; the "earmarks" were as visible as his nose on his face, and his attempted bravado would make him the butt of every joke.

In days that are gone

It is a strange condition of man that he must progress or he must go backward; he cannot stand still. The white man keeps his inherited love of life in the open air with its easy swing and lack of conventionalities. It is no wonder then that an Indian taken from his free life and graduated from an Eastern college will return to the agency of his fathers, hide his civilized clothing in the brush, mount his pony and with a pal who lies in waiting, dash off to the old tepee with an unsuppressed whoop that gives vent to his untrammelled joy.

There were fifteen brick business blocks in Butte in 1878 and the growth of the mining interests and the town has been a history the like of which is unknown, but Butte is to-day the same forbidding spot of barrenness, without trees or grass to temper the glaring sunlight, and people live there only to make their "pile" and go elsewhere to found a home.

Butte consumed eight thousand dozen bottles of beer in 1878, and one million cigars. It also furnished many historical characters, but there were few men more widely known than Judge A. J. Davis, a wealthy bachelor, whose estate was finally fought over through many terms of court until the most of the fortune clung inseparably to the lawyers who had the case in charge.

The judge went to Butte with a modest fortune which was replenished by mining enterprises until it reached fabulous dimensions, but in spite of his horde of wealth he loved it all down to the very last penny, and when he had to let any of it go without a promising return of threefold, it had to be drawn from him by some strategic move. His avarice and his extortion was a byword in the whole country, but it had no effect upon his itching palm. On one of our later trips into Montana, when we had learned to know the judge and his ungenerous character, we asked the stage-driver if old Judge Davis had married. "Married!" exclaimed the jehu, "Married! Why that there old fellow is just too d—d stingy to even divide his affections."

Montana is in itself a veritable panoramic park. The Crow Indians had a saying that the Great Spirit only looked at other countries, but lived in Montana all the year. The Sioux Indians deem it an honor to die in Montana, where it is so beautiful everywhere, and only a step to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit.

Only one other State or Territory has such innumerable clear streams running through grassy woodlands or taking the serpentine trail through myriads of canyon fastnesses. The forests, noble in size, had clean-swept lawns beneath their sheltering branches, and everywhere the rich alluvial soil offered such diversity of industry that it was well called the Mountain Paradise, as the name implies.

The names of some of the rivers are somewhat startling, but were doubtless given under the same curious conditions that have named places and things elsewhere. There was Crazy Woman's Fork, Big Hole River, Stinkingwater, Hellgate, Badwater, Ruby, the Gooseberry, and the Owl, besides the great triple-headed Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Powder, Big Horn, Belle Fourche, and the Rosebud, with their hundreds of tributaries that altogether make Montana the second best watered domain of all the great States.

A store of the frontier

One night on Big Hole River about six miles from Glendale we were delayed and lost the connection out to Salisbury on the main overland route to Virginia City. The stage thoroughbrace broke and we had to wait for a new one to be made and put in, and we did not reach the station until several hours late. The inn was only a rancher's cabin, and a small one at that. There were twelve or fourteen men to stay there over night; Mrs. Bowe, the inn-keeper's wife, made a bed for us without any mattress on the floor in the living-room, to which we added our own blankets, and slept the sleep of deep exhaustion on the hard side of the board floor. There were two sick men in the house, and the daughter of the house was also ill. One of the men had erysipelas in his head and face and it was swollen as full as the skin would hold. When trying to do a little something for his comfort he showed his gratitude by the tears that trickled from between his swollen eyelids, while he tried to be mirthful and said the doctor had made a Bannock Indian out of him by painting his face and neck with iodine.

Pard went fishing that night even after our late supper and caught a fine lot of trout which we enjoyed for breakfast. Then he went off next day, leaving me at the cabin to put in my time roaming about, reading to the sick, or scribbling away at one of the tri-weekly letters to my mother, or to some of the newspapers who kept up a call for "more."

There was much strife between the two of us lone travellers for news. Pard was a veritable Corliss engine at pumping up statistics of the various products and prospects of every foot of land. The periodical *New West Illustrated* came out with astonishing regularity and filled to the brim with just such information as emigrants were searching for in view of new homes. Then came the special book, *To the Rockies and Beyond*, followed by *Montana and the Yellowstone Park*, and the rhythmic jingle of *Where Rolls the Oregon*, meaning the great Columbia, with its headwaters of Snake River, from its source to the sea. There did not seem to be much left for me, except just little, every-day things as they come and go in frontier lands.

But that all people could not see with Pard's optimistic eyes was evident later in the fall, when a wagon-load of tired travellers stopped for the night on Red Rock divide, just before reaching the new little settlement of Salisbury. The wind was blowing cold from the north, and the snow was coming down in blankets. Everything was wet and soggy, and dreariness overspread the party of immigrants who were trying to make a camp by the roadside, and the oncoming darkness only increased their discomfort.

The landscape was a vast panorama stretching far away in unlimited grandeur, and in fair weather that same summit was often called "Inspiration Pass." But now it huddled under its snow covers and lowering clouds, a dreary desolation, void of life. A woman sat on the wagon tongue from which the horses had been led away to hunt for their supper at the end of a lariat. The children were tired and cross, and the little one in the mother's arms fretted to be free and stretch its tired limbs without restraint. The men had tumbled out the mess box and made a shelter in the wagon box and under it for the night's rest. The wet canvas cover of the schooner flapped loosely and noisily as it opened and shut to each and every gust of the storm, and betokened a weird and restless night for the weary mother.

Our stage delayed for a few minutes to give the belated wayfarers some needed counsel. We peeped out at the side of our closely buttoned curtains and contrasted our own comfortable corner of the stage-coach with the flapping, bedraggled skirts of the woman on her way to the new land of promise. The driver told them to go on down the hill a couple of miles farther and they could get a better place for the women folks. Then a sharp, shrill voice piped up from the wagon tongue saying: "If this is Strahorn's paradise, as his book calls it, I just wish that he had to live in it, that 's all, but I wish I was back in Missouri whar we 'uns come from," and then she burst into tears. She did not know that the man "what writ the book" was enclosed in that stage-coach, or she might have said more. We drew our heads in from the window and felt a heart full of sympathy for the poor tired family, but we learned in after years that their whole love was given to their Montana home, and old Missouri was like a bad dream to them.

We are often told that adversity is the only teacher who can develop the talent lying dormant within us, and Pard had graduated in that school of hardship while in the Sioux campaign of 1876 and spring of 1877, when sleeping in pools of water without a tent, and then on winter campaigns with but one blanket, and mercury freezing in the bulb.

The desolate, homesick woman put Pard in a reminiscent mood and he related to the companion passengers some of his own experiences as a campaigner with General Crook in the Sioux war. From tales of personal sufferings in lack of food, blankets, and shelter, he told of the literary talent that was pitted against him in summing up war news during that campaign and getting letters and telegrams out to their respective papers. For instance:

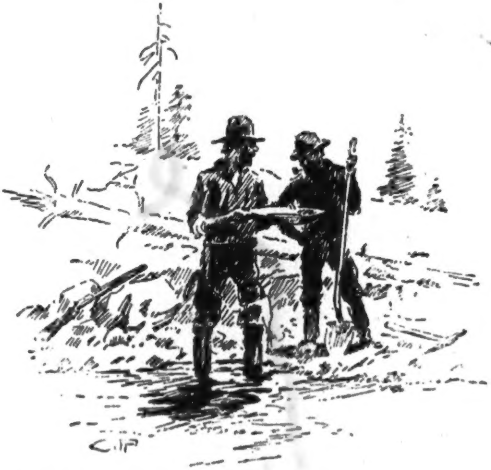
"There was Jack Finnerty of the Chicago *Times*. I have always had a notion that he stepped out from some place in Lever's novels; he was brave to rashness, and devoted to the interests of his great journal. Joe Wason of the *Alta Californian* and the New York *Tribune* was always on the skirmish line after 'pints'. His red head shone like the danger signal of a freight train, but in spite of his red head he was one of the bravest fellows I ever knew. There was T. C. McMillan of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and representatives of half a dozen other papers who campaigned for seventeen months on that expedition, and whose readers never imagined while reading the reports at a comfortable breakfast table and growling at the dashed correspondents because they did not make fuller reports, that the "dashed correspondents," dressed in rags, soaked through with rain, and almost crazed with want of food and rest, had written what they could on a cottonwood chip or piece of flat stone, and often at the risk of life from stray bullets."

Those were days of hardship and peril that made this night of storm and this woman's distress a paradise if she could not see it through the snowflakes. The snow increased in its blinding fury, the driver could no longer see the road, nor tell where to drive. Gen. Charles A. Warren, a noted figure in the history of Montana and Washington, was one of the occupants of the stage. He was a man of strong build and a nature inured to the mountain hardships. When he saw the serious condition we were in, he at once leaped from the stage and with one companion broke the road ahead through the drifting snow to guide the horses into a safe route over the mountain and through the dark ravines. For hours those brave ones toiled on, refusing to yield their places to any one else until the valley road insured our safety. We have met the old general many a time since then and he laughingly refers to our night trip over the "Paradise Road."

A faint glimmer of lights through unshaded windows betokened the little town of Salisbury at last, and we were at rest until another day dawned, and we branched off for the gold-famed city of Virginia.

Gulch gold is not the only thing that has made Virginia City famous; it had been for several years a rendezvous for the thugs and highwaymen that kept the territory of Montana in a state of fear and terror until the Vigilantes Association was formed to rid the country of the despicable oppression.

It was during our first trip to Virginia City in 1878 that the first man was hung by order of the court. The sheriff who was to perform the duty arrived on the same stage that we did. He had explained the affair to us en route, and said no one would be admitted to the hanging except those having written invitations. And what was our surprise on the morning following our arrival to receive one of those "written invitations" to be present at that first legal hanging. It is needless to say that we did not accept the courtesy and at the awful hour we were as far away from the scene of action as it was possible to be.



Finding the gold that made Virginia City famous

Our headquarters were at the Madison House, the chief hotel of the city, kept by Mr. F. J. Farrell, but there was not much to delay us in Virginia City. Two or three days would have given us ample time to visit the famous gulch mines and for Pard to gather his statistics and such information as he required. But the time had come for all stage lines to put on what was called "winter schedule time," which meant no travelling at night, but stopping and starting at seasonable or unseasonable hours, according to the distance to be made and the condition of the roads. Sometimes a stop would be called at four o'clock in the afternoon and a delay until the next morning at seven, or it might be a stop at eleven at night with a call to go on at three A.M. Here we found a new phase, for not only would the stage stop at the half-way station over night but it would stay there over Sunday. There was no regularity about anything but the discomfort. Travelling on passes and in the interests of the transportation companies, we were always expected to smile and look pleasant whate'er befell us, but there were many moments when we wished we were paying our fare and had the privilege of free speech. If there is any one thing that my Pard does more freely in his later days than to pay railroad fare, I don't know what it is. We were never required or requested to restrain our speech, but we knew it to be an unwritten duty, and we lived up to it. If we do a little complaining now it is because we know we could not suffer all those hardships and inconveniences in our maturer years, and we wonder how we endured them then.

The novelty and excitement of travelling as we were then doing was a wondrous joy in spite of all unpleasant conditions. As soon as it was known in a community what the import of Pard's mission meant, every door was opened to us, and we were not only entertained by the "four hundred" in their homes, but every facility was placed at our disposal for promoting the interests of the work. It was a rare opportunity such as no two other people ever enjoyed, and we appreciated it to the full in spite of its hardships. We came in contact with the very best people and formed lifelong friendships that have ever been dear and sacred.

CHAPTER VIII

COLONEL SANDERS AND THE VIGILANTES

WHEN we left Virginia City to go back to Helena we had the charming companionship of Col. W. F. Sanders. It was an all night ride, but he made the time so intensely interesting in telling of his experiences during vigilante days that no one ever missed the naps he might have caught had there been the usual stage load. The colonel was one of the earliest pioneers of Montana, even when it was called Idaho, in the earliest '60's.

The Territory was in the hands of men who feared no penalty for their crimes, and it was rid of them at the hands of men no less lawless in their taking off, but working to accomplish what the laws could not. The discovery in the fall of 1863 of more than one hundred bodies of victims of the road agents finally aroused the feelings of the law-abiding citizens of Montana to a pitch of frenzy. They felt that the mysterious disappearance of many other men was to be traced to the bandits. Scores of miners who had set out with large sums of money for various places had never been heard of and had never reached their destinations.

Colonel Sanders had taken up his residence at Bannock City when it was only about a year old, and Virginia City and Nevada City close by were just getting on the map. There were no livelier settlements than these on the face of the earth. The craze for gold had collected there California gamblers and cutthroats, Mexican desperadoes, deserters from both the Federal and the Confederate armies, fugitives from justice of a dozen countries, and last and least in number were a few honest miners and peaceful immigrants. There was little government and no law except a limited quantity of the home-made article. It was here that Colonel Sanders became prosecuting attorney.

Murders occurred daily, almost hourly. Had there been the most perfect system of legal procedure, time would not have permitted of the orderly trial of offenders, so frequent were the crimes. Alder Gulch continued to disgorge its treasures in a steady stream, and the very excess of its bounty excited the most selfish passions of men.

Rude courts were established and the guilt or innocence of offenders was submitted to regularly chosen juries, but the swaggering outlaws would boldly force their way through the lines of spectators into the presence of the qualified twelve men, announcing their determination to have revenge upon every one connected with the case for any verdict other than acquittal. Witnesses and jurors, under these circumstances, were afraid for their lives, and justice had miscarried until the outlaws, seeing the blanch of fear everywhere, were in supreme control. In the early stages of this reign of terror some of the road agents had been tried, found guilty, and condemned to death by unanimous vote, but before the hour of execution arrived the renegades would have the citizens so terrified by threats that motions to reconsider would result in liberating the outlaw again.

Col. Sanders's Pullman car to Bannock City—1862

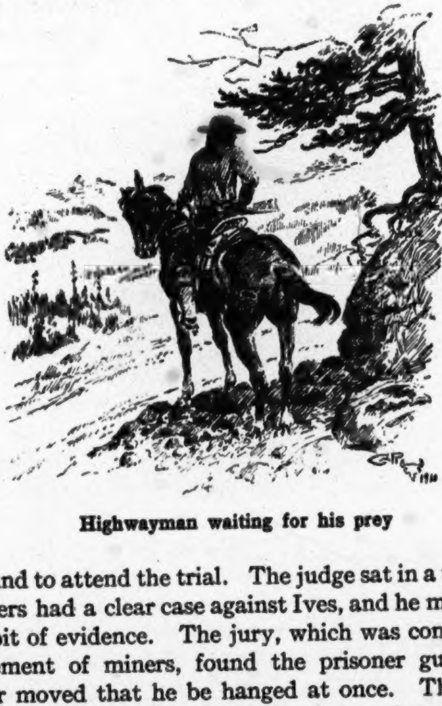
The sheriff, Henry Plummer, was himself at the head of one of the worst gangs in the Territory. Plummer's gang was the only well-organized band of men in the community, and consisted of about two dozen "bad men" and a large number of spies, scouts, and outside correspondents. These were the road agents who prompted the writers of dime novels to do their worst. In action they wore black silk handkerchiefs over their faces, and their secret service system told them of every expedition worth robbing.

Individually the members of Plummer's gang were murderers who put small valuation on human life. They killed for vengeance, or even for "luck." They fired at women to frighten them, and killed Indians for no reason except pure wantonness. Plummer was said to be the quickest and surest revolver shot in the mountains. He could shoot with either hand, and according to report could draw his pistol and empty its five chambers in three seconds, making every bullet tell. He came to the gold camp with a record of three murders in California and had taken part in an attack on a Wells Fargo bullion express.

When Sam T. Hauser, late Governor of the Territory, started east with a load of treasure, Plummer gave him a red woollen scarf to protect his throat from chill. The red scarf was to inform Plummer's men that the wearer was the victim they awaited. This was the gang that engaged the attention of Colonel Sanders, and the movement which brought about the hanging of twenty-two of them, including Plummer. It was the first work that followed the formation of the Montana Vigilantes, of which Colonel Sanders was the active head.

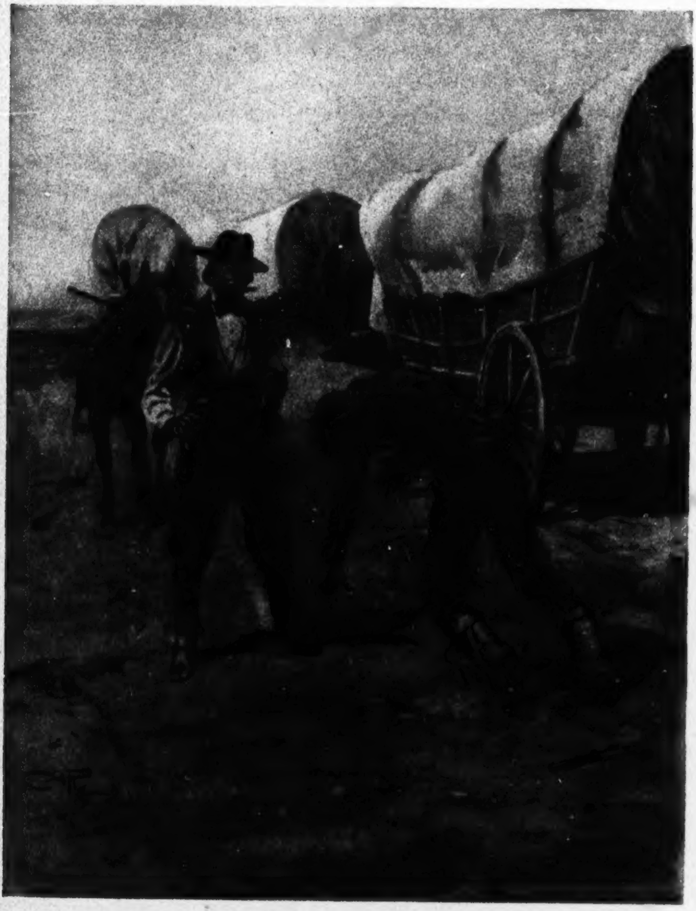
On one occasion when Colonel Sanders was going from one town to another he had to spend the night at a little out-of-the-way place and sleep in the same bed with George Ives who was a notorious bandit. He was out looking for Ives at the time, but Ives did not then know the colonel by sight, and that fact was all that saved a tragedy then and there. In the few months preceding the uprising there had been a reign of terror in which no man felt that his life was safe. Ives had made life a terror in Virginia City. He ordered a barber's chair to be taken out in the middle of the street, and with a revolver in each hand demanded a shave; when the tonsorial work was done he drew out a long knife, and with two dexterous strokes the barber's ears dropped in the dusty street. "Just for luck" as Ives said. He was once sent to buy two mules from a German named Nicholas Thalt, in the Stinkingwater Valley—and murdered the German to save paying for the mules. He was caught redhanded and a crowd of citizens dragged him to Nevada City. Ives did n't worry any over his arrest, but this time the miners were aroused and sent for Colonel Sanders.

The trial took place in the open air before a huge bonfire late in the afternoon of December 21, 1863. Citizens came from miles around to attend the trial. The judge sat in a wagon. Colonel Sanders had a clear case against Ives, and he made the most of every bit of evidence. The jury, which was composed of the better element of miners, found the prisoner guilty and the prosecutor moved that he be hanged at once. Then for a few minutes it was a question whether Sanders or Ives would be the first to die. In the crowd were many friends of the prisoner and of Plummer's gang. The arrival of Plummer with a rescuing gang was momentarily expected, and part of the mob made an attempt at rescue, but it was repulsed. A pole was swung out of the window of an unfinished house near by, and in fifty-eight minutes after he was convicted, the body of Ives swung



Highwayman waiting for his prey

on a rope from the end of the pole. That was the beginning of the campaign against Henry Plummer's gang.



"Laughed at for his foolishness and shot dead by Slade"

The Vigilantes were made up of five men in Virginia City, three from Bannock, and one from Nevada City. It was a secret tribunal which worked for twenty years. In less than two months after they were organized they had hung twenty-two members of Plummer's gang, including Plummer. They never bluffed, and when any one found a little white card which measured just seven by nine inches, bearing the numerals "3-7-77" in heavy black ink pinned to his tent or posted on some of his belongings, he knew it was a warning to get out of the country, or the second night thereafter he would be hung.

Probably the most notorious desperado, next to Plummer, was Slade; perhaps Slade was the worst of the two; at any rate he was a terror to the people in all localities. Mark Twain tells in *Roughing It* how he ate at the same table with Slade, at the latter's station on the Overland Mail route in Wyoming, but the author says he was so agitated that he remembered nothing of Slade's personal appearance, except that he had very high cheek bones. As a matter of fact, Slade was a large, well-made man, as active as a panther, and possessed of enormous strength. He was skilled equally in the use of firearms and in rough and tumble fighting, and he enjoyed one form of fighting as much as the other.

Slade was a division agent on the Overland at Julesburg in 1862. He was a terror of the most dangerous kind: a man who would resent an insult or affront, either real or imaginary, on the instant if he could, but later at all hazards. His vengeance was most atrocious, and ended in death to his victim. One of his first acts of treachery was when in charge of an emigrant train from the Missouri River to California. He had trouble with one of his wagon drivers and drew his gun, but the driver had his out first, and Slade knowing himself to be in danger said it would be a pity to shoot, and they would throw away their guns and fight it out with their fists. This the driver agreed to and threw down his gun, only to be laughed at for his foolishness and shot dead by Slade.

He was made agent of the Overland Company because of his fearless daring. The company had been robbed of horses, and its coaches had been held up repeatedly, but Slade soon put an end to such offenders by following them to the death. He had been one of the most daring highwaymen of them all until he was employed to clean them out, and he moved on west as places required such settlements as he was wont to make. It was deemed safer by the company to keep him in their employ than to have him one of the desperadoes at large. He succeeded in stopping depredations on stage stock and stage company belongings, but it was done by his own bloodthirsty violence. He was his own judge, jury, and executioner. It was a work that delighted his soul to the marrow. At the time Mark Twain met him, Slade was said to have killed no less than thirty men.

It was at this time that Slade had his celebrated quarrel with Jules. Jules was the founder of the little town of Julesburg, Colorado, one of the most important stopping points on the Overland trail, near the junction of the North and South Platte Rivers. He and Slade had a quarrel and Jules "laid for" his opponent, posting himself behind a saloon door, with a double-barrelled shotgun. As the unsuspecting Slade came in the door Jules emptied both barrels into his body. Slade fell, literally riddled with lead. It was thought he had no chance to live, but, after weeks of suffering, he regained his health, and started gunning for his enemy. Jules had taken the alarm and left the country. He remained away several months, but finally, believing he could best Slade if they should meet again, he returned to his old haunts along the Overland Mail route. Slade, with a little party of friends, rode out and captured Jules. Then, according to the popular version, Slade tied Jules to a corral fence and spent the day in target practice, shooting off his enemy's fingers and ears and other members of his body, yet not killing him until night, in spite of his pleadings to be put out of his agony.

Slade's record as a killer became too strong for the company to stand. Passengers were terrorized, though, as has been shown, there was then no reason for any passenger to fear Slade because his thirst for battle was satisfied by fighting those of his own kind. but the company discharged him, and Slade moved to Montana, when the Virginia City excitement was at its height.

"Our organization was the simplest thing in the world," said Colonel Sanders. "We would turn to one of our members and say: 'You are a pretty square sort of fellow and we know you to be straight as a string; you shall be our judge.' And to another: 'You are a heavily built chap with lots of grit; you shall be marshal.' I was district attorney because I had a smattering of law, and it was upon my affidavits that all warrants were issued.

"It seems strange in these days to think of constituting a court in such an offhand way, without the slightest vestige of federal authority, but we did it, and our court was respected by all the citizens of Virginia City, that is, most of them. After a while, when they found that we were not hanging so frequently as before, the lawless element seemed bolder and more aggressive again.

"The leader of this tough part of our later population was Slade. He had a dozen satellites, and it was a favorite diversion of theirs to spend a night in a disorderly resort, and then set it on fire. He had been carrying on in this characteristic manner, going from bad to worse. It is related of him that his favorite trick was to go into a barroom and ask a stranger to have a drink. The stranger would comply, and, when about to drink his whiskey would be knocked insensible by a terrific blow from Slade's fist. After knocking one man down in this way, Slade would step up to another and ask him to have a drink, and the performance would be repeated as long as there remained anybody in the room to be knocked down.

"Slade overstepped the mark, however, when he tore up a warrant that was being read to him by an officer of the law. Slade had shot up the town the day before and the officer was seeking to arrest him for that offence. Still drunk, Slade tore the paper to pieces. As the marshal pulled out the document, Slade, quick as a flash, sprang at him, jerked it out of his hands, and then pointed a revolver at the judge's heart. It was all done in a second.

" 'Now,' said he, 'I 'm about tired of this business. I am not going to be drained any more, and I am not going to recognize your authority; nor shall I pay that $400. I shall hold you responsible for my personal safety, and if any of your committee attempts to touch me I will blow your heart out.' The officer remained calm and made no further effort to arrest Slade, but the news spread like wildfire. The miners held a mass-meeting and decided that Slade had gone too far in thus flouting the newly established law and order of the camp."

As Colonel Sanders left the court-room after this scene he met a member of the Vigilantes Committee and dispatched him to a camp about two miles away for all the boys to come in for they were needed. They came from several camps, for the news spread fast, and a court was called to vote on what should be done.

Over 15,000 miners voted to lynch Slade, according to the vigilante process, and this great procession marched down the gulch, captured the desperado, and informed him that his time was up.

"The old stage-coach rattled over the great, lonesome highway"

Slade weakened when he saw the array against him and wept like a child, but his hour for penitence was past, the noose was slipped around his neck, the barrel kicked from under his feet, and law and order ruled in the great Northwest.

Just think of listening to all these talks at the midnight hour and in the early dawn as the old stage-coach rattled over the great lonesome highway miles and miles from human habitation, and talking over the incidents with the very man who was the ring-leader of the law and order court. Think of the awful hours of suspense that the wife endured while he was going about the towns with a dozen or more men as a body-guard, while some of these exciting things were being enacted.

It was little wonder that he had wanted to be present at that first hanging in Virginia City which was the result of a legally arrayed court and jury according to the law of our Federal Government. He dropped the yoke of responsibility then, and the lives and the property of the people he knew would be thenceforth protected through the proper channels. But what a great brave heart and soul he had to bring order out of chaos, peace out of carnage, and happiness from the great unrest. He has been an honor and a glory to his country, and Montana should give him a monument the highest in its realm.

At the time Colonel Sanders went to Bannock City it was scarcely more than a spot on the earth and was still in the domain of Idaho, but in 1864 Congress passed an act providing for a new Territory to be taken from Idaho, to be called Montana, and also that a part of southeastern Idaho should be restored to Dakota. Montana's first Legislature convened in Bannock in December of that year. Sidney Edgerton was the first Governor and Thomas Francis Meagher was Territorial Secretary, with George M. Pinney as United States Marshal.

One of the first acts of the new Legislature was the repealing of the statutes of Idaho and adopting common law, also providing the codification of Territorial laws. The Code Commissioners were Wilbur F. Sanders, William H. Miller, and George W. Stapleton. A common school system was adopted and an act passed making it a misdemeanor to carry concealed weapons. The vast number of criminals who flooded that region of the country paid no attention to the law of the courts, and the need of the Vigilantes Association was imperious, but with all the watchfulness and stern rigor of the few members of the law and order league it was fifteen years before a man was hung by the neck through a legal court of action.

Colonel Sanders had ways of his own in accomplishing his ends. He never wanted to be thwarted in his undertakings, and many good stories could be told on him. He called on us in New York City, when he was United States Senator, and invited us to attend the theatre and see the play of *Esmeralda* on the first double stage used in the city. We were sorry to decline such a courtesy, but an old Sioux war campaigner was to call that evening to talk over the war days, and subsequent times. Pard was delighted with the prospective visit and could not be persuaded to ignore it. The colonel left us saying he would come again as something might deter the caller, and he still might hope for us to go with him.

The first guns were hardly fired on the old war path of the Sioux trail before the colonel came in again. He sat silent for a few moments, then in his own brusque way said: "Say, stranger, I have asked these good folks to go to the theatre with me to-night, and they refused because you were coming; now, can't you come some other time? They don't come to New York often and they ought to be out every night."

The episode was as surprising as it was humiliating, yet it was characteristic of his blunt way of carrying a point.

At another time when railroads were finished through Helena we stopped there for a few hours in passing through Montana, and when Pard went up to see Colonel Sanders he found court was in session. The colonel, who was trying a case, saw Pard enter the court-room. He jumped to his feet and said: "Your Honor, Bob Strahorn is in the court-room, and we all want to see him; I move this court be adjourned for about fifteen minutes," and it was.

When Colonel Wilbur Sanders died, in 1906, Montana lost its brightest star, its great war-horse, and the bravest man that ever gave his life to his State. One forgets the eccentricities of such a man in his achievements, and the whole Northwest mourns his loss as irreparable.

CHAPTER IX

DIAMOND CITY AND HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

WE were having a real cozy time in our easy chairs by a warm bright fire in the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Helena, commenting upon the events of the day, and tracing an outline for future travel, when the poetry was all taken out of our souls by the report that our stage for White Sulphur Springs would leave at four o'clock the next morning. Then we tried to sleep, but when we need sleep it is often the hardest to obtain. However, we were ready on time, and for once be it known the stage was punctual to a minute.

These springs are located some eighty miles southeast of Helena and were then the best improved springs in the Territory. Any one who is familiar with Montana knows it to be rich in mineral fountains of rare merit, in whose waters many an invalid has found welcome healing properties.

The soft red light of morning began to illumine the eastern sky, and the sun shamed away the frost before we were hardly awake to the knowledge of our speed. Twenty miles from Helena the Missouri impertinently crossed our pathway, and with my slow wits I did not see how we were to cross. The driver whistled away as unconcerned as possible and drove on a little pier that extended a short distance over the water; but the little pier proved to be a ferry and we were soon adrift, kept in position by ropes and cables; the ferry turned so that the current struck the stern, and we were soon pushed by its force to the other side in safety. Scarcely a ripple betrayed the swiftness underneath. We had a two hours' wait at the river so we procured a boat and launched out for a morning sail. It was like meeting an old friend to see the grand old Missouri River again. The water at the place where we crossed was some forty feet deep, and clear as crystal. Our spirits rose as we advanced, and every glad song of early days that could be recalled was sent up to the blue vaulted sky, while peal after peal of our joyous laughter went echoing along the moss-covered rocks which rose hundreds of feet on either side. It seemed almost impossible that we could be in the heart of Montana, so far, far away from the Illinois home, and yet enjoy so many happy days.

"Twenty miles from Helena the Missouri impertinently crossed our pathway"

The first village reached on this trip was Diamond City, which was once one of the most thriving towns in Montana. It was located at the head of Confederate Gulch, which had yielded so richly of precious metal. In 1865 over a million and a half of the yellow dollars were washed out of that gulch between Diamond and Virginia City, and one pan yielded one thousand dollars, which fact was wholly without precedent. Miners were still at work throughout the gulch and made good wages. Diamond City once stood on stilts as the dirt was all dug from under the buildings by the seekers for gold, but at this time the houses stood on ground again as the vacancy had been filled in by tailings from the mines above. Confederate Gulch derived its name from a part of that left wing of Price's army which took refuge there after the Civil War. That noted "left wing" divided itself and part went to Montana and part to Idaho, and it did not require much knowledge of human nature to pick out its members.

Diamond City was the county seat of Meagher County; a dozen years before its population numbered several thousand, but in 1878 it had only about three hundred. The restless surging mass had moved on to other fields for gold and left only a few late but earnest workers still washing out the sands. The *Rocky Mountain Husbandman* was a spirited sheet published in the interest of all that the name implies.

Above Diamond City we observed the syphon wonder of boiler iron pipes. It led the water down the mountainside hundreds of feet and up the opposite side nearly an equal distance, from whence in ribboned ditches it skirted the mountains and poured down upon the gold diggings wherever needed.

The hotel was a miniature one kept by a jolly Irishman by the name of Nixon. It consisted of just three rooms; the sitting room was about ten by twelve feet and contained a bed and table and a few chairs. The kitchen and dining-room was also a combination about the same size, and the second half story was one room containing a number of beds. Adjoining this building was a long, narrow lean-to used for a store, hotel office, and post-office.

Pard had been in the office but a few minutes when a man of dishevelled appearance rushed into the room where I was waiting for supper. He came to me with both hands outstretched, as if he would embrace me, and all the time exclaiming how glad he was to see me; he grabbed both my hands as in a vise and great tears rolled down his cheeks. I had not recovered from my surprise and fear when he explained his joy at seeing one from his own home, and that *one* the daughter of their dear old family doctor, dear old Doc. Green, who had saved the lives of so many of his family in his earlier days. The sturdy pioneer had been in Diamond City a number of years, and mine was the first home face he had seen since leaving his native place. He said it was "a joy like the meetin' of his own sister or mother whom he left in 1866," and his big Irish face beamed with a smile that would not lessen while we were there, and all he could give was free as air, from his smile to his hospitable board and the contents of his store. That I did not know him made no difference. I knew well enough the section of country near my home town called "The Island" which was wholly an Irish settlement, and I was his "old Doc's gurrel," which was enough to make him glad and happy. When we bade him good-bye he loaded us with such good things as his little store had in stock and the principal edible was dried buffalo and deer meat.

The arrival of the stage is the event of the day

When we left Diamond City we turned from the main road to visit Hell Gate Canyon. It would seem as if that name possessed some magic power over these Rocky Mountain people, for so many defiles and fastnesses are favored with that suggestive title. We could form no idea of the awful grandeur of this place until quite within its portals. High on the right was a dark ominous hole, a seeming ingress to a cave. This was known as the Devil's watch tower. It is said that once a mountain hermit lived within its black shadows. A few shreds of old rope still hung from the dizzy peak above, and from the mouth of the cave protruded a decayed log on which the hermit used to light in his wild descent to his home in the cliff. We could not see why the road should wind its way along so confidently for an impenetrable wall loomed up before us, but the babbling brook called us to search for its source, so we drove on. We were surrounded by high walls and confined in a space thirty yards in width by sixty in length. Another short turn to the left between these towering dykes revealed what before had seemed an unbroken wall now rent from base to summit leaving a narrow gateway but seven feet wide, and the entire space filled with a bridge affording just room to drive through.

We passed into another grotto of equal size ornamented with pines and picturesque needle rocks. The rugged walls were covered with vines and rock-birthed plants robed in richest autumnal garb. There were four of these rocky openings, not exceeding the first in width, and every one leading to new labyrinths of wonders. The left hand wall of the second entrance showed as plainly the face of a man as if chiselled by an artist. The chin rested upon the bridge but the forehead towered high above. Hieroglyphics of some wild race were traced on one of the mountainsides, and holes and endless caves for mountain beasts and birds were found on every side. Often near the summit would be seen full grown pines struggling to reach the snowy lofts, but below all was barren, stern, and forbidding.

It seemed strange how the scene changed into a wooded gulch after leaving the last enclosure. How thankful we were for the far sun to lighten such glories all around us. The more we saw of the finite the more we bowed before the infinite Creator in thankfulness that we lived to see so many wondrous works of His Hand.

Hot Sulphur Springs was reached late in the evening and we hastened to rest until the morning threw the sunlight over our tired dreams and signalled us to rise. The warm fire cheerily blazing made us forget how near winter was again. The hotel was a new one. Brussels carpeting covered the floor; a rich beaver robe was thrown in graceful negligence over a low armed rocker by the window; snowy curtains, a good bed, and writing tables made our room one of great comfort. One hundred guests could readily be accommodated by Mr. Spencer, the genial host from the Sunny South. The dining-room and kitchen were in a separate building in true Southern style.

There were several stores in the town, a post-office, saloon, and many little cottages. A strong odor of sulphur filled the air, and we were led by it to the springs. At least fifteen of these hot springs came boiling from the earth, while within a stone's throw were springs as cold as mountain streams. The hot steam poured from the windows of the plunge and single bathrooms, and after once bathing we had an intense desire to try them again and again.

Many remarkable cures have been effected by these waters, and the resident physician and owner of the springs, Dr. Parberry, is himself a living proof of their cure for rheumatism. Hon. James G. Blaine, had been a half owner of this resort, but was unfortunately induced to dispose of his share to the present owner. There were 120 grains of medicated matter in every gallon of water. A large amount of slimy matter collects in the bottom of these springs, and when this is taken out and dried it looks like thin sheets of sulphur and will burn brilliantly. This famous resort is located between the two forks of Smith River, both branches of which are filled with trout.

Smith Valley is really the home of the shepherd. Ranch after ranch dotted the hillsides and plains, while thousands of sheep were feeding on the rich grass. We saw some fine Cotswold sheep that weighed 300 pounds each. C. W. Cook and brother located in 1873 with 800 Oregon sheep and after five years they had 15,000.

Mr. Cook once had a tenderfoot apply for sheepherding, and as he seemed a likely lad a task was at once assigned him. He was fresh from college and boasted of his athletic ability so much that he refused a horse to care for the flock in his charge, although he was warned to allow no lambs to stray from the fold. Night came on, the bell wether came in leading the woolly flock, but the tall wiry boy came not. Several hours passed, when anxiety for his safety started a searching party to the rescue. Hardly were the ponies saddled when the new boy loomed up in the mellow starlight carrying a jack-rabbit on either arm. Out of breath, tired and footsore, he told of his chase and final capture of the runaway lambs. He was ridiculed and laughed at until Mr. Cook put an end to the persecution by challenging any one of the crew to match the race and bring in another pair of jack-rabbits unharmed and with whole skins, as these had been.

A good story of western pluck is told of Q. O. Proctor, now located about a mile from the springs. Three years previous he did not have a dollar. He, therefore, rented twenty cows; from the milk of these cows he began the manufacture of cheese; he was soon enabled to buy the stock and add more; his business steadily increased; in 1878 he had 300 head of cattle and had made 10,000 pounds of cheese which he readily sold for twenty cents a pound. His buildings, vats, presses, fixtures, etc., were of the most improved plans, and he kept everything as neat and clean as a dainty matron's kitchen.

"It measured upward of nine feet from the nose to the tip of the tail"

Rich gold, silver, and copper leads had been discovered near the springs and were to be extensively worked as soon as the requisite machinery could be obtained.

This lovely resort is environed with blue mountains that abounded in small as well as royal game. Every sportsman was gladdened by seeing the fine fresh game which he brought back, served *à la mode*, on the table at the hotel.

Dr. Parberry and Pard spent a day in hunting deer. It was on the 19th of September, our first wedding anniversary, and I was on the down end of the teeter board of spirits that day, but when they came home with several saddles of venison hanging on their ponies, I forgave the trespass of the day and joined in congratulations over their success.

A monster mountain lion had recently been killed near the White Sulphur Springs, and our new found friend, Dr. Parberry, presented it to Pard who shipped it at once to Thomas L. Kimball, General Manager of the Union Pacific road, where it was to be mounted and kept at the headquarters of the company. This royal beast is one of the largest of its species ever shot in Montana. Its weight was 312 pounds, and carefully skinned and stuffed it measured upwards of nine feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. It is a trophy of the lion tribe that can nowhere be excelled in America.

White Sulphur Springs has never had a railroad intrude into its secluded eyrie, but has been reached up to the present time by the tri-weekly stage from Helena, but a $2,000,000 syndicate has now begun operations to open up the medicinal waters to the world and make it the most popular resort in America. Work is being pushed on a rail line to make it accessible as soon as the Grand Hotel can be completed. It is to have a line from Dorsey on the new Milwaukee route, and the Helena Glendive cut-off of the Northern Pacific will also go to this famous resort. The sleeping populace of White Sulphur Springs has awakened to magical energy and excitement over this crowning reward for their patient waiting of a third of a century.

CHAPTER X

THE VALLEY OF THE WILD ROSE, DEER LODGE, AND MISSOULA

A SEPTEMBER ride from Helena to Deer Lodge and on to Missoula in the late '70's was a trip that idealized stage travel and made one forget the lack of civilization in a labyrinth of wild roses and clear running waters.

The old Concord coach was loaded inside and out and still there were some gloomy and disappointed ones unable to find a place to even hang on as the crack of the whip spurred the fiery bronchos into an irregular wild plunge and a dash through the streets out of the city to the great Overland road westward.

It is always an interesting part of travel to settle back in one's own corner and study the faces of the fellow passengers. It matters little whether it be on a train, a steamer, or a stage-coach, there is generally variety enough to make the effort entertaining.

The morning load was especially engaging. There was one woman with a young babe going to join her husband who had found a new home for them in this far-away country. Her bags and baskets took the room of two people and were piled on the laps of any who would hold them. There was another woman going with her brother to file a homestead on virgin lands, and still a third woman en route from Missouri to visit an uncle a hundred miles beyond Missoula, where thirty miles of the way was still only a trail.

She was going to revolutionize some things. She did not understand why people out there did not say "road" instead of "trail" and "horse" for "cayuse" and "jacks" for "mules," etc. She was quite chagrined to learn that a trail was not a road, a cayuse was not an American horse, and the poor little jack was a jack or burro and not a mule at all.

People who come West to teach ignorant people usually find that they bring more ignorance with them than they are able to dispel. Every part of a country has conditions of its own requiring words and expressions that are peculiar to itself, and inseparable from the locality where used.

In later experiences we found more real ignorance in the very heart of Boston than was ever met with on the frontier. People living in such far-away places are expected to be lacking in ways of the world, but we seldom found them so, and the dailies of San Francisco and the old Salt Lake *Tribune* were found with half a dozen or more popular magazines in many cabins. The people were posted on the topics of the day to wondrous wide extent and new arrivals were quizzed with a zeal unknown to those more favored with privileges to learn. There were exceptions it is true, but those seeking knowledge were in the majority.

The old McBurney House of Deer Lodge, kept by Aylesworth & McFarland, was a neat two-story brick house, with the Stars and Stripes ever floating above it, proving the loyalty and love of the country's flag by the genial proprietors of this hostelry.

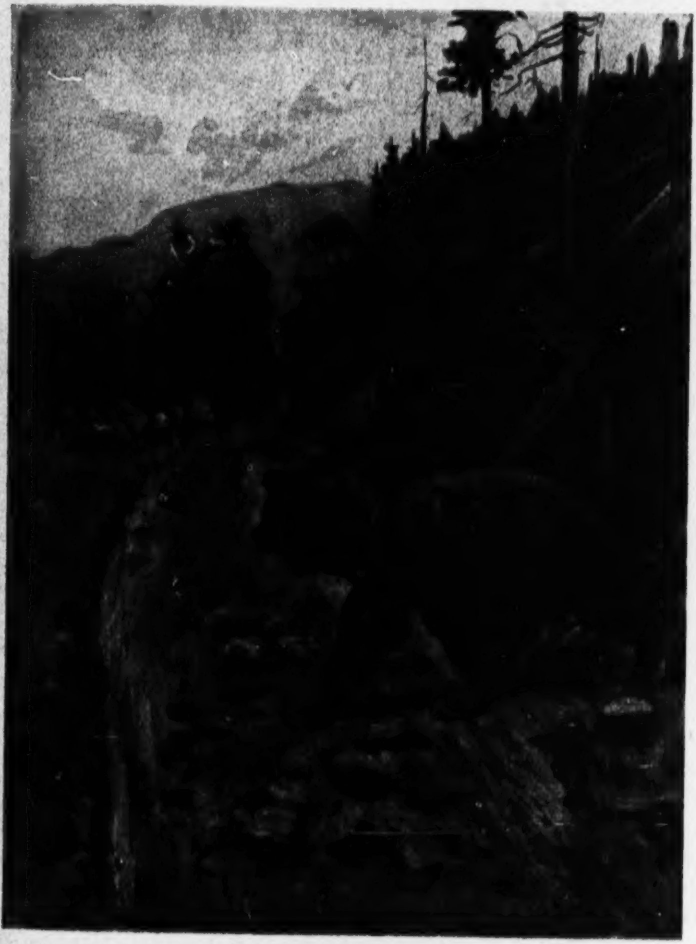
It was a good rest to crawl out of the coach in which we had been so densely wedged and stretch our cramped muscles and take a stroll about town before enjoying a good supper. Then the load was made up again for an all night ride. Some of the passengers had reached the end of their journey, making less discomfort for those who must move on, but there were a couple of new ones.

A night in an overcrowded coach is never a joy to be anticipated, but it is a deal of discomfort to be avoided. Just as one loses himself in a moment's drowsiness the wheels either fall into a chuck-hole that will send one pawing air for something to grapple, or if the wheels strike a rock in the roadway it will stagger the whole coach and give such a lurching as will throw one's head nearly off the shoulders. Then some one gets cramps and every one must readjust a position to accommodate the peculiarity of that knotting muscle. As the night progresses and nearly every one is overcome with the stupor of fatigue some one becomes reminiscent and wants to tell a life history that should have been closed before that trip began. No one wants to hear it, yet no one has the courage or discourtesy to say so, and the narrator croons on until he has added to the record all the chestnut stories of a tenderfoot, and he himself has fallen to the foot of the ladder as an entertainer. We had one such who also related such thrilling Indian tales of massacres in that very canyon through which we were passing, that we fully expected some revenge to be taken on our own stage load of people by the watchful Indians.

One of the many fords

But mornings have a way of coming around about once in so often and so it came again at last, shedding a rich glow over the mountain tops and revealing through the dissolving night the beauteous landscape along some of the head waters of the Columbia River.

From Deer Lodge to Missoula we forded the Deer Lodge River seven times and crossed it twice on bridges. It was a veritable Lovers' Lane leading through bowers of wild roses; oftentimes the rose bushes arched over the stage road and joined their blooms in a wealth of beauty and untrammelled luxuriance, filling the air with their fragrance and our hearts with admiration and joy. It was an expanse of earth set apart for wild growth, not only of flowers but of wild berries and wild animals.



"That damn thing ahead of us is a bear"

From the seat with the driver there were views of long avenues ahead and most too often the glinting water in the distance betokened another fording of the river. Though clear as crystal it was deep and swift and when the leaders of our four-horse team reluctantly made the leap down the bank it always sent creepers up my spine. The water grew deeper at every crossing from the many lateral feeders of canyon springs, and my breath stopped and choked just a little higher in the throat, as I leaned forward with contracted muscles as if it helped the horses drag the burden over the rocky river bed.

Grand old pine trees, tall and stately, were gathered in forests on either side, with the ground beneath free of underbrush except for the rose and berry bushes in the more sunny openings near the streams. It was like one grand, continuous park, with the half dead pines covered with an inch of green moss, hiding all marks of death's decay.

A dark moving object ahead of us in the open roadway suddenly appeared in full view and the jehu pulled in the reins to get a steady look ahead. Then he exclaimed with a strong oath that "that damn thing ahead of us is a bear." He called to the passengers to get their shooting irons ready for there might be trouble ahead. Those inside thought of the dreaded Indian, and were greatly relieved to know it was only a bear that caused the call to arms. The horses reared and plunged from instinctive fear and we gained only a little on the king of the American wilds.

The driver lashed the poor brutes into a chase until there was grave fear that they would wheel suddenly backward and cause a serious accident. But the bear reached the river first, and by the time the stage reached the ford old Bruin was lifting his head out of the water away down on the opposite bank, where he emerged and shook his shaggy coat and scrambled into the brush.

It was the only spirited event of the trip, and early in the afternoon we were in the great Montana garden of the Hell Gate River. It seemed a curious name to give to such a beautiful stream, but it comes from the black and intricate passage through the rocky pass of the same name near Missoula.

Missoula was not of enough importance to have a place on the map, but it was a productive section that has since made itself known to the world. Peaches, pears, and melons—my, how good they were after a long famine of such luxuries!

Here Miss Libban met her uncle, who was overjoyed to see her, and at once began bestowing gifts upon her. He kept up a continuous flow of questions regarding her wants and wishes as he explained the necessary trip on horseback. The best horse he could buy was there with a good saddle, and some one engaged to make a riding habit while she rested a day or two from her journey. He brought a supply of sweets and fruits, and every time he showed his genial face he wanted to buy a new hat, a new dress, or gloves, or something, and so it was until they were started off. He was a man well known in Missoula, and one whose chief delight was in doing gracious things to make others happy. His generosity toward his niece was not a spasm of goodness, but as his friends said, "It was always his way." He was a man of wealth and spent it freely when he thought he could do good. His niece was the first relative whom he had seen in many years, and the dear old man was beside himself with joy.

The drives about Missoula were of intense interest because of nature's repose being yet undisturbed. The town was indeed a frontier village with only a few hundred people, and old French Town was made up of Indians on the alert for a new-comer who might be a prospective buyer of buffalo robes or other pelts which they had in stock.

French Town was but a few miles out from Missoula and it was near there that I went right into an Indian camp. It had seemed to me that filth and bad ways of living reached the limit of human ignorance at some of the stage stations, but this Indian camp was a prize winner. In Mexico and Italy it is a common sight to see friends doing the "work of love" in picking creepers from each others' heads and throwing them out without taking the trouble to kill them. But these Indians were not so wasteful, and as fast as the hand could work it plied between the head and the mouth, and the fat luscious creepers were eaten with a relish of true appreciation. We carried away for a paltry four dollars as fine a buffalo robe as ever came to market. It was nearly black, fine, silky, and curly, such as we see no more, but it was kept in the open air and combed and brushed and fumigated for a week before allowing it in close contact.

The little incidents from the lives of the people who have so courageously built up a remote settlement were always most interesting to me, and I was ever eager to listen to the strange experiences.

The editor of the *Missoulian*, which by the way was as creditable a sheet as could be published without dispatches, was driving about town with us one day when he called our attention to an attractive little vine-covered cottage and to a less pretentious one close by. He said, "There 's romance for you under those roofs; one is rose-clad on the outside, and the other is rose-clad on the inside. This man with the vines had started a correspondence with a girl back East, and the letters must have been pretty good on both sides, for she decided to come out here and marry him, and he, therefore, sent her the money to defray her expenses. He built his house with all possible speed, but when the time came near to drive to Fort Benton to meet her his house was not finished, so he bought a team and carriage and sent a friend of his after her while he remained to garnish and trim and make ready the new home. It was three hundred miles to Fort Benton from Missoula, and the anxious lover counted the days and worked with a will.

"The messenger was on hand when the old river boat came steaming to the Fort Benton landing bearing its precious charge, who was soon singled out from the small number of passengers. He explained to her how glad he was that she had come, in fact he was so pleased with her that he forgot to say that he was not her lover but only a messenger to carry her to her new home. She had never seen her lover and why need she know that he was not the man. He went on with his own lovemaking with such good results that they were married before they left Fort Benton, and now they live out there with the 'clingin' vine' inside not a stone's throw away from the man whose wife she was to be. The philosophic bachelor thinks he was mighty lucky to get his team back. He keeps an immaculate house, and the girl may sometime repent at leisure her hasty marriage."

CHAPTER XI

THE BACHELOR'S SURPRISE AT THE HEAD OF BITTER ROOT VALLEY

BITTER Root Valley, like Hell Gate Valley, is one of the garden spots in Montana. Its name comes from the bitter roots that grow abundantly there and were much sought by the Indians for medicinal purposes and for concocting drinks.

The river of the same name is the purest, clearest stream we had yet found. It flowed swiftly and magnified its rocky bed so that at a depth of four or five feet the stones were more clearly seen than the ones on the bank. Trout were plenty, and so large that our angler wiggled about and threatened to hold up the coach while he landed some of the speckled beauties. Weeping willows hung low over the waters and down the wooded banks under the sheltering branches were many trails of wild animals in search of water.

Leaving Missoula we crossed the Hell Gate River, then mounted to the bench land, losing sight quickly of the little town in the basin. Two miles out we passed the military barracks and then speeded on up the valley. To one raised in the Mississippi Valley it was a funny thing to say *up* south and *down* north. The valley varies from six to ten miles in width and is sixty miles in length. The "jerky" stage made tri-weekly trips carrying mail and other commodities and an occasional passenger. It was expected soon to have the road opened to Bannock City and then regular freight traffic would open up and give the farmers a choice of two ways to ship out their products.

This valley was indeed a wheatfield and orchard. One farmer had 106 bushels of wheat from one and three fourths acres of land. Another had 820 pounds of tobacco from one eighth of an acre. Still another served us with fresh ripe strawberries. We could scarcely believe our eyes when we saw the bed from which they were produced. But there were the berries in spite of the heavy frosts which had nightly occurred for some time. The owner informed us that the berries were the richest in November, although the vines bore fruit from early summer.

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"On the opposite shore the jailers' tepees were pitched"

He also had the early varieties in abundance. This fact reminds me that a Mr. Curtis, of Helena, raised 15,000 quarts of strawberries the summer of 1877, which he sold for fifty cents a quart.

We drove off the main road to shake the limb of a stalwart tree to which Peter Matt was hung for horse-stealing by the Montana Vigilantes. It meant another star in the crown of Colonel Sanders in ridding the country of criminal and lawless control.

In crossing one of the tributaries of the Bitter Root River called Lo-Lo we found the water impeded by a network of willow slips that were buried in the bed of the river and rose about a foot above the water's surface. This proved to be a trap made by the Indians for catching fish, and the trap in which the little fellows were struggling for freedom was quite a prominent feature as well as an ingenious puzzle. On the opposite shore the jailers' tepees were pitched, and the keepers watched with fiendish delight the vain efforts of their finny prisoners to escape. But the strange appearance of the Indians frightened our horses and made them canter off at a lively speed. I really believe horses are afraid of Indians because of the odor of wild animals about them rather than the appearance of the Indians themselves.

Along the route we conversed with one Mrs. Carlton who had seven little children. She did her own housework and sewing, took care of her children, made forty pounds of butter per week, and sold it for fifty cents per pound; she also cared for two hundred fine Brahma chickens, and helped to milk twenty-five cows. Mr. Carlton was a steady, industrious ranchman and stock-raiser. The first question that always entered my mind when I saw such people was: How came you here? But it was nearly always the desire for wealth and it was not uncommon to learn that the people had lived where we found them for several years, and they were well, healthy, and happy.

We crossed the river and rode for a short distance along the side of the valley when the home of E. W. Bass was pointed out to us. Mr. Bass and his brother came from Missouri without means and secured a homestead from which they had become the richest men in the valley. The mountains rose high on three sides of the home as if to shield the dwelling from the storm-king or other dangers which might beseige it. Tall cottonwoods followed the walk outside the tidy picket fence, and over the arched gateway a thrifty ivy had coiled in graceful confusion. The gravelled walk leading to the large two story house was bordered with trellised vines and roses. To the left, on a high pedestal, stood a solid granite ball as symmetrical as if chiselled by an artist. The ball weighed ninety pounds and was about fourteen inches in diameter. It was found in a canyon near the premises in a whirlpool of water, where it had been ground to its perfect form. To the right a pair of elk horns were posed as if still in proud defiance of the hunter's skill. Suspended from a staunch limb of an old elm tree a large swing made a tempting place to enjoy the shade and indulge in day dreams, or read the day dreams of others. Through the arbor, covered with dense foliage, the path led to the flower garden where almost every variety of flowers known to grow in the country were found. The beds were bordered with verbenas of every shade; rich velvety pansies with their upturned faces gave a mute appeal for approval, while roses, geraniums, and mignonette filled the air with their sweet fragrance. Of course, special care had been used to keep that thieving Jack Frost from too early robbing them of their beauty. A clear stream went singing through the lawn and formed a picturesque waterfall that gave an effect that was simply magical.

The veranda was inviting, with its easy chairs and woodbine shade, but we passed on indoors where conditions were equally charming. The piano stood open in the parlor. The pet cat was quietly sleeping on a wolf rug before the grate dreaming of cold winter's comforts. A sewing machine, scroll saw, more flowers, choice pictures, and a rich profusion of books, papers and popular magazines were still further emblems of the education and refinement of the occupants. The large bird cage with its happy family was quite an amusing novelty. It contained several gay canaries, with a southern redbird in proud command, which seemed to understand his responsible position, and chattered away as if the yellow songsters were contemplating disobedience to his orders. The storeroom was filled with rich preserves and jellies tempting to behold, the milkroom with pans of milk and thick cream, and the churn was running by a waterpower that kept the dairy cool and sweet.

On every hand were tokens of the conveniences and comforts of a happy home that we did not expect to find in a valley seven hundred or more miles from the nearest railroad. I still have a rose and a few verbenas that were picked on that September day of 1878, holding much of their original coloring. The color was preserved by bleaching them in sulphur fumes before they were pressed, then when they were exposed to the air again and placed under a glass in a frame their natural color returned and remained.

Across the road the fruit trees were braced to sustain their loads of apples, pears, and plums, and we heartily enjoyed some luscious melons. There were vegetables to be taken to the Territorial Fair at Helena: solid potatoes that weighed two pounds apiece, and a squash that weighed over a hundred pounds.

We reluctantly turned from this little paradise, with its hospitable inhabitants, and continued the journey through that ever surprising valley.

Thirty miles from Missoula was old Fort Owen, built in 1850 in peculiar shape and irregular enough to command a view of all surroundings. The low walls massively built of stone were dotted on all sides with rifle holes. Indians would give such retreats a wide berth for the advantage was with the man on the inside, and an Indian never fights unless he has the best of his adversary. A family occupied a portion of the ruins and they looked more like prisoners peering out from behind the great walls than like free people. Near the fort was an old mill erected in 1851 by Father McValley, who made his own burrs and run them by hand power with only a capacity of one and a half bushels per hour.

"We roamed among them for a while and found them filthy and indolent in the extreme"

A mile or two beyond was the town of Stevensville with but a few stores and a hotel and post-office. It was here that an Indian Mission was located in 1847. The priest said the Indians were very good while at the Mission, but when they returned from a hunt they had everything to learn over, even their prayers. About six hundred Flathead "non-treaties" were established in their tepees there, under the direction of Chief Shiloh. They were unwilling to give up the valley and had thus far refused any treaty offered them by our Government. Land was surveyed again in 1878 and offered them, but they would not take it. We roamed among them for a while and found them filthy and indolent in the extreme. I addressed an old squaw who hung her head almost to the ground and remained in that position, making stealthy signs to a papoose until another squaw appeared. They wore scarcely any clothing. To live a prisoner among such people would be intolerable; yet they claim that their tribe never killed a white man.

The Bannock war of 1878, which had caused our delay in crossing Idaho, was not alone a Bannock war, but it was a final attempt to unite all the warlike Indians and to totally annihilate every man, woman, and child of the white race on the Overland Route through to the coast. It was only by strategic and united work of the whites and some friendly Indians that the worst massacre of the age was averted.

A few miles beyond Stevensville was Fort Skedaddle, built of sod the summer before when an invasion by the Nez Percés was hourly expected, and men, women, and children were promiscuously huddled within the enclosure. It was a most appropriate name, for the people of the valley skedaddled to it in a hurry. When that band did pass up the valley they were two weeks in making the trip, but their chief said he would kill the first warrior who committed a depredation on life or property, so nothing was harmed.

All along our drive rich fields of grain were being cut, stacked, or threshed. Winter wheat was equally as great a success as spring wheat. Oats were yielding from sixty to eighty-five bushels per acre. Every one was charmed with this quiet, productive valley, and it was the first place in the Rocky Mountains where we had heard the cheery voice of the meadow lark. We stopped for the night at the upper end of the valley in just the neatest bachelor quarters you can imagine. He bade us welcome if we could live as he did and we were delighted. We were not expected nor did he usually keep travellers, but the room assigned us was in perfect order, and the snowy bed and gracefully draped curtains lent a bewitching charm to the scene. He declined all offers of assistance in preparing the evening meal, but soon spread before us a sumptuous repast that excelled many a fairer hand. He was as happy as a lord and wanted to live five hundred years just as he was, and then die on the spot. His living-room adjoined his little store, and was attractive for its orderly arrangement and neatness.

With all his tidy housekeeping and capability in his own kitchen Peter M'Quirk was not at all effeminate, but a manly fellow of fine mind; a knightly gentleman of education, but a voluntary recluse, who had his own views of life and his own reasons for his bachelorhood.

As darkness settled around us and the stars crept slowly out, we were called to witness a grand sight. Away over on the mountainside some stray Indian had set fire to the mountain grass. The red blaze ran in crazy lines from base to summit, now around, then over and across, silently eating away the verdure for the year. Indians say it only makes the grass richer another year. The sight beggared description. For miles and miles the bright glare was followed over the brow of mountains beyond, and as we were watching the beautiful lights, through the mazy curtains, from our pillows, our tired eyes closed in sleep, while our spirits chased on over the hills in the fitful glow, and mingled fires and flowers and bachelors and homey scenes in orchards and dusty highways in a strangely conglomerated dream until a new day dawned.

Seemingly isolated as this valley was it has become almost an empire within itself. Many notable Eastern people have built fine summer homes among the orchards and gardens of plenty. Marcus Daly erected a fine hotel in mid-valley, a few years ago, which is now being replaced by a $300,000 structure and equipment for an all-year-round resort.

Missoula was a stage drive of thirty hours from Helena, and then it was another long day's drive to the head of Bitter Root Valley. From Missoula we had hoped to go on through the mountains to Spokane Falls, which was only two hundred miles to the west, but the country that lay between was still an unopened wilderness, making it necessary to go back through southern Idaho and make a circuit of 1500 miles by stage via Walla Walla.

CHAPTER XII

TO FORT BENTON AND GREAT FALLS OF THE MISSOURI

IT is one hundred and fifty miles from Helena to old Fort Benton, and owing to competing stage lines the through fare was but eight dollars. Of course, we adhered to the Salisbury line, which had tendered us so many favors, and from which nothing but a railroad could divorce us.

We left Helena early in the morning and spent the forenoon in passing through the noted Prickly Pear Canyon. The rich shades of autumn were constantly adding fresh attractions to the surrounding country, and nothing else could so grandly illumine the general landscape. Eighteen miles of this canyon road was built at a cost of $50,000, and in early days the toll was not less than eight dollars for single teams. But the cost had gradually grown less until it had reached the nominal sum of twenty-five cents. The picturesque Prickly Pear River winds around in many curves as it rushes in its mad course down this mountain hallway.

The "Shreckhorn" of the Rockies towered high and we fancied we could hear echoes of the Indian's fiendish yell reverberating from peak to peak of the craggy range. The rocky formation of slate made a lovely gray background for the deep scarlet and brown vines and mosses that filled every crevice. Standing out clear and bold was one solitary mountain of limestone. It threw up its hoary head in stately independence of its darker companions, and had no kindred for many miles.

Often there was scarcely room for the coach to pass between the abrupt wall on one side and the precipitous descent to the river upon the other. Every little while I held my breath and shut my eyes, fearing the next instant we would be hurled below, then anon the road would widen and with easy heart I gazed in ardent admiration on the water-chiselled rocks. Midway in the canyon was a park just large enough for a home-like ranch where the ranchman said he raised a thousand bushels of potatoes from two acres of land, and his oat yield was eighty-five bushels per acre.

Sun River Valley, midway between Helena and Fort Benton, is a large area taking in extensive grazing lands and hay lands along the river's winding way, and is one of the finest stock-raising sections of Montana. The stage made its usual stop for mail and passengers at the village of Sun River. The night was a bitterly cold one, and being the only passengers, the thoughtful driver had showed us how to fold back some of the seats and make a fairly comfortable bed with blankets, buffalo robes, and cushions, on the bottom of the coach.

A round-up on Sun River

We were just fairly settled to the lumbering jolts, and drowsily lapsing into a sense of forgetfulness, when there was a tugging at the straps of the canvas door, and a cheery voice called out to know if there was room for another passenger inside. The question was too graciously asked to receive a rough answer, and with as gentle response as possible we resumed the sitting posture, and had seats properly adjusted that others might be accommodated.

There was but one newcomer, however. The man with the cheery voice was none other than Mr. Robert Vaughn, one of the cattle kings of Montana, who proved an interesting companion and gave much information about the great business in which he was engaged. Before we parted he made the offer of caring for as many head of stock as we would buy, and his pay would be one half the increase. We figured out a fortune in an incredibly short time, but just lacked the means to buy the first herd to start on, a circumstance that has kept many a man from making a fortune.

Twenty-five miles south of Benton the Highwood Mountain streams are alive with trout. It is called the happy fishing grounds of the north; no sooner does the hook drop under the surface than it is eagerly sought by the hungry fish. The twenty-four hours spent there were delightful.

Ruins of Fort Benton at the oldest town in the State

Until 1850 Fort Benton was called Fort Lewis. The first steamer which succeeded in reaching Benton was the *Chippewa*, in June, 1859. The old fort was all there was of Benton at that time, and it was only twelve years since it had been deemed safe for a white man to be seen outside the old stone walls. One long business street now faced the levee upon which tons and tons of freight stood waiting to be shipped inland to numerous points throughout the Territory. The river winds as crookedly as ever between its rocky banks and on through an open meadow land of golden pasturage. No grain or produce of any kind was raised around this head of navigation. Now and then a timid tree that had been brought from its far-away home, tried to live, but it made feeble success.

The old fort which was a great object of interest was built as early as 1836, and was in a dilapidated condition. A miniature buffalo poised on the tip of a weather-vane was literally riddled with bullets. We halted in the court and looked around at its tumble-down apartments. The birthplace of Miss Nellie Clark was pointed out as being one of the brightest rooms. Miss Nellie was a half-breed, but since early childhood she had received kindnesses from all who knew her. She had been a thorough student in Eastern colleges, and was then a respected teacher in the Helena public school. She was playing chess at a ranch one day with her father, when they were attacked by the Indians and she saw her father and brother shot down by her mother's people. She often said it was a mistake to take her from her mother's people and educate her, for she was so often made to feel the bitterness of being but half white that there were times when she could scarcely endure and live.

The town of Benton is the oldest in the State. The old court-house and schoolhouse were under one roof, and wore a forbidding exterior. So little care was taken of the buildings a few years since that the cows walked in one stormy night and devoured many valuable papers. A new brick schoolhouse was being built on the little hill overlooking the river, in which apartments were reserved for court sessions.

It is strange how many people there were in this wide western country. From Fort Benton one might travel four hundred miles north, away in the British possessions, and every night find a white man's cabin with a welcome to a night's rest. A day's travel may not seem near to a neighbor, but there was little that could make the heart more glad than curling smoke from a cabin looming on the horizon at the close of a toilsome day without having a living thing in sight.

The Stars and Stripes floated in the breeze over the U. S. Custom-House. All bonded goods passed through the hands of the agent at Benton and were examined before going farther. Benton had then about six hundred inhabitants, but the number was rapidly increasing. Two years before there were not more than twenty white ladies in the town, but in '78 they numbered seventy. This little village had sent $600 to the suffering South during the cholera epidemic which was an average of one dollar for every man, woman, and child in the corporation.

We went aboard the steamer *MacLeod*, whose freight was being carried ashore, and where preparations for a new departure were being made. The captain hoped to make two trips from Bismarck to Benton that fall before the river froze over. It was a charming ride to the Teton River, six miles west of Benton, and there was afforded a glimpse of the Bear Paw Mountains, where during the gold excitement and the stampede the previous spring a number of miners were killed by Indians. These gold diggings, however, were on the Indian Reservation, and the intruders must have expected trouble. No man, whatsoever his color, will allow his home to be pillaged without resenting the intrusion. There is a wild fascination hanging over a miner's life, and he will follow the lead of the glimmering metal into anyone's domain and face any danger.

We were indebted to the princely generosity of Benton's business king, William H. Todd, for many courtesies while we were in Benton, and for a delightful trip to the Missouri Falls. Mrs. Todd came a pioneer from a home of southern luxury. She had a merry way of telling of her trials, as if they were of no moment, yet which many would recognize as monumental. She had never made a bed, never built a kitchen fire, or been taught any of the ways of housekeeping or cooking, but, she added, with a merry laugh, "I had one prize that I guarded very carefully, and that was a recipe for making coffee." She said she learned all she knew about housekeeping from her husband, who had been a most indulgent and successful teacher, and she had indeed become a perfect little matron.

Mr. and Mrs. Todd accompanied us on the novel excursion to the Great Falls of the Missouri, and provided everything necessary for convenience and comfort in camp, and ample protection against storms. We left Benton about three o'clock in the afternoon, leaving our best wishes for its prosperity, and sincerely congratulating the travelling public on the prospect of a new brick hotel, which would afford better accommodations than were possible to obtain then.

We drove back on the Helena stage road about twenty-eight miles to the home of a rancher and stockman named Kelly. It was the only house within twenty-five miles in any direction, and his genial, wholesouled nature gave every one such a welcome that it was helpful to forget the distance to any other place, and especially to one's own far-away home.

We spent the night at the Kelly Cold Spring ranch, and during the early evening sat out of doors, looked over the topography of the country, and gathered directions for the drive to the falls the following day. A little lull came in the conversation, and in the quiet moment a beautiful black and white animal came running around the corner of the house; whether it was a young puppy or a big cat could not be told in the dim light, but I was about to try to pick it up in my arms, when I heard a deep stentorian tone of command from somewhere not to move a muscle.

Street scene along Missouri River at Fort Benton

The animal ran around under our chairs and about our feet with the greatest freedom. It seemed as if the cold chills running down my back would freeze me. When it scampered away, we made a rush for the door, and every one expressed gratitude at his escape, and laughed to think how near we came to being ostracized from polite society. Mr. Kelly said those animals were very numerous, but by being careful not to scare them they were spared annoyance.

I have had Indian relics from which the Indian scent could not be eliminated, but that animal was something that would give a stronger scent than the Indian smoke.

We started early in the morning, with instructions how to cut across that trackless waste of tall grass amid the coulées of the Missouri River to the Great Falls. It was the intention to make the trip and return that night. There was no wagon road or trail to follow, but Mr. Kelly said we could not miss the way. There are four falls within ten or twelve miles: the Great Falls, ninety feet high; the Crooked Falls, nineteen feet high, while the Rainbow Falls gracefully glide over a curve and down a perpendicular of fifty feet, and still farther up the river are falls of twenty-six feet. The Great Falls were but fourteen miles from Mr. Kelly's, as the crow flies, but we did not hit that trail. The country was dotted with little silvery lakes, and we travelled among them for hours but found no falls. The river banks were a succession of precipices and deep coulées which we followed again and again without success. We did, however, find a trail that carried us ten miles out of the way and brought us at last to see all the other falls before the great ones.

Indians of the upper Missouri

We found ourselves once at the mouth of Sun River, and three miles below we saw the Black Eagle Falls. On an island just below them stands an old tree, containing an historic eagle's nest from which the falls are named. Between these and the

Rainbow Falls is a spring remarkable for being the largest ever known. It boils up underneath the rocks and has a volume equal to the Sun River, which at its mouth is one hundred and thirty-five yards wide, with an average depth of four feet. The spring water is perfectly clear, and of a bluish tint. Even after it falls into the Missouri in full, deep cascades it retains its original purity for more than half a mile, when it is at last lost in the vast volume of the river's murky flood.

The Rainbow Falls excited intense admiration; it made a semicircle across the entire stream three hundred yards wide, in one unbroken sheet of foam, while the sunshine glistened through the spray in an intoxicating display of rainbow colorings. Only a hundred rods below the Rainbow Falls we came upon the Crooked Falls, nineteen feet perpendicular, the whole face of which is nearly a mile in length. It forms almost a circle, and then the precipice over which the water leaps suddenly turns at an obtuse angle to the right.

Thinking that we would return to these falls and see them again the next day we decided to go on six miles below and camp at the Great Falls. But alas for human hopes! We rode many weary miles and could not even hear the falls. Frequently Pard would sprint down a coulée, where we could not drive, to listen for the roar that did not roar. Once he ran into a whole college of rattlesnakes sunning themselves on the warm hillside; he did not see them until, in his haste, he sent one spinning down the hill, then he said there were a million rattlers in motion quicker than he could think. In fighting his way out he killed two or three of them, but fearing we would get out of the carriage he called excitedly that the falls were not there. We kept on long after the stars came out to light our way, when suddenly the horses stopped with a sudden backward motion that nearly threw us from the carriage. We had driven up to the very brink of a deep gorge: another step forward and we would have been dashed to the bottom. It was impossible to go on, and just as impossible to go back. If we were not lost our wigwam surely was lost, and no wood or water, and but little grass was within our reach. Fortunately we had picked up a long tepee pole in our wanderings, which we intended to use for an improvised tent, and we had a little water left in the jug that had been filled from the river above. Mrs. Todd never had such an unquenchable thirst as she had that day when water was unobtainable, and there was not much of it left in the jug.

We had brought only food enough for a couple of lunches, and as we now camped on the little hillock, we knew we must be very frugal for this was our second meal. We were likely to be in sore need before we found our way out to the ranch again, for lost we were good and plenty, and every one had a story to tell about such adventures, and how sustenance had been sought from trees and shrubs. One told how a Montana lady had made a rattlesnake pie, another said soldiers in old Mexico subsisted entirely on snake meat, and so we babbled on while we made a little fire with the tepee pole, and had a cup of hot lemonade with our lunch. We fastened a canvas cover to the wagon wheels, and with our blankets and robes we made a fairly warm place to sleep. During the night a little mouse sought our shelter and a few bugs. When they were safely under cover and engaged in a running race across our heads and hiding in our ears we heard the rain coming down pit-a-pat, and that seemed, indeed, a final stroke of bad luck. But the good morning brought us a clear, bright sky, and we hurried away from the dark depths where we would have been hurled had we attempted to go the few steps beyond our camping ground. We hoped to take our breakfast at the falls, but we travelled on until one o'clock before we found them. It was the easiest thing in the world to miss them, for they were between two bends of the river, and at least five hundred feet below the cliffs from which we finally spied them.

What a grand and glorious sight to see far out in that untamed land. The horses were unharnessed and fastened with lariats, and we climbed down the steep mountainside to revel in the full glory of the dashing foam. We spent hours in joyous admiration, in sketching and fishing, and climbing among the rocks and on the Devil's card table. This table is one flat rock about fifteen feet square and poised on a single pedestal scarcely a foot in diameter.

Immediately below this raging cataract is a noble cliff, water washed and worn, and which in high water stands out clearly as an island. In low water the river flows around it, making a sharp turn to the left, and at that season we were enabled to climb upon it as well as under it. In the latter place we found the ashes of a camp fire and some hairpins, which showed that other parties had been equally curious to visit this wonderful sight 4,000 miles from the sea by the river route.

The Great Falls extend only half way across the river, the other half is a series of cascades and rapids that take a final leap of twenty or more feet to the boiling chasm in the river bed. There is no foothold for man or beast along the stone walls on either side of this great aquatic display.

The scenery was so enchanting and the hour so late that it was deemed wise to remain all night on the bluff above, where we had left our horses, and make an early start in the morning for the Kelly ranch, hoping to find it with much less trouble than we had found the falls. We pulled ourselves up the steep slope by clinging to grass roots and shrubs and digging our heels and toes into the hard soil.

We were illy prepared for the surprise awaiting us in our camp. As soon as the men lifted their heads above the ravine their eyes went out to the place where the horses had been made fast, but they were not there. Not a shadow or trace of them was to be found; even the trail was lost in the hard dry grass. One was gone without his lariat, and the other one had taken his lariat along. How such a thing could happen without human aid was a mystery. Were Indians about, ready to pounce down upon us, were they bandits, or simply some one playing a joke on us? We had seen no one, not even a fresh trail in all our two days' pilgrimage, and yet the affair looked serious.

The gentlemen started immediately in pursuit. We did not have time to implore one of them to remain with us before they were out of sight. One of them had a gun, and the other a butcher knife that he had taken below to dress fish if he were fortunate enough to catch any. Mrs. Todd and I hunted up the hatchet and horsewhip and sat down on a robe to wait—two more forlorn individuals would be hard to find. We had some reason to think the horses were stolen as one lariat was untied from the animal's neck. Of course, we thought of Indians, half-breeds, Mexicans, and horse thieves all in no time, expecting one or more to appear every instant. We kept close to the brink of the precipice, and said we would jump over the cliff into the river rather than be taken prisoners by the Indians.

Our men met beyond a distant hill and after consultation Mr. Todd decided to go on until he found the horses or a ranch, and Pard should return to camp. All night long Mr. Todd wandered on his weary way while we sat on the bank feeding the camp fire to its utmost to guide him if he returned. The awful thunder of the roaring waters seemed like a field of heavy artillery; the weird light of the late moon on the white foam rendered it sublime, while the contrast of the black shadows in rocky outline caused feelings of awe indescribable and never to be forgotten. One lone sentinel at last was left to patrol the camp and to keep up a cheery blaze until day dawned and yet Mr. Todd did not return. The moon was lost behind dark clouds and toward morning a light snow fell. Day came cold and damp and our condition was hourly growing more serious. All the forenoon we wandered about picking up fagots of wood and bits of dried grass that we might keep up our signal smoke for a rescuing party. Mrs. Todd exhibited most remarkable composure, and constantly expressed her belief that "William" was such a wonderful pioneer that he would surely bring our own horses or bring help. At noon we descended to the river to try our luck again at fishing. We had to get fish or starve.

Courtesy of Northern Pacific Railway Co.

Great Falls of the Missouri

Professor Hayden says in his famous reports on that section that no trout were ever caught below those falls. But it was not a case of what had or had not been done. The larder had been reduced to salt and tea and we just must catch a trout or go hungry. There was already a feeling of having missed several meals, and just plain salt did not sound appetizing. Once down at the water's edge the lines were thrown repeatedly and all known charms were used to tempt the wary tribe, and at last Pard gave a glad shout and landed a two pound trout. It was surely a special Providence; at least it was so considered, and we hurried up to camp loading ourselves with every stick of driftwood or rotten burnable stuff that could be found on the way.

There were no signs below of the return of the wanderer, and when we had again scaled that five hundred feet and saw no evidence of his coming, my heart ached for the courageous little wife who would not weaken in her belief that "William" was all right and would soon come.

The trout was browning over the tiny fire, and the tea was just ready when horses and riders were silhouetted against the sky on a distant cliff rapidly approaching. After a moment of breathless anxiety and keen survey the glad cry of recognition burst from every throat. Here came our gallant knight back to his lady love, bringing two horses and food, and with him came the same Robert Vaughn who had wakened our midnight slumbers to share the stage at Sun River. How glad we were that we had not been petulant or rude on that night when he wanted a warmer corner than the outside seat with the stage driver. He had taken his team out of the work, and at once gave the succor which Mr. Todd solicited.

Mr. Todd had walked forty miles since he had left us, not knowing where he was, but trying to follow a general guidance of the distant mountains. At night during the snow-storm he did not dare to stop. Daylight revealed how he walked round and round in a circle which was traced in the snow, but daylight had also set him right again and he trudged wearily on until he reached the Sun River ranch, where after a hasty meal they hurried to our relief. They also brought bread and bacon which was hastily added to our fish and tea, and made us a banquet that every one will remember to the end of time.

Mr. Vaughn is another example of western energy and perseverance. He went to Sun River only eight years previous to this story with nothing he could call his own but his determination to win. From an employee he soon became the employer, then came his own herds of cattle and fine horses, until the world's abundance was his. To-day he is living in the city of Great Falls, near his earlier home—the city built almost upon the site of our adventures; the city of railroads and factories and smelters, the city of fine homes and horseless carriages; a city ablaze with electric lights and trams, and all the modern frills for comfort and happiness and thrift for its tens of thousands of inhabitants. It is like sleeping the sleep of old Rip Van Winkle and waking to find a new world, while old faces and old places have passed away.

J. J. Hill and his associates, in later years, located 6,000 acres of land in that locality, on which has been built the city of Great Falls, such an important feeder of the Great Northern Railroad. The location is just below the mouth of Sun River, taking in the Black Eagle Falls, and the most delightful spot in Montana. Here, too, is the most beautiful part of the Sun River Valley, a great, wide bottomland stretching off to the northwest. The valley of the Missouri partakes here of the same character, while the bad land banks disappear entirely from view. The charms of this place were noted by Lewis and Clark, the first explorers, and in the history of their travels they dwelt at length upon the beauty of the scene.

The joys of motherhood have often been envied as fond parents watched the budding and maturing intellects of their children and noted their development into men and women of honor and refinement, but it is no small compensation to help make towns and cities spring from earth in answer to the demands of an army conquering a wilderness as it follows the trail of the pioneer.

We made a short trip out to Kelly's where our benefactor left us, and the party divided to take up respective duties. Mr. and Mrs. Todd returned to Benton by stage, leaving the wagon to be drawn in by the first freighter who would take it. Our horses were not found until the following spring. The ropes with which they were tied were new ones resulting in the knots not being secure. The horses probably had worked themselves loose, and had roamed at will all winter, and were found rolling fat in the spring with a short rope still around the neck of one of them.

CHAPTER XIII

THROUGH IDAHO, SODA SPRINGS, BLACKFOOT, AND CHALLIS

"They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit;
There 's not a place in earth or heaven,
There 's not a task to mankind given,
There 's not a blessing or a woe,
There 's not a whispered yes or no,
There 's not a life or birth,
There 's not a feather's weight of worth—
Without a woman in it."

Colonel Linskey's baptism

WHEN we returned from the long trip in Montana the winter was spent in Omaha, then after nearly two months in Denver we started for the wild rugged hills of Idaho. We traversed the Union Pacific road to Ogden, thence by the Utah and Northern to Oneida, where we connected with the tri-weekly stage for the famous Soda Springs of Idaho, located forty miles to the northeast of Oneida on the line of the then prospective branch of the Union Pacific from Granger to Portland. The ride along the Port Neuf River was a succession of happy surprises in waterfalls and cascades, in mountain curiosities and forest shades.

At the springs we were the guests of the gallant Captain Codman and wife, who had chosen Soda Springs as their summer home in preference to all others of the world which their years of foreign and home travel had encircled. Captain Codman was an old sea captain whose family for generations past had been among the Four Hundred of Boston. They spent many years abroad, but found no place that afforded them as free a plane to lead their own lives as at Soda Springs.

The huge mountains of mineral deposits with their unique colorings were ever a source of interesting study for lovers of nature's mysteries. There were more than a hundred springs in the locality and the most popular was the Hooper Spring. The opening was five feet in diameter and the superabundance of gas kept the water in a wild commotion. Poor little dead birds that had tried to drink from the spring were found in large numbers.

A child that fell in the water was snatched out before it was scarcely wet, yet it strangled beyond help, and the little one was laid away for its long rest. An incredulous man tried to drink from it and was dragged away, just in time to save him. But to drink the sparkling natural champagne from a glass was to enjoy a delicious and healthful beverage. Our only disappointment was in the absence of all hot springs, as the warmest water would not exceed seventy degrees Fahrenheit.

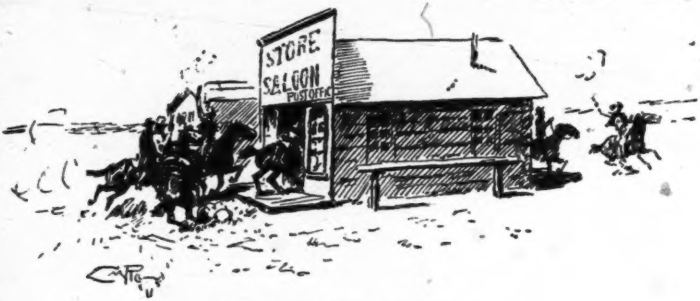
There were many apertures in the ground which emitted strong fumes of ammonia. The wily captain was full of his jokes on Pard whom he seemed to look upon as a tenderfoot. Once he insisted that Pard dismount and inhale the fumes from an opening in the ground, which were especially pleasant. He told Pard to take in a good, deep breath, which he did at nearly the cost of his life. He was instantly overcome by strong ammonia fumes and fell forward into the hole. The captain saw his mistake and made a lightning jump, grabbed Pard by the feet, and pulled him out. It was an experience that even the joke-loving captain said he would never repeat.

Returning to Oneida we learned that the people of the only hotel had gone away on an excursion and the house was locked up tight. A glimpse or two in a couple of restaurants had decided us to leave Oneida supperless, when we spied the hotel picnickers coming home. It required more than silver-tongued oratory to persuade them to prepare a meal for us, and in addition to other inducements the tired, crying baby was handed over to me to soothe and care for. He opened his big blue eyes in astonishment when a stranger took him from his mother's breast, but the change seemed to please him, and his little smile clung to his features when I had cuddled him to sleep.

From Oneida we went by special engine and caboose over the unballasted track to Blackfoot from where we were to cross southern Idaho by stage. That night in Blackfoot was a terror.

As soon as the town sprung into existence it became evident that the cowboys of that locality considered it their special property and they took possession of the town too frequently for the peace of mind of other people.

On this particular night we had but just arrived when a fusillade of shots and yells filled the air, as if a band of Indians had turned loose to destroy all the town. No one knew what might happen when such a mêlée was once begun, and at such times it was generally the innocent who suffered. They began by first riding into a saloon and shooting the lights out; then ran their ponies like the wind up and down the streets firing at every light they could see, regardless of what they might hit. They rode their ponies right into stores and saloons, yelling like maniacs, and no one dared to check them lest he would get the next bullet. It was more than an hour before the sheriff and a posse of men got out and chased them for miles out on the highroads, but they did not capture the fleet-footed cowboys, who had left two men shot to death and a cyclonic wreckage that would be hard to describe.



Danielson's double-end store

Our old pioneer friend, T. T. Danielson, who was postmaster and one of the leading merchants of Blackfoot, was so familiar with cowboy ways, and so considerate of their comfort, that he constructed a double-ended building with wide doors at both ends, so that the boys could ride right through, and do away with the confusion and wreckage naturally resulting from a band of bucking bronchos turning around in the middle of a country store. The song of the cowboy does not half express his characteristics.

THE COWBOY

"I 'm a Buzzard from the barrens, on a tear;
Hear me toot!
I 'm a lifter of the flowing locks of hair;
Hear me toot!
I 'm a Racker from the Rockies,
And of all the town the talk is,
He 's a pirate of the Pamoas,
On the shoot.'

"Sometimes I strike an unprotected town,
Paint it red,
Choke the sheriff, turn the marshal upside down
On his head,
Call for drinks for all the party,
And if chinned by any smarty,
Pay in lead.

"I 'm a coyote of the sunset, 'Prairie Dude,'
Hear my zip!
In the company of gentlemen I 'm rude
With my lip.
Down in front! Remove that nigger,
Or I 'll perforate his figure!
I 'm a fly, I 'm a fighter,
I 'm a flip!"

Old Fort Hall, a few miles from Blackfoot, is one of the most thrillingly historical landmarks of Idaho, or even of the Northwest. It is on the old Oregon trail and it was the "Mecca" of overland travellers, an oasis for many a weary and worn pioneer. Fort Hall was at the forks of the trail, one branch leading south across Bear River, and the other on to Oregon.

The fort was built of adobe brick and it was a strong fortress against Indian attacks. Its location was on a point of land between Spring Creek and Snake River, which formed protection from Indians on two sides. There is but little left of it now but its crumbling walls and tall chimney to tell of its seventy years of usefulness in days of war or peace, storm or sunshine. What a history it might unfold of perilous journeys, of hopes and fears, of rescues, of massacres, and of courageous travellers bound for the new Eldorado of the great Northwest. The Bannock Indians were frequently on the war path and made one's life uncertain in that section even as late as 1880. It was the Bannocks that had made our trip so perilous in 1878 on that first journey to Helena when we just slipped through between their guns.

One of the first Indians who visited Fort Hall for barter was called "Old Ocean" who in 1880 was said to be 114 years old; he with two companions traded six fine beaver furs for two tin cups and a pocket knife. Then feeling that they had cheated the white men they hurried away for fear of losing the cups and knife if they remained longer. He said it was a good many years before he learned who had been cheated, but the possession of that knife had made him one of the richest and most envied men of his tribe. I tried to make him understand that he was not cheated if each side in the trade got just what he wanted, but he only wrinkled up his face in a way that was half smile and half frown and pulled himself down into his tightly drawn blanket as a hint that he would say no more.

Old Fort Hall near Blackfoot

It had consumed a week of time to visit the Soda Springs and be ready to leave Blackfoot by the Toponce and Myers stage line headed for the rich mining region of the Salmon River and Yankee Fork country.

The first forty miles west was through a sage-brush desert with not a drop of water the entire distance except what was hauled by teams from Snake River. The dust was insufferable, enveloping the stage in such clouds of ashy earth that we could not see the wheels of the coach and it spread over us like waves of the sea.

The "half-way" station was called "Root Hog" because of its filthy condition. It was only half way of the first day's drive. It was a hut where dwelt a dog and a man who cared for the stage teams. The dog was noted for being a remarkable snake killer, and the man for the filth he lived in.

We arrived at midnight at Lost River Junction—which was another dividing of the ways—one road going north to Challis and Bonanza, and one going southwest to Wood River, Camas Prairie, and Boise City. There were no accommodations whatever for passengers, and the winter time schedule was on, compelling night stops, whether there was any place to sleep or not.

A native entertainer in the sign language

Those who take chances in new countries undergo hardships that would be unendurable at times were it not for the vein of ludicrousness that runs through the experiences. The camping out and picking up first lessons in harnessing a mule, or a vain endeavor to throw the diamond hitch, are matters that may add a wrinkle of care at the time, only to be laughed away in after years. Time mellows many hardships and leaves sunny memories of even very strenuous pioneer days.

So now, when Pard alighted from the stage, shook off the first coat of dirt, and politely asked where we were to go for a bed and rest, he was met by the rebuff, "Well, great God, man, you 've got the whole territory of Idaho spread out before you. Ain't that enough?" There was not a bed within twenty miles of the place, and there was no choice but to stay in the coach by the haystack with the mercury below the freezing point, or to take an allotted space on the floor of the one-roomed building used as post-office, store, and living-room of the agent. The store was clean and warm and was the more inviting of the two situations.

I was the only woman, but there were twenty-six men, all looking for a place for a few hours' rest; yet almost with one voice every man demanded that I should have his blankets, insisting that he did not need (?) them, and instantly putting them in a pile down by the stove. We earnestly thanked them and declined more than necessary for our use. Our blankets were spread next to the stove (as the place of honor and comfort), and when all were ready to sleep the anxious merchant built a roaring fire. There was but one small window in the room and that was closed, but there was an aperture under the door wide enough to let in a whole winter. It was a strange night and I wondered what the good folks at home would think if they could have had a glimpse of our surroundings. It was a long night, too, and day had not yet come when some one began quietly to renew the fire. Groping about the floor in the dark for some kindling the fire builder got hold of my foot and it scared him nearly out of his senses, for those were days when men died for less cause than that. His apologies were profuse and sincere, and although we have made several trips through his place since, he always alluded to the incident as his "narrow escape."

It seemed, however, that something that was unexpected must always happen there at Lost River. Several houses were erected there soon after our first trip, and the merchant had a home and family of his own, separate from the store, where a few weary travellers were better cared for.

On a later trip in summer when we were stopping there his baby was left alone cooing on the floor, with an outer door open. The mother wondered what was pleasing the baby so much and keeping him so still. She peeped in to see, and her blood nearly froze in her veins when she saw the child encircled by a great rattlesnake, and baby having great fun squeezing it. The fatal strike, however, came quickly, and all efforts to save the child's life were useless, and the dear baby was dead in a few hours.

Snakes and mosquitoes were so numerous that life was a burden during the summer months. One very hot night there the mosquitoes were so bad that sleep was out of the question. We were exhausted by heat and dusty travel, and the winged insects made a night of such physical discomfort that even a flood of tears could not relieve. One could not be outdoors in the dark for fear of stepping on a rattler, and inside was the constant hum of insects ready to attack any exposed part of the anatomy, while the mercury nearly evaporated at the top of the thermometer.

We made five round trips over that line, but the winter trip and the store floor were heaven compared with summer trips. The road through to Challis covered 160 miles from Blackfoot, requiring at best thirty-six hours' travel, through an uninteresting country, until near Round Valley, in which the town of Challis is located. A rugged range of bluffs skirted the valley and a small creek ran babbling along their base.

This little town of five hundred people was the base of supplies for the various mining districts including Yankee Fork, Bay Horse, Beardsley, Salmon River, and several other camps.

On our first trip into Challis the only hotel in the place was a small seven-log, dirt-roof house of three rooms—one used as a dining-room, another for a sleeping apartment, and the kitchen was in the third room, a kind of slab shed. The stage arrived late in the evening with nearly a score of tired passengers all wanting a bed, but as Pard was the only man who had his wife with him he was at once assigned to one of the only two rough pine bunks in the sleeping-room.

Just as soon as supper was over and the men had picked out their places in various corners of the office room to sleep, or had gone to some livelier quarters of the town, a second stage load came in with several ladies, and how to arrange matters then was a problem not easily solved. Husbands refused to leave their wives, and wives refused to let their husbands go elsewhere for shelter. We could not keep the only room to ourselves with an extra bunk in it if the room was only ten by twelve feet, when so many were needing a share of it. Alexander Toponce's name was signed on our stage transportation and we could not do less than give him and his wife the vacant bunk for a night's lodging. The men of his party protested against Mr. Toponce and wife taking it and offered to play a game of Seven Up for the bed, for there were three men with their wives wanting a room, but Toponce refused to yield. It was suggested that the ladies take the room, but that did not meet with favor. The landlord came in and said he did not know what his own wife and children were going to do for a place to sleep, but the hour was late and something had to be done quickly.

Mr. Toponce said something about fourteen people for two beds and went out of the room leaving a trail of yellow words in a blue atmosphere and an impression that he was going to raise the roof or enlarge the room, but he only struck off to the stage stable and got all the grain sacks, saddle blankets, and lap robes around the place, and as many shake-downs were made in that little room as could be spread out. When every one was ready for bed and standing close to the spot he was to rest his weary bones on, the light was put out and all crawled into the blankets, taking off only such apparel as could be spared and tucking it under blankets to keep it from a general mix-up.

What a night that was! Four of the men were the boss snorers of Idaho, or any other "ho,"-and to crown all, the rain fell in torrents during the night and came through the dirt roof, bringing with it diluted mud and misery the whole night long. One party raised an umbrella, and another raised—well, the reader can guess it was not heaven; that would not be appropriate to express his feelings.

One forgot where he put his flask, and in reaching out to find it he passed his hand over the face of one of the ladies, who promptly gave a loud scream, and then followed profuse apologies by the thirsty owner of the hand. When morning came at last it sent a bright sun peeping in onto a most dismal scene. Mud was everywhere. The ladies' faces and gowns were spattered by the drippings through the mud roof. Some clothing was too wet to put on, and some people too mad to smile had they been clothed in the king's purple. It was indeed ludicrous in the extreme and sorely vexatious, but it was *pioneering*. Our bunk and clothing had been well protected, and we could but look with pitying eyes on those unfortunates in spite of the ludicrous side of the situation.

There was a little farming done in Round Valley. One Mr. Beerly had thirty acres from which he gathered 300,000 pounds of potatoes and sold them for five cents a pound. But the scarcity of water for irrigation made extensive farming almost out of the question. The Salmon River had ample supply, but it was so far below the general level that it would have to be flumed for many miles to bring it onto the surface around Challis.

A gentleman well known in the community started out a few days before our arrival with his dog, for a hunt of a few hours. Spying some game in the distance, he started on a run across a sage-brush flat, paying little attention to his footsteps, but throwing the bushes aside right and left with his hands, and hurrying on, for it was already dusk, when, without warning, he tripped and fell into a den on a mother bear and her cubs. She had dug a big hole under the spreading branches of the sage, where she deemed herself safe from intrusion.

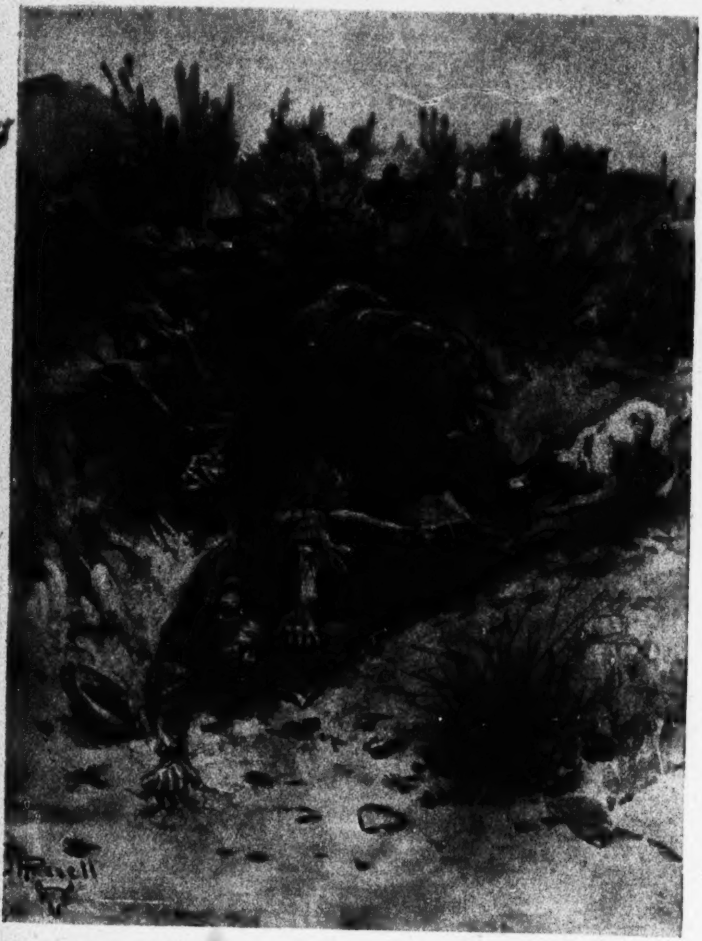
Her instinct prompted preservation for herself and young, and before the poor victim could collect himself for action the monster had him in her cruel embrace. She broke both of his arms almost instantly, and was tearing him to pieces with the claws of her hind feet. At this juncture his dog appeared and began biting and plaguing the bear until she loosened her hold on the man and turned on the dog. The man, bleeding and almost helpless, crawled out of the den and found shelter under a neighboring sage-brush, but the dog and the bear continued their parley until the bear finally ran away with her babies.

The dog soon found his master's hiding place and commenced licking his wounds and face as his only way of expressing his realization of what had happened. With the aid of his teeth and a stick the wounded man attached a piece of his bloody garments to his faithful dog's collar and instructed him to go back to town for help.

The poor brute looked wistfully at his master as if he did not want to leave him, but a second command sent him running off at full speed. When the dog reached the village he ran through the street with such a dreadful howl that every one turned to look at him, and some men who knew the animal loosened the bloody rag from his collar. As soon as this was done, the sagacious dog wheeled around and started back to his master as fast as he could go, followed by men on horseback, and they found the man more dead than alive. The wounded man's condition was critical, but it was thought he would recover.

Col. N. E. Linsley, now of Spokane, Washington, and the

Hon. Peter Groat, who was then Immigration Agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, were interested in the Ramshorn



"He tripped and fell into a den on a mother bear and her cubs"

mine near Challis. Mr. Groat was a man widely known in the West and familiarly called "Uncle Peter" by the majority of his friends and acquaintances.

Uncle Peter and Colonel Linsley "kept house" together in a little log cabin and one day there came an invitation to dine with them. It was in the year 1878, after the new hotel was built and run by Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, who are both dead and can never read these lines and learn how glad we were for a change in diet.

It was amusing to see these two capitalists aiding their chef in preparing dinner for their guests, and no housewife ever felt more anxious than they did. However, when one would think of a good story or joke on some associate which must be told at once, he would come from the preparatory corner waving a big wooden spoon, with which he had been mixing the salad, or perchance a huge fork or hunter's knife would be swung around for emphasis as the story and work went on.

The colonel is ever an encyclopedia of wood lore, and he could find the rarest plants of the woods, and tell many extraordinary tales of the forest and the language of nature. He is still one of the most genial companions in camp life that one could find in many leagues of travel. It has often been a matter of regret that the menu of that memorable day was not saved

The Burns house of Challis, Idaho

for it was an excellent dinner, with such jovial companionship that thoughts of it have ever been a joy and a solace in hours of reminiscence.

The colonel spent one night at the Burns House where he had a room on the ground floor. A fellow upstairs had come in too full of spirits to be steady, and he knocked over his washstand on the rather open floor. The poor colonel got a rousing good baptism through the cloth ceiling before he reached for his umbrella and raised it over himself in bed; then he began calling for the descendant of the Scotch bard, who kept the hotel, to learn what was the matter upstairs.

Mrs. Burns was a character not forgotten by the patrons of her house; she loved a social cup and made herself a conspicuous figure of the hostelry of Challis. She never knocked on entering any one's room, nor curbed her queries about any one's affairs. How she did love her toddy! bless her departed soul! Any one who ever visited the Burns House could tell a spirited tale of the mistress of the house and her tricks to increase the earnings of the bar.

The Beardsley mine was located on an eminence overlooking the Bay Horse village. It was owned and worked by the Beardsley brothers, formerly of Canada, who were gentlemen of high standing. They had a neat little cabin nestling under the broad sheltering branches of high pine trees, some of which were six and seven feet in circumference. While superintending the building of the chimney of the cabin Robert Beardsley found a smooth slab of slate which he carried in for the top of a stand, the frame having been standing several days waiting for a proper covering. As soon as he took it in the house it was noticed that on one side of the slab was a highly colored landscape of the forest rock variety. In the foreground were large pine trees, with a valley, mountains, and forest in the distance. The foliage and coloring would do an artist credit, for it was almost perfect in detail, and over the whole was the roseate glow of a setting sun. They had already refused five hundred dollars for the slab.

The mineral value was not alone the attraction of the mine, but it afforded fine specimens of ruby, native and wire silver, and some of the finest crystallized carbonates of lead that any mine ever produced. These crystals were found in pockets along the vein and were like threads of frost work delicately interlaced in patterns of rarest beauty. Some of the copper stains and deposits were of strange richness in a clear light green, with a surface like the nap of heavy velvet. The whole made the vein one of beauty and renown, from which specimens could be sold in the East for fabulous sums.

CHAPTER XIV

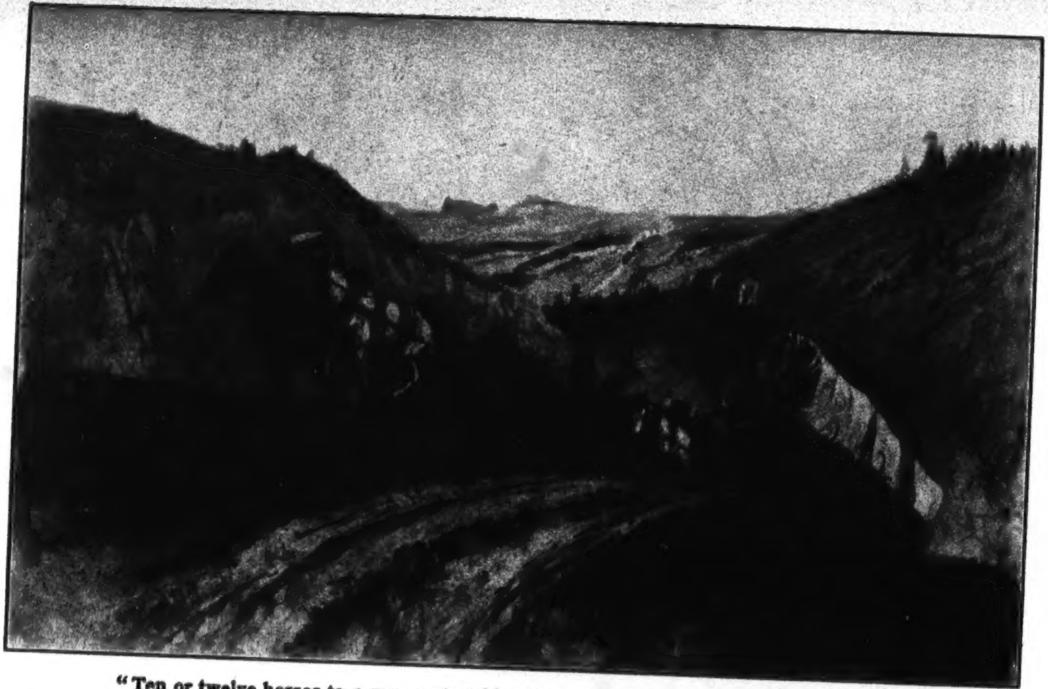
A LARK ON YANKEE FORK AND A SENSATIONAL RETURN TO SALT LAKE

> "Merry it is in the good greenwood,
> When the mavis and merle are singing,
> When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
> And the hunter's horn is ringing."

TOPONCE and Myers built the stage road to Bonanza from Challis, a distance of only thirty-five miles, at a cost of $30,000, but never did a road wind more picturesquely among the foothills, or afford finer views from lofty summits. Swinging around curves, overlooking precipitous depths and gliding through ravines with just a narrow strip of blue sky above, crossing high points, and then losing one's self in labyrinths of forestry, combined to make the most interesting day's drive that a lover of scenery could hope to find.

The road was full of freight teams carrying heavy loads of supplies for the Yankee Fork and other mines. Ten and twelve horses to a wagon stretched themselves out in long, muscular tension to pull the load up the steep grades with harness creaking and feet slipping on stones as the drivers trudged along beside them or rode the off-wheeler, and sent forth volleys of oaths with every crack of the whip while mumbling a jargon known only to themselves and their much abused teams. In fact it is said that the horses become so used to the oaths hurled at them that they would not travel without them.

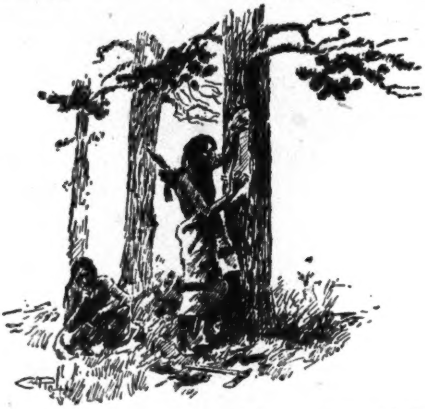
Bonanza is encircled with heavily timbered mountains, the ground is gently rolling, and the Yankee Fork Creek dashes



161 “Ten or twelve horses to a wagon stretching themselves out in long muscular tension”

through the town merrily laughing at every obstacle that tends to check its course. There were only about two hundred and twenty-five houses in the town, and there are not many more at this writing, nearly thirty years later, but the people were fully conscious of the beauty of their mountain eyrie, and in cutting down the trees they left enough to keep their town most picturesque and to spare a double drive with a triple row of trees for their principal street.

Just in the outskirts were many trees where the bark had been very carefully and regularly stripped off. Indians often cut off the bark and scrape the juicy nutriment from trees for sustenance, and it will keep one alive for many days, but these trees were cut so regularly and so ingeniously that I knew there must be other cause than want of food, and I learned it was done by the earliest settlers who cut out the strips evenly and put them under heavy weights to flatten and cure, then used them for shingles, and the curiously covered cabins were one of the attractions of the town.


Indians scrape the juicy nutriment from underneath the bark

The little hotel was kept by the Dodge brothers, and a quaint little house it was, too, with its thin partitions and meagre furnishings, but they gave their guests the best of care, and they were exceedingly hospitable and solicitous. It was a great place for men to congregate, down on the shady side of the street in front of the hotel just under our windows, and their voices floated up into the room much more than they knew, and one could not help hearing much of the talk not intended for publication.

The first trip out from Bonanza was on foot to the Chas. Dickens mine, a mile and a half from town, where the pure gold stood out on the vein like dew on the grass in Eastern summer time. The morning was cool and bright, and as we rose above the town in our steady climbing, we now and then would lean upon our staves and look back upon the busy village and the distant snow-clad hills while waiting for our breath to catch up.

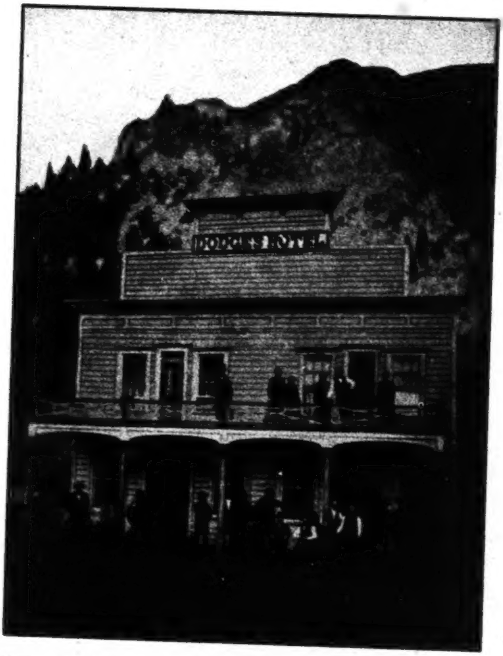
We were cordially received by Mr. Bill Norton, the principal owner of the mine, and a warm fire and a hot dinner were soon proffered as substantial evidence of his hospitality. Mr. Norton was a Michigan man and was the original discoverer of the mine in July, 1875. Inside of thirty days he pounded out $11,500 in gold with a hand mortar. In one night he pounded out $1130. He would take rock from the surface day times and pound it up at night. The following three months two of his men took out ore and shipped it to Salt Lake City, from which they realized $15,000, and that after paying as high as $100 a ton to packers to take it to Salmon City, thence $40 for teamsters to Corinne. Both gold and silver crop out in all purity. One nugget of white quartz about the size of a dozen walnuts was literally filled with gold, and its estimated value was $125. In 1876 Mr. Norton went to Corinne on the Central Pacific Railway all alone with 280 pounds of gold. An old-fashioned arastra ground up the ore, but it was not able to save all the precious metals, and the tailings were valued at $80 per ton. In five months, in 1879, it ground out $40,000. The arastra was located at the foot of the hill and presided over by the genial Johnnie Rohrer. He gallantly showed the workings of the simple little Spanish arastra and how it yielded its large quantities of gold and silver bullion from its one little pan and settler.

Bill Norton was the oracle and savant of the camp, a man of most generous nature and kind to every one but himself, as often his handsome earnings from the little hand mortar were laid upon a gaming table and lost even more quickly than made. He refused to sell the mine because it was his bank where he could always go and get money without having any red ink side to his account. When he died in a Salt Lake hospital a few years later he was mourned by every one who knew him, for in spite of his unkindness to himself he had a multitude of friends.

Every camp has its eccentric character and Bonanza had several, chief among whom was one known as Laughing Brookie, a cognomen earned by his genial laughter, which surmounted all obstacles or troubles and made him famous in many sections on the frontier. The laugh was like the braying of the long-eared quadrupeds; it was long, deep, and loud. He was known all through California, where he once had been a very rich man. A good story follows him of the last sumptuous banquet which he gave his friends of the Sierras. News had reached him of the loss of his entire fortune, which he had staked on some venture, and keeping his secret, he immediately gave orders for a dinner eclipsing anything he had ever given. He invited as many as could be accommodated; many choice viands were brought from distant cities for the occasion, and champagne flowed like water.

The evening was a memorable one for every friend within the radius of the town and many regretted the limit of their capacity and mourned when the feast was done. The next morning the landlord presented his bill, which showed that no expense had been spared to make the banquet the success of his life, but he was horrified to learn that Brookie had not a dollar in the world to pay for anything. The accommodating host was in a towering rage, and wanted to know why he had not been told of that before the banquet. Then Brookie straightened up and let out his peculiar laugh which rang through the rafters and was rounded out by the reply: "Why, I thought it would make you feel bad enough to know it this morning." Brookie's good nature finally won favor again and the host told him to take a light wagon and a team and go and catch fish for the house. The man with the laugh jumped at the offer, and was soon ready and off to fulfil the mission. He was gone just seven years, when one day he walked into the same hotel and strolling up to the desk where the same manager still presided, he said: "Say, pard, hee haw, hee haw, say, hee haw, I never had a bite so I 've brought the team home, hee haw." However many tears there may have been in his heart, his life was a song and he always carried the music with him.

The Custer mine presented a marked contrast to others, not only in its location and general properties, but also in its management. It was situated a mile and half from Bonanza and just above the little settlement of Custer. The ledge of ore was largely on the surface of the mountain just as the ore lay on the surface of the later Granby mine of British Columbia. It was so easily worked that two men could take out ore enough to keep the twenty stamp mill running day and night. While there was no doubt that the mine was excessively rich, the owners were said to be skimming the cream.


"Dodge Brothers gave their guests the best of care"

We wanted to ride in the tramway basket that carried the ore from the mine to the mill, but the receptacle would hold but a hundred pounds, and I could not reduce myself to that weight and was denied the aerial flight down the mountainside, and perhaps saved a dumping into the creek or an ore bin.

A good story which Bishop Tuttle liked to tell on himself happened between Challis and Bonanza. The good bishop was driving along on one of his rounds when he met a Methodist preacher newly arrived in that section, and whom the bishop addressed by saying: "Well, my friend, how is it that you can drive two horses and I have only one?" "Well," replied the stranger, "you are probably a one horse preacher," and without knowing that he was addressing the famous bishop he drove on.

We were indebted to the gallant Major Hyndman, the leading attorney of Bonanza, and to his associate, Hon. E. M. Wilson, for a day of rare experiences in mountain climbing and exploring, which has ever been one of the green spots in days of dusty travel. It consisted of a trip to the Montana mine on Mt. Estes. The party was well mounted and the horses, full of the ginger of the fresh mountain air, were more used to hard climbing than they were to flying skirts. But a little coaxing soon made them tractable and we galloped off.

The Montana mine was six miles northward from Bonanza, near the summit of Mount Estes. The ride thither was delightful for one who enjoys the zigzag mountain climbing, first along the Jordan Creek a couple of miles, where it was laughable to see the horses clinging to the little trail not much wider than their feet, and where a slip would have immersed us in the Jordan waters far below. The air was full of song from our own throats and those of happy birds that filled the wooded hills. We seemed almost in the depths of heaven itself, with the deep blue vault arched so near us that it appeared to be within our grasp. There never can be a bluer sky than that which glorifies the Idaho mountains.

Up Jordan Creek over a little narrow trail near the edge of the ravine, so near that I kept watching the feet of Pard's horse to see how near my own horse would have to go to the edge, for a horse can travel exceedingly well on a six inch trail; up and down we went, crossing and recrossing the swift little creek until with a right about we began climbing straight up the mountainside. Up a little farther and the jagged crown of the Saw Tooth range rose in the distance with all the glory of its lights and shades, its pillows of snow and its forests of pines, its lakelets and streams.

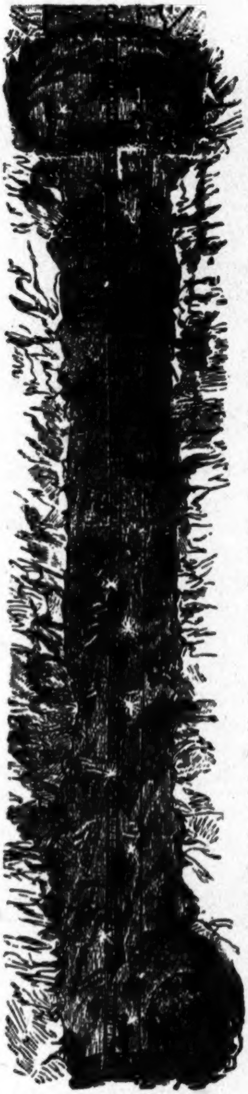
Messrs. Hooper, Franklin, and Cameron, the three gallant knights of this famous mine, made our sojourn among them one of joy. John Chinaman, who had the kitchen in charge, put his wits to work and brought forth a dinner that surprised us by its excellence and variety and the thoughtfulness of the providers.

It was a day appointed for a meeting of the owners of the mine, and we had the pleasure of meeting them and seeing them together. Captain Hooper brought out a supply of jackets and hats in which we robed ourselves and prepared to descend into the mine. It had not seemed possible that a mine way up on a mountain peak could be a wet one; one would think from the cone shaped contour of Mt. Estes that it would be as dry as a bone when the summer sun had melted the snow, but instead of that its interior walls seemed to generate water and it was a difficult matter to keep the mine dry enough to work at all.

It was quite a climb up to the mines from the cabins, but the day was perfect for mountaineering, and it was not long before we stood at the winze looking into the cavernous depths of the treasure house. But Mr. Hooper begged us not to look down for fear we might lose our courage and not make the descent.

There was considerable water in the shaft, caused by the melting snows, and when we were clothed in the rubber coats and hats and gum boots provided for the exploration, we made a picture that was grotesque and humorous, if not artistic.

That day the winze was not running, and the only way down to the lower levels was to climb hand over hand down the hundred and fifty-five feet on a ladder that was very much broken and had an occasional rung missing. One end of a rope was tied around my body and the other end was tied around Superintendent Hooper, who was the strongest man in the party and followed down after me, so if I missed my footing or lost my head I would not be hurled to the bottom of the shaft. A loose knotted rope also hung from each level down the side of the ladder to be used in case of accident. All kinds of encouraging words were echoing down the long dark passage, but in spite of them, the one thought of "What fools we mortals be" seemed uppermost in my mind. We were praised for courage but felt that those who remained at the top were the only ones with a grain of sense. The last six feet down in that great black hole were minus the ladder and we had to "shin a rope" and when our feet touched the solid earth again how I did wish they were on the earth above instead of on the earth beneath. We were given picks to loosen whatever specimens we wanted, and there



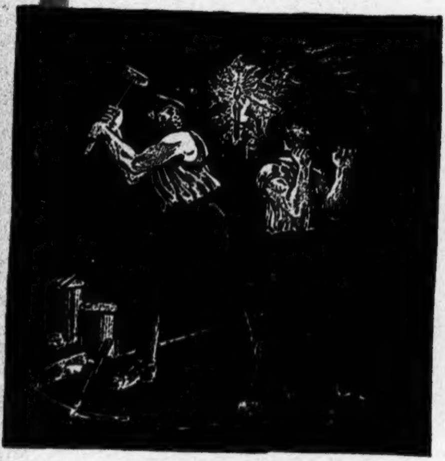
"Going down one hundred and fifty-five feet into the Montana mine"

were some rather inexperienced blows given to the valuable ore body, but some choice bits sparkling with gold now lie in our cabinet as reminders of that day's experience.

I was thankful for every fraction of my five feet five and three quarters when I had to go up the rope to get out of that hole, and the old broken winged ladder was not to be maligned. The upward climb was far more laborious than the descent had been, and it was a sensation of joy not to be expressed in paltry words when we had our feet on top of the ground and could breathe in the air of the pines in the sunlight again. No other woman had ever been down in that mine, and I am sure my own ambition was amply gratified by the experience. The first-class ore of this mine had thus far averaged about $4000 per ton, and there were then six tons of it on the dump awaiting shipment.

After a thorough investigation of the mine we climbed to the summit of the mountain for a view of the snowy ranges on the outskirts of that vast monumental park, of which Mt. Estes seemed to be the centre, with here and there a river, a forest, a valley, hill, or plain at our feet; above us was the bright flag which the mining company always kept floating there, and the clear August sky. Skirting our pinnacle far beyond were the ragged, pointed peaks of the Saw Tooth, Salmon, and Wood River ranges, rising in all majesty and grandeur, with their burdens of snow, forests, and precious minerals.

On the way back to the cabins we stopped on the slope for some trials of snow shoeing. We were quite surprised at the success of our first effort, and it seemed wondrous easy, but at the second trial some one suggested that we go in the path made by the first trip. It was a bit of wickedness which did not penetrate our slow wits until all that was visible of us was our heads peeping from under the beautiful snow. We went down the trail with such rapidity that we were not conscious of jumping the trail until completely buried in the ravine, and I opened my eyes on the rescuers digging us out. They worked with an earnestness that showed their fear that I might be seriously hurt, and it was now my turn to get even by keeping my eyes closed and just allowing myself to be dug out and lifted out upon a blanket; then I opened my eyes and complimented their strength and carefulness.



At the bottom of the shaft

The party was made up of people who have left their mark on pages of history. Captain Hooper was a handsome man in the prime of life, a lover of the mountains and of mining, and a genial generous host. Major Hyndman was the author of "*A History of a Cavalry Company.*" It was of Company A, 11th Pennsylvania Regiment, and the book gave its experiences in the Civil War. The Major was also an important figure in the history of the development of Idaho, not only in Yankee Fork and Salmon District, but over in the Vienna country and on down southward along Wood River to Ketchum, until a sudden death ended his work.

E. M. Wilson was a prominent mining man of the Wood River country, and a society favorite, and in later years became a member of the Idaho legislature, and still later mayor and banker of Fairhaven, Washington, where he married and lives, a young man still, who loves to talk over and enjoy again the pioneer days.

Mr. Cameron was mourning his life away for the sweetheart of earlier days and he was sure she mourned for him because she had never married, and he wanted a woman's idea of what he should do, and it was not long after that when we received the cards of his wedding.

After a few days in Bonanza my liege lord and two companions left for the Saw Tooth range and the Wood River country 150 miles southward on horseback. I was left among new-found friends, with a good horse and saddle, and they thought I was also left with the conviction that the trip would be too hard for me. But who can boast of 10,000 miles by stage and half as many miles on horseback through the fastnesses and over the towering pinnacles of the Rocky Mountains and Coast Ranges without feeling chagrined at being stood at bay before so trifling a trip.

The mountain streams were swollen to the high water mark, and there was no trail or safe fording of the waters that must be crossed, so after much persuasion there was a feeble consent given to remain behind, which was later much regretted by both Pard and myself.

Mr. Norton, the godfather and oracle of the camp, had said it would not do to send a woman over that rugged Saw Tooth range with such swollen streams and an untried horse, and his word became the law. Several most delightful weeks were then spent among Bonanza's hospitable people. We climbed the summits of the mountains and carved names on the trees; we sang, we strolled through wooded trails, and told stories around the camp fires; we sketched the finest views, and penetrated the nearby canyons; we tried snow shoes again, but with no better success than at the first effort.

We watched the loading of pack trains with no little amusement. Each little jack was blindfolded until his pack of three hundred pounds was made fast to his saddle with that wonderful diamond hitch in the ropes, the secret of successful transportation over the mountains and down the steep and narrow trails throughout all countries. But no amusement could fill the vacancy made by the separation from Pard and I grew restless at delay.

When Major Hyndman went over the range with Pard he left the key to his office that we might enjoy his library and a quiet place for writing. In describing the office, a quotation from a letter to my mother could hardly be improved: "So here I am this afternoon seated at the popular attorney's desk and trying to borrow some of his dignity, as Nell Gwynn did in days of old when she assumed the stolen wig and gown of the hard-hearted Judge and played his rôle. The table on which I am writing is made simply of plain pine boards, some of Major Hyndman's own carpenter work. The floor is also of plain, rough boards; there is a cupboard where he keeps his secrets, and perhaps some spirits are in there too; a few pictures adorn the walls, and give tone to the crude surroundings. There is also man's inseparable companion, a mirror (I wonder what he would say to that) which hangs on the wall close by the window where the light is best. But the chief charm of the room is the library, which is indeed an extensive one to find in such a secluded spot. There is a world of interesting reading matter not bearing upon the law, which accounts for his own versatility and the composition which I found on the table, for it was no less than his own book of memoirs of the Civil War which he had left for me with his autograph. I should not forget to mention the spade in one corner of the room; a sack of ore, a saddle, a box of old clothes, a few odorous pipes lying about in artistic confusion, and a well worn broom. Can you imagine the completed picture?"

Copyright by Detroit Photo Co.

"We watched the loading of pack trains with no little amusement"

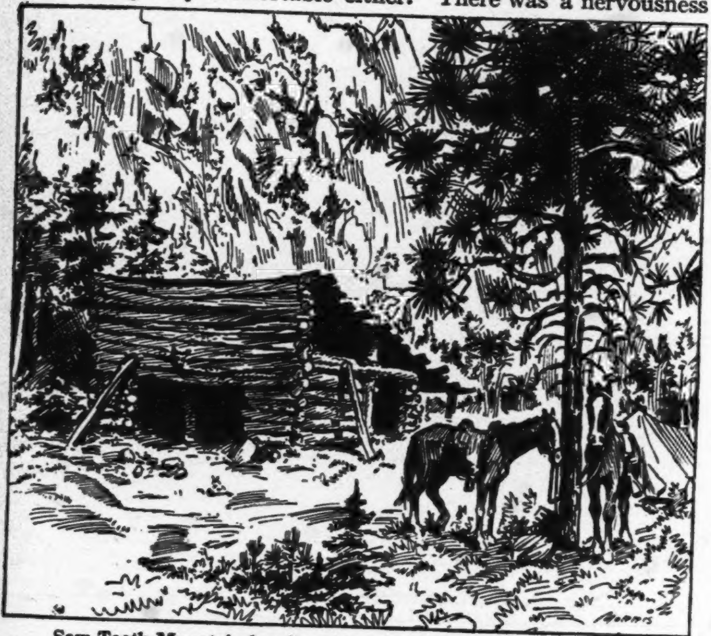
When Mr. Clawson and Major Hyndman returned from

Wood River, Pard went on to Boise City, and for my entertainment a party was made up for a fishing trip to be out two or three days, but the first day in camp two of the horses got away, Mr. Clawson's and mine. With his philosophical turn of mind he looked upon the incident as a huge joke, but when two days were spent in fruitless hunt for the straying animals the pleasure of fishing was lost, and the homeward trip was not jubilant. The gentlemen of the party took a turn about in riding and walking, on the ride and tie system. One man would ride a mile or two, then tie the horse, and start along on foot. The horse would then rest until the pedestrian caught up, then he would ride past No. 2 for a mile or so and tie again; that was kept up for about fifteen or twenty miles.

Mr. Clawson related how some one had stolen his revolver while crossing the range with Pard. They had stopped at a cabin where conditions pointed to the occupants being of the bandit order, and they kept pretty close watch of their horses and other belongings during the stay, and when they mounted they clapped their hands on the holsters to draw the weapons and be ready for trouble, but one revolver was gone, and, alas! it was my own pet which I had loaned him for the trip, and which I always carried with me but never had occasion to use. But it always gave me a sense of security to have the means of defence close at hand.

It was delightful sojourning among the hills, taking long rides through the valleys and picnicking in the groves. The whole village seemed to be turned into an entertainment committee. Mrs. Cal. Clawson took me to her own home and did a great deal for my pleasure, but the more I thought about the long and uncertain trip on which Pard had ventured, it seemed that I must get back to the railroad where I could more quickly get into communication with him and I started out for Salt Lake alone. At Challis I met Mr. C. A. Carrier, who was then city ticket agent of the Union Pacific Company at Omaha. He was horrified to think that I should make that trip out to Blackfoot alone, and endeavored to have me change my mind and wait until Pard came for me. Mr. Carrier had just arrived on a business trip, and said if he ever got over that road alive he would never cross that desert again until he could cross it in a Pullman car, and he kept his word.

The friends were numerous who watched the stage roll out of Bonanza and Challis and the words of cheer and solicitude worked wonders in driving away unpleasant features of the trip. Upon reaching the station of Big Butte, where I was obliged to stay for the night, things looked pretty blue for any place to rest. The house was crowded to overflowing, and no one was feeling very comfortable either. There was a nervousness among the people there that I could not account for. Big Butte station was one of the unavoidable places along that great desert highway, where freighters, and people driving private teams had to stay over night, as well as the tourist or traveller by stage. On this occasion the United States Marshal, E. S. Chase, was there with his wife, whom I had met several times. It seemed wondrously good to see some familiar faces in such a place, and to feel the protection of one having such authority. The marshal was driving his own team across the country on a business trip and had stopped there for the night.

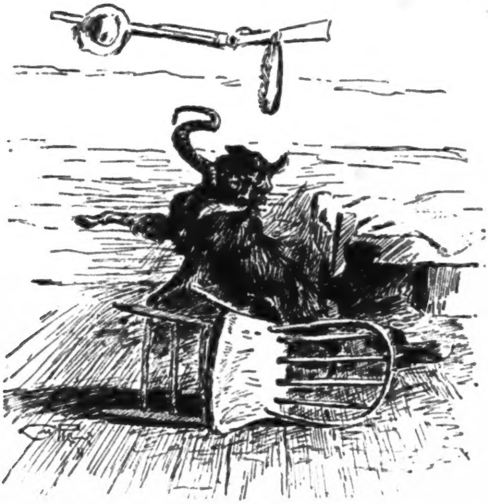


Saw Tooth Mountain bandit cabin where my revolver was stolen

Every available space was already taken and Mr. Chase insisted on surrendering his place and having me share the only private room with Mrs. Chase, insisting also "that the room was quite safe now." "Quite safe," I queried, "why, Colonel, what do you mean by that?" Then he explained that a big rattlesnake had just been found in the room and a dog that was good at catching them had been shut in the room to get the reptile. The excitement had been intense and the fight between the two had been a lively one, while the noise had been like a couple of wild animals entrapped there. When all was still the door was cautiously opened and the snake was found lying dead in the middle of the floor, and the furniture looked as if a Nebraska cyclone had demolished it. There was a state of wreckage not easily restored. The dog rushed out of doors and disappeared as it always did after being bitten by a snake, but it would return in a few days. Where the dog would go on such occasions no one ever knew, but probably to some mud hole far away, where he could cure himself. It gave me the "delirious tremblins" to think of sleeping in the house at all, but the chance of an encounter with one of the strikers was after all much less in the house than outside of it. If I had to live in a place like that I would not be satisfied with one dog who had such a snake-killing reputation, but I would have a dozen of them, and keep my pockets full of sweets so they would always be around me ready for business.

The next morning the marshal attended to my seat on the coach and located me on top with the driver, and his kindness at that time has never been forgotten, but in other ways it was a night to forget if possible. One could but feel sympathy for the woman whose lot had been cast in such a place. For it is the women who suffer most in pioneer life. The poor, hard-working woman at Big Butte was but one of many on our vast frontier who toiled without rest. My heart ached for them, and a word or two of sympathy would bring the tears to their eyes. Their husbands were not always cruel, only as they were cruelly thoughtless in heaping work upon them and giving them no rest, no help, no recreation, but keeping up the constant grind of cooking, cleaning, and making beds for all kinds of people who pass at all hours.

In all the thousands of miles of stage travel which our pioneering covered, there was none more uncomfortable and disagreeable than through the desert lands and lava beds of southern Idaho, which was still marked on the school maps as unexplored country. The alkali in the soil poured into the nostrils and throat with every breath; it made the skin sore and rough, the eyes sore, and even irritated the disposition. There was no escaping the pall of dust that enveloped the stage-coach during the long, hot summer, and penetrated every fold of clothing.



"The fight between the two had been a lively one"

When one emerged from the inner depths of the dust laden coach to waken his dormant muscles by a few moments' rest at a station, he might drop in the road and not be seen because of the unity of color of himself and the mother-earth. His movements alone identified him as a living creature.

When passing through the gamut of idle spectators who block the passages when the stage empties itself at its destination, one feels as if he had just rolled from the brake beam of a freight car and owned no claim to respectability except his desire to hide, without being recognized. Even in later years when I cross that section of country in a Pullman car I want to sleep and forget such trials of the old stage days.

CHAPTER XV

OMAHA IN THE SEVENTIES

FOR the winter of '79 we settled down to a quiet orderly life in Omaha. We chose the top of Farnham Street hill for a location, and when the foundation of a house on the corner of Eighteenth Street was being laid we set a snare to secure the house as soon as it was finished.

The spot was then far from the busy strife of the commercial centre of the town, and the views from its unimpeded heights were a charm not easy to find about an otherwise level country. No one dreamed of such an invasion of commerce that a magnificent court-house would some day grace one of those corners and great business blocks would crowd out the most desirable home centre of the city. No one thought the Omaha *Bee* would swarm from its little old home to a ten-story hive on the hilltop at Eighteenth Street, but Father Time is a wonderful worker in an ambitious city and transformations are wrought which no one can foretell. Those pretty little homes that once graced that proud eminence now exist only in "a composite picture" in the mind's eye hanging in mid-air forty feet above the present street. The dear old hill melted away under the pick and shovel to its present level and Omaha was deprived of the most beautiful residence quarter of the city.

The Grand Central Hotel was destroyed by fire and for many months the old Metropolitan Hotel, kept by Ira Wilson on lower Douglas Street, and the little Withnell House, managed by the Kitchen brothers, were the only hotels worth mentioning. The Metropolitan was an old ramble shack from which we were glad to emerge into our first home, and we went about the settlement with all the ardor of love's first nest.

Pard had such a big chest of notes to work up into readable form that it appeared a lifetime task, and Mr. Kimball, General Manager of the Union Pacific, was in need of his information almost every hour at Union Pacific headquarters. I was eager to be anchored in a home, and the combination worked well toward a season of home life for us.

Omaha was not attractive for climatic reasons, if it was for others. The terrific sandstorms were a terror to a housewife, its bottomless streets were a menace to commerce in the wet season, and in the sultry season the thunder-storms were of such violence that the lightning was like fiery-headed demons coming out of earth and sky, flashing into every window, while pounding on every door and roof the thunder chased in a maddening din from which there was no escape.

The Missouri River valley is ever noted for its wild storms which follow the stream and play such havoc along its lands. They even drove the river from its bed, and not infrequently turned it out of the State. At one time during that winter the wind blew so hard for forty-eight hours that a special policeman patrolled every block in town to watch for fires, and women were not allowed on the streets at all.

In looking over letters sent to friends in those days, or during our visits to Omaha, there is scarcely one of them that does not give record of some awful storm. At one time not less than 500 feet of track was not only washed out in Council Bluffs, and ties and rails carried into neighboring fields, but the road bed was under four and five feet of water. The bridge across an arm of the river at Council Bluffs was carried out and we walked on the top of freight cars to a temporary ferry boat to cross to Omaha. It was not unusual for water to be several feet deep in some of the streets near the river.

The Missouri River made history in Nebraska faster than any other factor. Since the settlement of that State it has lost more towns in its adjustment to the river and to civilization than any other State in the Union. Some of the towns were wiped out by the river suddenly changing its bed, or by gradually pilfering the land until a town had to be abandoned.

When the Union Pacific Railroad was built the town of Decatur was selected as headquarters for the company and the location for the Missouri bridge,—but before the work was under way so many town lots had been swallowed by the river that the company changed its location to Florence, and then Omaha. Most of Decatur is now in the river bed.

For a time Florence had more population than Omaha, of which it was a formidable rival. It was on the Mormon route to Utah and was the western point of the heaviest immigration. It was the Union Pacific's change to Omaha that depleted the population from 5000 to a deserted village. Many towns were wiped out because of change of county seats, and many more were abandoned because railroads decided to take other routes than the old stage trail.

The first Territorial legislature met in 1855 at Archer, the county seat of Richardson County. The earliest settlers there were mostly intermarried with squaws who raised large families. Later, when the Government put into effect the reservation method of caring for the Indians, it set aside a domain in Richardson County and Archer was left on a reservation. Its army post was abandoned, the State buildings left unoccupied, railroads passed it by, and soon its white population moved to other localities.

"When Pard went to the Rocky Mountains he had to cross the Missouri at Omaha on a ferryboat"

A large number of the lost towns of Nebraska were located along the great overland routes. The old Mormon trail followed the Platte River's windings. There was the California trail, the line blazed by the miners who took part in the Pike's Peak gold rush, and the trails followed by the freighters and pony express riders. All of these converged at Fort Kearney, midway across the State; beyond that was the hostile Indian country, and safety lay in travelling in numbers. When the Union Pacific Railroad came through it killed freighting on the plains, practically every one of the trail towns disappeared within a few months except Fort Kearney, and even that had dropped the Fort and became just plain Kearney, but it is a town to be proud of just the same.

When Pard went to the Rocky Mountains in 1870 he had to cross the Missouri at Omaha on a ferry boat and Omaha was just getting fairly well on the map, while Denver had only 4900 people. Our beautiful Spokane and Tacoma were not even started, Seattle was only a lumber camp, and Minneapolis yet to be built. Pretty much everything was wilderness north and south of the single railroad across the continent where there are now eight trans-continental roads, and the vast growth and commercial interests of eight newly constituted States.

There was no street paving, and the soil around about Omaha is of that adobe nature that when wet will hold all that any one can give it, whether it is a foot, a rubber, or a wagon wheel. I was convinced that there was greater affinity between molecules of Omaha mud than any other known substance. There were but few crosswalks and a novice in navigation in that river town could get into trouble in a hurry. One of my own experiences was a ludicrous one. It had rained furiously for two or three hours, but the sun followed with a clear sky. I did not yet know the mud was such a mortal enemy to pedestrians, and I sallied happily out, quite smartly dressed, and was halted at the very first crossing. The first thing I knew I was standing as firmly rooted to the spot as if I had grown there. I wiggled and wriggled and twisted until one foot was loose, only to find the other one in the mud twice as deep. I pulled my feet from my rubbers and hoped to get back on to firm ground, but alas! I was hopelessly stranded until kind Providence sent a strong deliverer to pry me out. It looked to me as if I covered the most of the five foot sidewalk, for the mud would not drop off my boots, but simply multiplied itself with my every effort to escape until it was cut off. I went home tired out, warm, and ruffled, but I had learned my lesson. I, perhaps, ought to have known better for I had often watched from our windows at the Grand Central Hotel the struggles of horses and vehicles to get through the principal city streets where they were frequently held for hours in the adobe clutch.

There were no water works in the town except a few private tanks where water was pumped up from wells. There was a great deal of talk about water works that winter, but they did not know how to utilize that Missouri River, with its twenty per cent. of mud, and there was no other available source. There must be more water, or better water, in Phillipsburg, Montana, for we received a paper from there saying the people were living on water and *Strahorn's Resources*, the title they gave Pard's latest booklet on Montana.

General Fremont, the great pathfinder, and his wife

The crows were so thick in Omaha that the ground would often be black with them, and their incessant caw-caw was a torture to the nerves. When a flock of them would light upon a roof their claws would rattle like hailstones, and one often wished them to emigrate to other lands, and wondered what they found so attractive in that locality. You could not stone them for there were no stones in or around Omaha. In fact, Nebraska is wonderfully free from stones everywhere. A country doctor is never afraid of striking a rock as he drives to his patient in the black hours of the night, but there are times when he may drop into a mud-hole from which he may have to swim out.

One of the gayest times that Omaha ever had was when ex-President Grant was there in '79. There was a big parade, with many bands, and a reception in the old customs house where everybody held him by the hand for one brief second. After our turn we got off in a corner with General Crook and some of his lieutenants to watch the crowd.

General and Mrs. George A. Crook

Only a few weeks before we had come from Cheyenne on the same train with General Fremont, and General Crook had met him at the train to pay all possible deference to the aging pathfinder of western territories. We did not ourselves realize at that time what an important factor he was in the settlement of this great western land, but in subsequent travels we found his early monuments marking important places and epochs that are now enclosed in our nation's history, and his name as honored as that of Lewis and Clark, who did so much for the development of Oregon and Washington. General Crook was loud in the praises of the pathfinder.

There was an interesting episode in the lives of General and Mrs. Crook that has never been given much publicity but it was important to them. It was during the War of the Rebellion that the general first met his wife who was then a southern belle and a devoted adherent to the Southern cause. The young officer fell in love at first sight and made bold advances into the enemies' lines to see the fair maid. The beautiful Southern inamorata did not so readily yield to cupid's dart and she deliberately planned a ball at her father's house to which several of the Northern officers were invited and assured of protection. They were no sooner in the midst of the gaities of the evening, however, than the house was surrounded by Confederate soldiers and the officers of Uncle Sam were made prisoners of war. It was not until she looked into her young lover's eyes as he was being taken away that she realized the enormity of her beguiling. She knew in that moment that she loved the man whom she had betrayed and was sending to Libby Prison. From that moment she began doing penance and she did not desist in her efforts to undo her work until she had made him free again. They were married at the close of the war and lived happy ever after but she never enjoyed having that affair referred to.

Omaha was not without its quota of newspapers, but the leaders then were the Omaha *Republican* and the Omaha *Bee*, the latter with that aggressive and progressive Rosewater as its owner and business manager. The *Republican* was managed by C. E. Yost, who was not only a capable and efficient man, and is now the general manager of the Nebraska Telephone Company, but at that time Mr. and Mrs. Yost were the handsomest couple in Omaha. Their beauty was not confined to their forms and features, but their general lives were in keeping and they were loved and admired for their personal qualifications. The *Republican* was sold a few years later to S. P. Rounds, the Public Printer of Washington, D. C.

The Union Pacific headquarters were on the corner of Farnham and Ninth streets; they employed fewer men for all departments of the work than they now have in the Auditing Department alone. Yet Mr. C. S. Stebbins, who is now assistant to the auditor is about the only one left there of the force whom we knew so well. In the year '79 Thomas L. Kimball was made General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Kansas Pacific Company, as it had become a part of the Union Pacific system, and the advertising for the newly acquired branch was added to Pard's department. Mr. Kimball was soon thereafter made General Manager of the whole system and he was sincerely loved by all those who were under him, yet he was a man demanding the duties of his employees to be well and accurately done. He was our good patron saint who not only opened up the opportunities for a life of greater usefulness, but he smoothed many a rough road by his kindly approbation of the work being done.

Pard had two able assistants in his office work, in correspondence, compiling time-tables and doing local work, who have so risen in the lime-light of affairs that they must have well-nigh forgotten that long stormy winter, were it not for the heart ties that the association cemented. They also became members of our home circle, and left an indelible impression of their worth. One, Mr. T. W. Blackburn, who had long been in the newspaper field, and was ably fitted for an assistant in literary work, has since then become one of the legal lights of Omaha. The other was the Hon. Chas. S. Gleed, of Kansas City, one of the most widely known and highly successful men in the affairs of the State of his adoption. His rattling cane was ever a

Thomas L. Kimball

welcome sound, for it betokened the coming of a ray of sunlight and cheery companionship wherever he entered. His life had not been a happy one and it was still full of sorrows and unsolved problems that he must work out to successful issue. Coming home from his busy office day he would hide himself in his room with his old Stradivarius, and weird and plaintive melodies would float through the house for hours while he scarcely knew what he was doing. Down on the broad of his back, with the room as dark as midnight, he drew the bow across the strings in melancholy pleadings until his mind found peace again, then with a lively reel, or a gay patrol to tell of his return to mental equilibrium he would appear all smiles and joyousness, as if he had not a care in the world. Early in life he had learned to hide his own unrest in his work for the happiness of others, and he had learned the lesson to a degree that few people achieve. There was a brief sketch of him in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1905 that should be read by every young man of the day who thinks his own lot is a hard one, for in its pages he would learn what earnest and persistent endeavor can accomplish under most adverse circumstances.

The restlessness of the springtime took forceful possession of our household. Pard was pining for his beloved Colorado and to flee from the desk work which was undermining his health. Mr. Blackburn had been so imbued with the connubial bliss in our family that he wanted to follow the example and take unto himself a wife.

Mr. Gleed and Pard had been laid up with mumps for several weeks and I myself was anxious to get Pard out into the hills. Mr. Gleed, therefore, took charge of the Kansas City office, and thus took his first steps in becoming a director and the foremost legal light of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway. Mr. Blackburn bought our household effects and took possession of our home with his June day bride, and Pard was allowed to transfer the Literary Department work to Denver. Thus the three tillicums separated, each to build for himself as no man knew. Each one flapped his wings and plumed himself for new and more arduous work, yet with wider fields for conquest.

It was a joy, indeed, to flee from the hot bed of the smothering Missouri valley to the cool, sweet air of Denver, and as soon as Pard's office was well established in the new stone Union

Pacific depot building there we departed for the mountains and began the most strenuous year of our travels.

Mr. George Ady was the General Agent of the Union Pacific at Denver, and his assistant was none other than the now noted author, Francis Lynde. No one for a moment thought that gay Lothario would ever evolve into an author and a minister, and be the head of a household with six to call him father. It would have been the doublet of Jekyl and Hyde not to be thought of. No one would have believed in the sleeping talent lying under the gay exterior of the young secretary.

Even when we saw him standing in clerical gown in the little chapel at the foot of Lookout Mountain, in Chattanooga, the thought kept welling up within us: "What hath God wrought in this man?" Up in his "eagle nest" home hanging over the mountainside he had his little brood most happily housed, and around his grounds a high stone wall which he had himself built as an exercise and rest from long hours at his desk. His study was also his own handiwork, built of stone in a secluded corner of his shaded grounds, so that the attractions of scenery or company, or other disturbing or distracting elements might be shut out from view while he wove the web of romance for his many admiring friends.

CHAPTER XVI

IN THE ROCKIES AGAIN. COLORADO SPRINGS, MANITOU, PIKE'S PEAK, ETC.

SUMMERTIME of 1880 was a season when railroads were being so rapidly constructed in Colorado that they seemed born of magic. One of the best equipped railroads in the State was the "Denver and Rio Grande" leading south to Alamosa, Canyon City, and on to Leadville. The road had two terminals on the southern border of the State: one branching eastward from Cucharas to Elmoro, one west over La Veta Pass to Garland.

The road was narrow gauge because it was believed then that the narrow gauge track was the only safe and feasible one for cliff climbing. It is only by expensive experience that the richest blessings fall, and this tentative method disclosed the fact that there are no impossibilities in railroad building, and the standard gauge now creeps along in its serpentine trail as safely as any, and it has crowded out the trail of lesser dimensions that was first hailed with such joy. The ride from Denver to Colorado Springs was like a picture book wherein every mile turned a new leaf disclosing greater beauties of nature.

Colorado even in the early '80's had a perfect system of irrigation, rendering every summer's crop a success and enveloping its watered slopes in robes of perpetual green. The long swards were topped by crowns of lofty pines that gave the landscape an appearance of some grand park.

The previous winter snows had been so light that old Pike's Peak was now for once without her snow bonnet, and she shook her dark tresses with coaxing coquetry to lure tourists to her pinnacle to view the daily performances of the sun in its settings of scarlet and gold.

There was no easy way to the summit of Pike's Peak, but a long weary stumbling ride on horseback, and on foot for the last part of the way, to be caught in storms without shelter and to endure fatigue, bruises, and exposure that modern tourists know not of. But it was something to accomplish, wonderful to see, and when done something to be thankful for. But what is there worth having that one does not have to strive for?

The old Cliff House at Manitou, surrounded by towering battlements of stone, was the favorite resort for summer guests, and the two Concord coaches from the trains at Colorado Springs six miles away were fairly well loaded with human freight that came to enjoy the most famous scenic resort then known, and the steam cars did not make their first run into Manitou until about the middle of July of that summer of '80.

Top of Pike's Peak

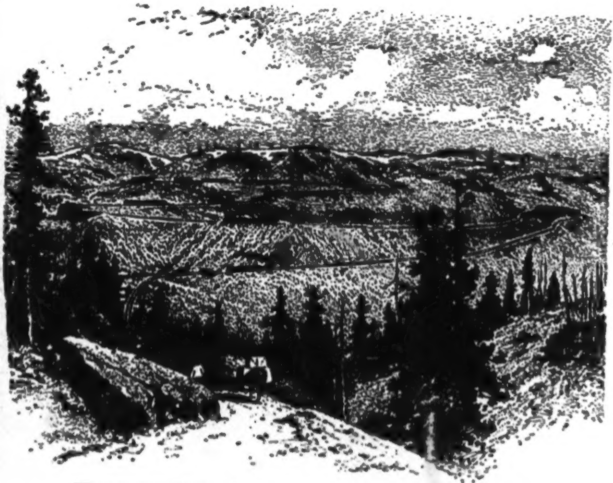
In front of the Cliff House a constantly playing fountain made music with the flowing waters, and just on beyond, through a shady lane, were the iron, sulphur, and soda springs. The drives through the Garden of the Gods were unsullied by man's connivances, and every mile gave its impress of the mightiness of God's work. Monument Park, the famous Ute Pass, and the Mesa Drive were all trips of interest, but there were two other excursions that exceeded them all in grandeur and startling revelations.

One of these was up the Cheyenne Canyon, and the other was through Williams' Canyon and cave. Williams' Canyon is formed of walls of limestone of most wonderful formations in all stages of decomposition. There is very little verdure either on the top or sides and only a few scrubby pines broke the rugged rocky face of the narrow defile.

A quarter of a mile in the canyon from Manitou stands a lime kiln that was slowly utilizing the massive structures around it. The owner of this fiery furnace had a history. He had served in armies of three different nations; spent three years in Asia, two years in India, several seasons in the diamond fields of Africa, a few months in South America, and was master of many languages. He was not only doing a prosperous business with his lime kiln, but he also was the trusty guide through the Williams' Canyon mammoth cave, which was a gold mine to him.

The cave was half a mile up the canyon. To reach the entrance one must first mount a flight of steps, and then with steady head and firm grasping of projecting stones scale along the slippery trail that was too narrow for more than one to pass at a time, and where a little slip might send one rolling down with loose gravel and sand for two hundred feet. The hole that formed the doorway was six feet high, and two feet and a half wide. At first there was a gradual incline of about ten feet, at the bottom of which the guide provided us with little miners' lamps. It fairly chills one to think of the deep, dark holes that were on either side. The first part of the cave was fifteen feet wide, and the widest place in it would not exceed thirty feet, while the narrowest would just admit the body sideways; the height and depth seemed without end. Often we were obliged to ascend or descend a stairway of a dozen steps, and at one place we went down forty-five steps.

A formation called the Chimney Hole was raised some six feet from the walk; it was pyramidal in form and at its base it was ten feet across. It was hollowed out so that the sides were only about five inches in thickness, and as it appeared at the top the hole was not more than two feet in diameter. Its height was incalculable. We could not even see what held it suspended in its position. At another place a narrow shelf projected over a deep chasm which seemed to have no bottom. Just above this narrow shelf the wall bulged out so that in crossing over one was forced to bend his body forward and gaze into the blackness of the abyss. I hesitated and was the last to cross, but to remain behind with the bats and goblins seemed worse than to venture on. I can never forget my sensations as I edged my way along with my heart in my throat thumping so that it choked me and I wished for home and mother; but a glance at Pard with his smile of assurance gave me new courage, and I knew by his deathlike grip of my hand that if I went down my fingers would remain with him as mementoes of the exploit. I would have given all my possessions except my dear old Pard to have been afforded some other way of getting back than to recross that shelving rock. Thoughts of that black, bottomless pit underneath it give me the shivers to this day.



Hagerman Pass, Colo., 11,500 feet above sea level

The Auger Hole was so named because of its literal resemblance to a hole made with an auger. It was perfectly round, some thirty inches in diameter, and seventy-five feet long. Some fifteen feet from the entrance of the Auger Hole there were two caves opening at right angles. We had to get down and crawl like a worm through the Auger Hole for that fifteen feet to where the cave opened out again, and had the distance been the whole length of the Auger Hole I would be there yet, for I reached my limit of muscular propulsion in the fifteen feet that brought us to the first exit.

Our little glimmers cast fantastic and cadaverous shadows all about us, and our fancies ran wildly over the possibility of being swallowed by some yawning abyss or crushed beneath relentless walls of stone. We had not gone more than half a mile beyond the Auger Hole before the cave was so wet that we turned back, and never did God's sunshine seem so dear to me as when we emerged from that exploration.

We were indebted to Mr. George Palmer of Colorado Springs for some very pretty stalactites. To have his name among the immortals he lay face downward upon the earth and taking his dim light wormed himself inch by inch under a massive boulder to reach another part of the cave and obtain the

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Cheyenne Falls

valuable specimens. He was quite exhausted on his return and declared the trip came nearer making him immortal than he thought the venture at first promised.

Cheyenne Canyon's beauty and grandeur lie in its high walls and Seven Falls. When in nearly a mile from the entrance of the canyon we could see three of the falls at one time and forming a perfect half circle around them rose the mighty walls four hundred feet, as perpendicular as the most critical masonry could form them.

We were not satisfied with seeing three falls, for we had travelled far to see seven. So we wheezed and puffed and climbed a thousand feet above the stream, and from our dizzy height saw a panorama never to be forgotten. Far below each cascade fell into its rock-worn bed and forced its way over the edge and on to the precipice beyond. Away over the foothills we saw hundreds of miles of the bright prairie lands, and on the other hand rose peaks that had won the upward race over the one that formed our resting place. To scale these heights and view these lowlands, and see what God hath wrought in this wonderland of the Rockies is to hold one spellbound with awe, wonder, admiration, and adoration, and to thank God for sight and understanding and for the privilege of being there.

CHAPTER XVII

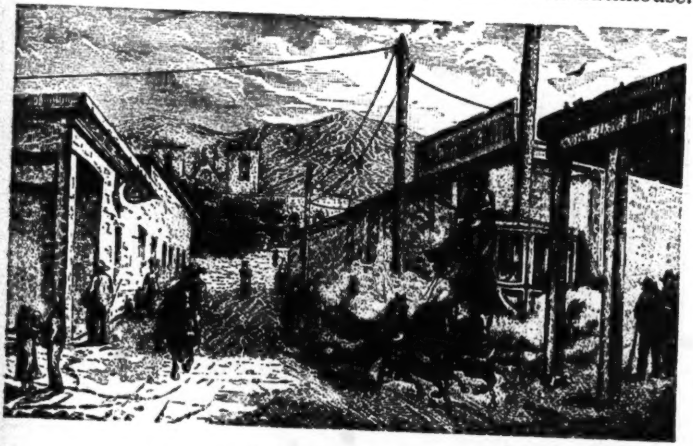
NEW MEXICO, SANTE FÉ, AND THE PUEBLOS

FROM Colorado Springs we went south to the Denver and Rio Grande terminal at Trinidad, thence by stage six miles back to Elmoro, to connect with the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road for Santa Fé City in New Mexico. At Elmoro the Santa Fé road crossed the Rio Grande Railway, but it allowed no passengers to get on or off because of the Santa Fé enmity toward the Rio Grande Company. At Trinidad Pard and I were given the bridal chamber, and the other four of our party were in a distant part of the house. They had no locks on their doors and barricaded them with the furniture of the room and had a good night's rest, but with us it was different. Our door was locked all right but too many intruders were already inside, and small as they were they made a night of misery for us. Trinidad then had about 4000 inhabitants.

Twelve miles south there was a long steady climb up the Raton Mountains, to the famous Raton Tunnel, some 2500 feet long. The arched walls vibrated with the motion of the iron horse, but their rocky hands were too firmly clasped to yield to even such a power and we merged into daylight from the tunnel's black chamber, and wound down the serpentine road to the valley below with a grade of two hundred feet to the mile, the heaviest grade on any main line American railroad at that time.

At Las Vegas, N. M., the famous hot springs were some miles from the town. Nature had done her share toward making the springs famous. There were twenty of them boiling up along the hillside, and the little park of seventy-five acres was completely environed by low mountains that were green from base to summit.

A small river crossed on one side of the park, and on its bank stood a three-story hotel with porticoes running the entire length of each story. Across the river and connected with an artistic bridge and broad walk was the mammoth bathhouse. This also was of stone and two hundred feet long. The temperature of the springs was from 100 to 140 degrees; the water was clear and strongly sulphuric, while the analysis was similar to the Arkansas hot springs.



Santa Fé in 1879

Midday was very warm, but the nights were cold and flies were unknown. An amusing feature of the place was the squaws and Mexican women doing laundry work at two of the springs reserved especially for them. They used broad, smooth stones for their washboards, and after dipping and rubbing awhile they suspended the clothing in the hot springs to boil or soak, and it came out as pure and white as the driven snow.

At Santa Fé I really begrudged the time to sleep or eat, there was so much to see and study in the glorified silvery haired city. "Santa Fé" means "holy faith" and the many spires of

Catholic churches pointing toward heaven, together with the early establishment of that holy faith doubtless gave the city its name. The town is 7000 feet above sea-level, with pleasant summers and mild winters, but it often has electrical disturbance of its atmosphere that will interrupt telegraph lines for several hours at a time.

North Pueblo near Santa Fé

How old the place is will probably never be known, as it was the home of the Aztecs for many years before Christopher Columbus sighted America, and it is still disputing its right with St. Augustine in Florida for the honor of being the oldest town in the United States. It was a populous place when the Spaniards entered it in 1542.

The oldest house known was built by Coronado in 1540. It was but twelve feet in height, but built in two stories of adobe brick. It was sixty feet long and fifteen feet wide; it was occupied by five Mexican families, and it looked as if good for another century or two.

In the adjoining yard was the famous San Miguel Church. Its tower had long since fallen to the ground, and the adobe was crumbling. Upon entering the church we saw a beam overhead bearing the inscription that the church was rebuilt in 1810. It was first built in 1582, but the original roof was burned off by the Indians. The walls are the same to-day as they were three hundred years ago, and two of the paintings that adorn the walls were brought from Spain, and were said to be at least a hundred years older than the church.

The front yard and the ground of the interior of the old church were filled with graves of unknown dead, and thus it was with all the old churches there. Brother Baldwin took great care in showing the building and the college near by, from the tower of which we had a fine view of Santa Fé.

The town was built around a plaza in the true Spanish style; its houses were mostly one-story adobes, and the streets were so narrow that a horse and buggy standing crosswise would entirely obstruct the passage. The plaza is what we in the East would call a public square.

View of Pueblo from the south

In the centre of this playground a marble monument had been erected in honor of our brave soldiers who had fallen by the hand of the savage red men. Nearby the old government palace, built in 1581, was fast losing its antique appearance because of much remodelling inside and adding of verandas outside, but the walls were unchanged.

Ground space was no object to these people when they wanted to build. A model Mexican or Spanish house was of adobe and one story high, with one or more placitas or inner courts. All the rooms opened into the placita and nearly all opened on the street as well. The walls were from two to four feet thick, and the roof was made of tiles whose spouts projected two feet or more from the building to carry off the water when it rained. Our hotel had three placitas, the largest having an area of a quarter of an acre. The house was so cool that one would not dream how hot the sun was outside.

The women, except the Americans, still wore shawls about their heads, and held them close over the lower part of the face, and the men wore serapes held in much the same way as the Indian blanket. When these people went to market they carried their meat home with them slung over their shoulders or in a basket without a cover, so the flies and bugs had many a feast as they followed the carriers.

The ceilings were never plastered, but had simply plain, unfinished beams. There were no seats in the Catholic churches, and the congregation squatted on the floor. At any hour of the day devout Catholics could be found at worship or confession.

The bishop's garden was also one of the attractive features of the town. He had fruits of all kinds belonging to the temperate zone, and his artificial ponds had thousands of fish. The new stone cathedral after ten years of steady work was slowly assuming shape, and the Sisters' Hospital of brick was just completed.

Santa Fé was the queerest, quaintest place that one could imagine, with its narrow cowpath streets and its people so quaintly dressed. Its plaza was full of spreading cottonwood trees that made a densely shaded retreat for midday idlers, and at all times of day and night the seats were filled and the ground covered with lazy Spanish and Mexican gossips and drones, who listened to the daily concert of the military band. The blocks of the city had no regular dimensions, and varied from two or three rods to a quarter of a mile in length, as convenience dictated.

The Exchange Hotel, kept by Mrs. S. P. Davis, was a model of neatness and comfort, and never were we more modestly comfortable than under her roof. The rooms were large, airy, and clean, and the public parlor had many dainty womanly touches that made one think of home. The upright piano, with its abundance of classical sheet music, afforded opportunities for a most delightful evening. The quaint building occupied a whole block; its adobe walls were only one story high and the string of doors opening on the narrow verandas of its different sides made it look more like openings in a beehive with its inmates going in and out. Every guest had his own front door, and also a door opening into the inner court, and every room contained two single beds.

A suburban trip of interest was to the Taos pueblo, an old Aztec village then occupied by descendants of the old Aztec race and Pueblo Indians. Pueblo means people in the Spanish acceptance of the term, but it is often applied to the buildings in which the strange race dwells.

Without doubt the most picturesque inland town in the Southwest is this old pueblo of Taos, in northern New Mexico, thirty miles east of the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge road from Santa Fé toward Durango. In the days of the Santa Fé trail, Taos was one of the important points between Kansas and the coast, but with the advent of the railroads through the southern routes in the early '80's its importance waned.

The Sacred Grove of Pueblo de las Taos

The first English newspaper established west of the Missouri River was published at Taos. Here Kit Carson lived for many years, and is now buried, his house in the main part of the town being occupied of late years as a newspaper office.

Taos has long been noted as a rendezvous for artists and writers who found unmarred the long-sought local color of the Southwest. Frederic Remington studied at Taos, and other artists whose works are well known are Sauerwein (recently deceased), Couse, Phillips, Sharp, Rollins, Burbank, and Groll. The first four mentioned have owned or now own homes in Taos. Here the old communal life of the Pueblo Indians, the Spanish customs of the native Mexicans, and the pioneer American home life have been blended in one community for half a century.

At the old Aztec pueblo the buildings were made of adobe brick, which is composed of mud and straw pressed into bricks and dried in the sun. The Taos pueblo is two stories high and built around a plaza with the openings facing inward. The outer wall formed the high exterior of the square of the plaza.

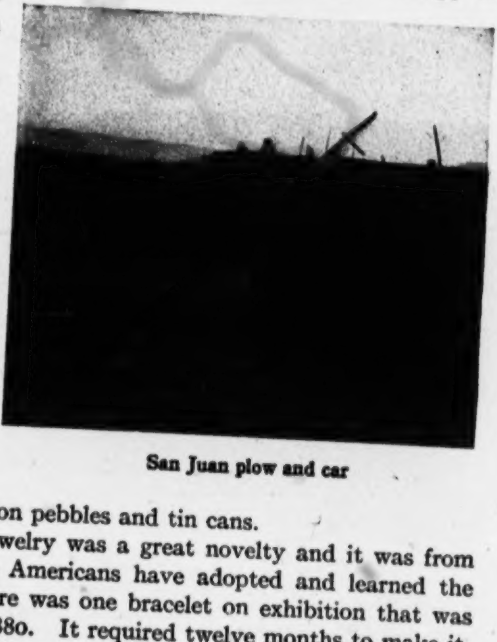
These queer people have no doors or windows on the ground floor except the one entrance to the inner square around which the extended adobe wall is built. They climb up to the second story on a ladder in the court, and pull the ladder up after them. Many of the apartments were very clean and neat, and again they were the embodiment of filth. They were rather an industrious people, and while the men worked in the field outside, the women made pottery. They made all kinds of hideous shapes, and their clay birds, children, men, and gods were most unmercifully distorted in their attempts to copy nature.

The natives were always peaceable, as were their predecessors. Their ploughs were made of sticks and they walked in front of their teams instead of behind when ploughing. Their ovens on top of the second story were made of the same material as their buildings. It seemed impossible for them to get clothing enough on to cover their nakedness; their black hair was cut even with the eyebrows in front and hung down long in the back.

The lower part of the houses were generally used for storing their provisions, and in olden times for storing ammunition when there was need for defence from enemies. They ground their own corn on a flint slab with long granite bars, and the movement was like rubbing clothes on a washboard. They kept the meal brushed together with an old hairbrush which had active service in the two capacities.

No one knows how long these buildings have stood. They were there three hundred years ago, and perhaps three hundred years before that. Some of the walls were crumbling down, but for the most part they seemed good for ages to come. The hours spent there were full of interest, and we were well rewarded for our trouble.

On the way home we spread our lunch under the roots of a mammoth cottonwood tree, on the bank of a stream where the waters had washed away the soil, and the gnarled roots were intertwined and stood out in bold relief, making a canopy of shade as if in anticipation of such a party as ours.


San Juan plow and car

The burros or Mexican donkeys were about the size of an American colt six months old. The Indians and Mexicans drive them to town loaded with wood or timber, which is tied to the little patient animals with ropes. It is said that when grass gives out they live on pebbles and tin cans.

The Mexican jewelry was a great novelty and it was from their patterns that Americans have adopted and learned the filagree work. There was one bracelet on exhibition that was sixty years old in 1880. It required twelve months to make it. It was of massive gold, made with vines, berries, and leaves, with over four thousand precious stones, the largest one not much larger than a pin head. It was valued at $5000, although it was not for sale at any price.

Twenty miles from Santa Fé is the only turquoise mine of which our noble country boasts. It was first worked by the Aztecs, and many stone implements with which they used to work out the matrix have been found in the rifts. The mine had not been worked for many years until leased by Eastern capitalists, and as a piece of perfect turquoise the size of a nickel is worth over a thousand dollars it is quite a comfortable mine to own.

A good story of the troubles of an American to grapple with the Spanish language was published at the time we were in Santa Fé in the Albuquerque (N. M.), *Democrat*, and ran as follows:

San Juan Dago and his burro

"A few days since a stranger from the unconverted wilds of the East, where tenderfeet attain their highest state of sensitiveness, came out to Albuquerque, New Mexico, to visit a friend. While walking along Railroad Avenue, he said to his friend: 'There goes a man I met up at La Junta' giving the J its natural pronunciation. 'You mean La Hunta' the friend replied 'That is a Spanish name, and in that language the J takes the sound of H.' 'Is that so? Well I must try to catch on to that.'

"Then after strolling along a short distance farther he asked: 'Where are those James Springs of which I see so much in the papers?' 'You should call them Haymes Springs; they are over in the mountains about sixty miles.'

"'Darn the language—it breaks me all up. That 's a pretty nice house over there—that Armijo House, is n't it?' and again he gave the j its proper pronunciation. 'You mean the Armiho House; yes, it 's a good one too.'

"'Damsicha way of abusing the English alphabet. I reckon, then, that must be Haffa Bros.'s store down the street there?' 'No, that is not a Spanish name, I think it is French. However, it is pronounced as spelled.' 'Well, how in Santa Fé is a fellow goin' to tell what 's Spanish and what is n't? Why could n't they spell their language accordin' to the original plans?' 'Oh, you 'll soon catch on. You will find it safest to give the Spanish pronunciation to nearly everything here.'

Pottery of the San Juan Indians

"An hour later they sat down at the table of the San Felipe Hotel, and, after scanning the bill of fare, the stranger said to the waiter: 'You may bring me a nice, huicy piece of roast beef, some pig's howl with caper sauce, some fricasseed hack-rabbit, some pork with apple helly, some boiled potatoes with the hackets on—unskun, you know—some tarts with currant ja—I mean currant ham, and, ah some——'

"At this point the waiter swooned and the guests in the room let out a roar of laughter that gave the chandeliers the chills and fever. This made the stranger mad, but his friends got hold of him and took him from the room, and as he went through the door he remarked: 'I kin take a hoke, but, it makes me mad to be played for a greeny.'"

We call our native country Fatherland and our language Mother Tongue, but a foreigner will find just such absurdities in the English language. An acquaintance who was struggling with its obstacles said to us: "When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, if I stood firm I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged; but when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one guinea prize,' I was tempted to give up English and learn some other language." And who could blame him?

CHAPTER XVIII

MIDDLE PARK. A THRILLING SIX-HORSE RUNAWAY

AFTER a few days' rest in the quiet shades of Estes Park, following the trip through New Mexico, Pard thought it was necessary for him to go over the mountain range to Middle Park on horseback for the purpose of noting the timber and other resources, and to study the water-courses. I whispered to him, to hunt and fish on the way, and he did not deny the soft impeachment, but the smile that flitted over his face would make one think he already had a trout on his line.

Mrs. W. B. Waters, one of my sisters from Chicago, had been persuaded to enjoy some of the Colorado scenery with us for a month or two, and while Pard crossed the range from Estes Park under the trusty guidance of Hank Farrar, sister and I preferred the roundabout route by rail and stage. There were no good horses for the trip over the range for us, and as we would have to use the cross-saddle, for which we were not prepared, we could only watch them ride away without us. A rendezvous had been planned in Middle Park, and the first stage out carried us down to Longmont, whence we went by rail to Denver and Georgetown, then by stage again for seventy miles to the point of convergence.

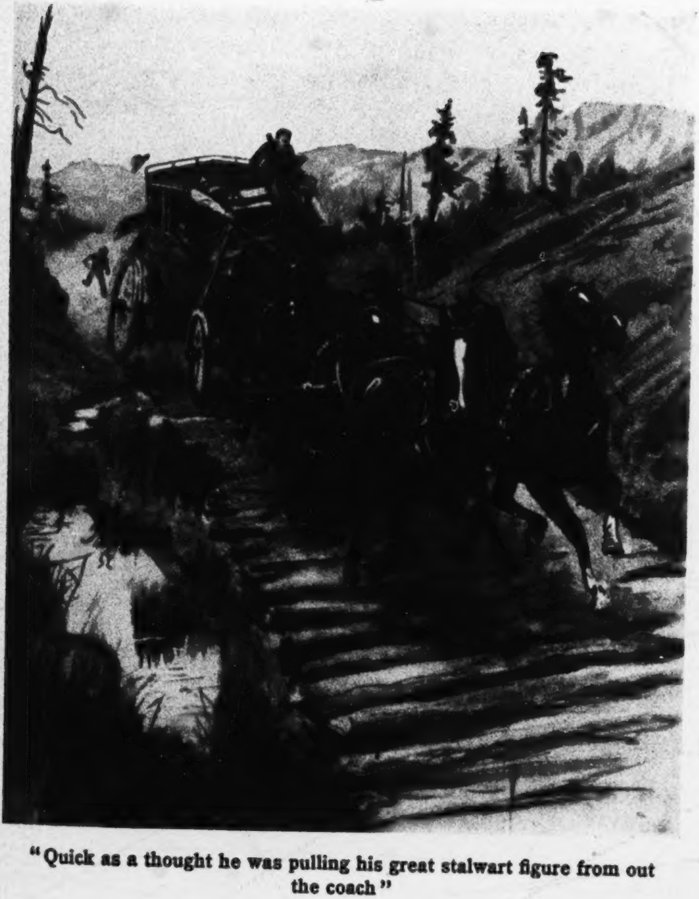
The morning we left Georgetown was bright and clear, and the six-horse coach came up to the Barton House for its eleven waiting passengers with a clanking of harness and rattling of wheels that betokened a dashing ride. Five grown people and four children made the unpromising load for the inside, and a sick man with a ten-year-old boy with the driver.

The driver was cracking his whip and spurring the horses to the usual parade within the town limits, when a man suddenly ran from a cabin where he had been sitting in his shirt sleeves in the doorway reading a newspaper. He threw up his hands in an excited manner as he ran toward us, and stopped the stage, begging the driver to wait just five minutes for him as he *must* take that coach. The "major-domo" on the box grumbled a reluctant consent and told the man to hustle himself for that "stage could n't wait long for nobody, specially some feller that 'ud read 'stead o' puttin' on his clothes"; and he continued to mumble on in a disgruntled way until the man was aboard and the wheels turned again.

We could see him put on his vest, tuck a few things in a small bag, grab his coat, and start out, slamming the door behind him, without giving it further attention, and donning his coat as he ran. We could not understand why he was not ready if it was so important for him to take that morning's stage. He climbed into the coach all out of breath, puffing like an engine, but with a look of satisfaction that quite reconciled the other passengers to the delay. He bore the euphonious name of George Washington Giggy, as we afterward learned, and his home was in Boulder, Colorado. He had a large stock-ranch near Middle Park and had promised to ride a horse up to the ranch for some man in Georgetown, a valuable animal that could not be trusted to an unknown personage.

He was not inclined to be talkative at first, but when he gained his composure he seemed to feel that some explanation was due, and after a slight smile had played over his countenance a few minutes he said he had not the slightest intention of taking that stage until he heard it coming up the street; then a feeling came over him so strong that he *must* take it that it was like a power not his own that impelled him to demand the stage to wait for him. Now that he was on his way he wondered what he did it for and what the owner of the horse would think of him.

Among the other passengers was a woman with four little girls and a nursemaid, and we were no sooner whirling along the curves of the mountains in the swinging coach than three of the four children began to be seasick, and they continued to be ill all the day long. We were unfortunate enough to be on the inside, having surrendered the outside seat to the man who was ill,



"Quick as a thought he was pulling his great stalwart figure from out the coach" and then to have those three children seasick made our condition rather deplorable.

The first fourteen miles was a steady ascent along as grand a mountain road as one could imagine. From below, the road, high on the mountainside, looked like a mere scratch on the rocks.

There was a post-office at the entrance to Middle Park kept by a Mr. Ostrander, and with the long shadows of a dying sun creeping down the mountainside, we drew up in front of this important distributing point. The nursegirl got out with the children, that they might get a few minutes of exercise while the mail was being changed.

The driver well knew that he had a pair of runaway bronchos in the lead of his six-in-hand, but he carelessly wound the lines around the brake without leaving any one to watch the restless animals, and went to the back boot to readjust the mail and to add a new sack. The untamed roadsters soon felt the lack of a restraining hand and made a wild dash for liberty. The driver rushed for the lines and perhaps could have succeeded in getting hold of them had he not tripped and fallen, and thus left us at the mercy of six wild horses.

The invalid on the box was too ill to even get the lines in his hand and the young boy who was travelling with him was so frightened that in an attempt to jump off he lost his balance and at the outset we saw the poor lad falling doubled up between the wheels, and we knew the stage ran over him.

There was a stretch of more than a mile of corduroy road ahead of us with its rough pole ends sticking out to the ditch on either side and if we upset we must be dragged along on those wicked logs to our doom. Mr. Giggy clasped his hands as if in an attitude of prayer, and his face betokened a look of the most abject terror; he was facing me and I will never forget my horror in the thought that he had gone mad. Suddenly his face lighted, he looked out and saw the lines still wound around the brake and said, "Oh, if I can only get hold of those lines!" and as quick as a thought he was pulling his great stalwart figure from out the coach and with superhuman strength he grasped anything that would hold him until he had climbed to the front boot, where he did get possession of the lines. He gave a glad shout to us that he had made it, and though he knew he could not stop the mad race of the horses who had the bits in their teeth, he could guide them until their strength was spent and perhaps keep the stage from going over. He pulled on them with all his might as he pressed the brake to check their speed. We could hear the bark of his breath in his strenuous work, and knew that every bit of his strength was being exerted to prevent a direful catastrophe.

"Crossing its pure, swift waters half a dozen times"

Sister and I had all we could do to keep the frantic mother from leaping from the coach, as she called loudly for her children and she became so insane with fear that we had to hold her by main force as we were buffeted about like feathers in a storm.

Mr. Giggy did guide the horses safely over the entire length of that corduroy road, but when the smooth roadbed was reached they took a fresh plunge; fortunately they were too nearly winded to keep it up, and turning them into a wire fence he brought them to a sudden halt. When he had rested himself a moment he turned the horses around and drove them back to the post-office. The driver was following on the way, having started out on foot after the stage, and when Mr. Giggy again took his seat inside, still trembling from his exertion, we all said it was no longer a mystery what power had impelled him to come on that stage, for it was a special dispensation of Providence that he should be there to save our lives.

The poor boy was not killed but he was badly hurt and we had to leave him there with the man who was himself too ill and weak with fright to continue his journey even had the boy not been hurt. The rest of us continued on our way with nothing worse than the loss of some of the color glands of our hair and the equilibrium of our nerves, but we were glad when the day ended, landing us, about eight o'clock, at what was called the Middle Park Hotel at Hot Sulphur Springs.

A plunge in the hot springs baths refreshed our physical powers and washed away some remembrance of trouble. There were more than twenty hot springs that boiled up and united their waters in one common stream that rolled over a ledge of rock into a natural basin made by the falling water wearing out a great bowl in the huge rock, three or more feet in depth, twenty feet wide, and thirty feet in length. Over this had been built a stone house enclosing the swimming bath. The temperature was 120 degrees Fahrenheit, and one needed to play around the edge a while before making a final plunge. This had been a favorite resort of the Ute Indians for centuries and they came even yet to an annual pow-wow. The springs were discovered by a party of prospectors sent out by Wm. N. Byers, of Denver, on Christmas, 1859. While little of the precious metal was found, the discovery of these springs would prove more valuable than a gold mine if they could be made more accessible.

Settlers were coming in steadily and there were some fifty buildings at the springs. The Grand River and its tributaries abounded in fine trout, and just over the foothills close by there were plenty of elk and other wild game.

Our merry huntsmen came in over the range from Estes Park next morning, bearing some saddles of venison and some sensational experiences, but not so serious as ours had been. Pard declared he would never let me get away from him again for fear I would not be so bravely rescued as I had been on this occasion. And truly enough he has saved my life on several occasions since then.

We soon began to explore the park and enjoy its pleasures. Mounted on good horses we followed Grand River up the valley for twenty-four miles crossing its pure, swift waters half a dozen times, together with several of its tributaries. Ever and anon the mighty current seemed determined to punish its intruders by taking us all bodily down its treacherous channel. But at the end of the twenty-four miles Grand Lake appeared before us as a beautiful sheet of water five hundred feet higher than the springs, and almost encircling its dark mirror-like depths were the wooded peaks rising two and three thousand feet, and sending continuous contributions to this unfathomable body of waters. The main tributary was a large stream that tore its way down a narrow gorge for many miles, often making leaps of over a hundred feet, dashing its volume of water into the whitest spray, and quickly regathering its force for another and grander leap; thus on and on, one grand leap after another until, with a final roar of satisfaction, it poured its uneasy mass into the depths that

Grand Lake, Middle Park, Colo.

know no end, for a line has not yet been found long enough to reach a resting place at the bottom of Grand Lake.

We found an old leaky boat moored on the beach and rowed ourselves across the lake; there we rested on a huge boulder in the spray of the last waterfall and climbed far above and explored to our satisfaction the mysterious windings of the stream. So long as our eyes were lifted up our minds were full of the beautiful and sublime, but when our gaze was allowed to fall upon our own feet, what a contrast! We acted like a bevy of peacocks and tried to hide the unsightly appendages, for dangling over the side of that boulder on which we were resting were three pairs of boots that had waded above their tops in mud and mire, through brooks and through briars, over dead and fallen timber. Unconsciously, and yet with wondrous lazy motion, they turned themselves in the sun and courted its warm rays, but to no purpose, for the home stretch had to be made over the same muddy road. Gradually each pair was withdrawn and put in motion and when the boat's mooring was reached every foot was so laden with mud that it was dropped into the boat like a sack of ore.

The lake was some two miles and a half long by one and a half wide. The wind had risen and the white caps and splash of the oars made a rippling accompaniment to our jests that hid any uneasiness or discomfort that white caps and leaky boats are bound to produce.

We had invitations to a dance for that evening, and although we would have been content to hide in our tent unseen there was no escape from donning our best clothes and presenting ourselves at the party. Mrs. Shaeffer prepared us a wondrously wholesome supper, and when we were ready to join the gay dancers we were so rested and refreshed that we were quickly converted to the gayety of the hour.

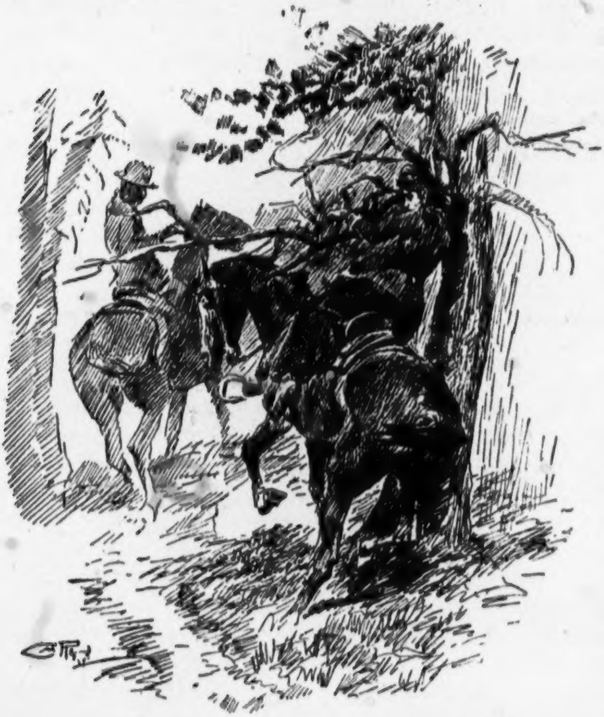
The cabin wherein the party was held had but one room, which served for all purposes of family life. How quaint it all was! One could imagine his spirit had flown back to the ancestral days of the Pilgrim landing. The low wide door, with heavy wooden hinges and its old-fashioned latch, opened into a room about thirty feet square. Opposite the door a huge fire was glowing and crackling cheerily against a bull pine back-log, and off in a corner was the old homemade dish cupboard, holding also the stores of provisions. Opposite that useful case a rude table was pushed up against the wall to make more room for the expected guests. The one low window had but a single sash, and for seats there were rude benches, boxes, two or three old chairs, and some of the guests were even sitting on the floor.

The mantel was graced by shining tea and coffee pots, broken pitchers of wild flowers, ancient candlesticks with tallow dips, a dilapidated timepiece, and a few extra table dishes. At least twenty good, honest country people were sitting around the room, and as many attitudes almost instantly caught the eye. From grandfather down to the baby in arms they were listening to the strains of "Dan Tucker," "The Fisherman's Hornpipe," and other familiar airs; and now and then the pure soprano of a young girl, the rich bass of the lad chimed together with the cracked yet sweet voices of the aged, and even the cooing babe joined in the old home songs, familiar to every one, and everything rang with the contagious mirth.

Old Father Shaeffer, who was nearing his ninetieth year, came in for his share of the pleasure, his white hair and beard shone like a silver wreath around his happy old face, and he was a welcome guest. Twenty years had passed since he moved into the Park, and he said in his tremulous way: "When I die—if I ever do die—I want to die right here. Why, I tell you, when God made the world he had all his best stuff yet on hand and he lumped it off in a heap right here in Middle Park." Money would not hire him to spend one week outside the Park, and during the Indian troubles the year before his sons had to take him by main force to a place of safety. He was a favorite with both old and young, and few people at his age command such love from every one.

Later a bright fire blazed in front of our tent, in itself an invitation to the needed rest we were anxious to get, and lying half awake and half asleep, with the light flickering through the open tent fly, and the great full moon showing its silvery pathway across the wonderful lake, we thought how happy these people were in their simple lives, living so close to nature, and to nature's God. The Bohemian element of my own nature made me wonder if, after all, the thirst and greed for knowledge and civilization and more sordid things are worth the price we pay.

In the morning a large, beautiful horse, the pride of the camp, was placed at my disposal while we remained. What a joy it was to be in boots and spurs on such a magnificent animal. He arched his neck and pranced about as if he realized the compliments that were showered upon him. His training was perfect, and he was guided by gently dropping the rein on his neck on the opposite side from which he was to go. Always used to guiding an animal by the bit I did not trust myself so much as I did the horse, but Pard and I galloped off scarcely realizing that I was not in a cozy rocking-chair.



"The branches rubbed me out of my saddle"

The test came, however, when, suddenly changing our course where a tree stood in the forks of the road, I gave my pretty bay a tap on the wrong side of the neck, so that he went dutifully up to it, instead of going away from the tree; the branches rubbed me out of my saddle, throwing me backwards to the ground. When

I returned to consciousness I called for my horse, which was quietly grazing near by. He was not at all excited and came at my call, sniffing his regrets as best he could, but after all he seemed to have a look of disgust in his eye such as I have seen hunting dogs have when a shot failed to bring down the game.

As soon as possible I was reseated in the saddle, but being slightly hurt we curtailed the ride. I was too proud to own the cause of our speedy return, and put it entirely upon the grounds of generosity toward some one else who might want to ride. After being secretly bathed and sponged with spirits and hot water, and taking a dose of life-giving bitters, I was permitted to remain quiet the rest of the day.

Three sides of Middle Park are walled in by the snowy range, the fourth side allowing the waters to pass off toward the western slope. The surface is broken with hills and peaks that render it picturesque in the extreme, with its many streams winding among the depressions. The hills are so high that only a small portion of the Park is visible from any given point unless from such an eminence as Mt. Bross, which stands close by the springs.

One is amply repaid by a trip to the summit of that mountain, for the Park lies like a greensward at its feet, while beyond the snow gives rainbow reflections that mingle with the green trees and grass, and the silver waters shine as far away as the eye can see.

Semi-precious stones are found all over the Park in immense deposits. There are hundreds of acres of agates, jasper, and opal, and a whole mountain of chalcedony and endless quantities of petrified wood. Some rich deposits of silver ore had also been found on the range toward North Park.

It was a joy to us that our exploits were not all for the home-seeker, the investor, or the scrambler for wealth, but that we could also reach such places where future villages would find all the charms of nature, and be imbued and awed by the marvellous works of One supreme over all. We felt like calling from the mountain tops to the whole world to come and see the stupendous scenery of the great and glorious Rockies.

It was a matter of regret that we could not linger at places which pleased us so much, yet we never moved on but that we found new wonders to hold us enchanted again.

As Pard's work was done the time came to say good-bye to

Middle Park, with all its towering peaks, its bottomless waters and its Bohemian life, but the glorious life-giving atmosphere was a blessing common to all the Rockies, and breathing in its life-giving ozone we wended our way back to the steel rails again to seek other unwritten lands.

CHAPTER XIX

A STAGE UPSET ON THE GUNNISON ROAD

IN August, 1880, we visited the Gunnison country which was then opening up to the world a new mining field of great promise. The direct route was by the South Park Railroad to South Arkansas station near Poncha Springs, where the Barlow and Sanderson stage line met the train Monday morning and carried passengers sixty-five miles in time for supper at Gunnison City, if good luck and fair roads favored them.

To our utter dismay there were to be seventeen passengers, eleven of whom occupied the three seats inside the coach, and the remaining six climbed on the roof; then there was the usual amount of mail, baggage, and express. We averaged 500 pounds on a seat inside, and there was no computing the weight ouside. I had the heartless assurance offered me if the roof gave in that a man weighing 250 pounds was sitting just over my head. As we rolled out of Poncha our day of trouble began. The motion of the coach soon made two of the passengers very ill. There was no help for them, but they made plenty of discomfort for the rest of us. I was riding backward on the front seat and a man and woman on the respective ends of the seat facing me had their heads out of the window incessantly to dispose of the last week's ration, and there was but little cessation the whole day long.

The steep places between Poncha and Gunnison were all on the left side, and strange as it seemed the road slanted that way down the mountainside, and to make matters still worse our coach thoroughbrace was sprung in favor of the ravines.

We had not gone many miles when one of the hind wheels struck a boulder and came so near upsetting us that two men lost their balance on the top and slid down into the green depths of the canyon. One escaped unhurt and turned to help the other who had sprained or broken his ankle. The poor fellow had to be carried up and the passengers of the coach changed about so as to put the injured man inside. The men above had no sooner climbed to their places again than every one was handing down his bottle of "cure all" and a row of bottles hung in festoons around the upper part of the doors and windows of the stage. But it was once when brandy lost its magic power, and when we met the down stage our suffering passenger was sent back to Poncha.

It was not long before the driver ran too close to the mountainside, when there was a steep pitch and again we were saved from destruction by one of the heaviest men grabbing a well-rooted sapling and holding it fast until the wheels dropped to a level again.

A little farther on we locked wheels with a freight wagon and turned the wagon over, spilling its contents to an accompaniment of profuse bad language of the freighter, and we delayed long enough for our passengers to help the man gather his load again. This is not just the place, although it may be the time, to repeat what the freighter's remarks were about the accident, but we hastened away without writing them down.

The day wore on in a series of mishaps and delays and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before we reached the dinner station. One of the passengers had a good supply of raisins, which he handed out most liberally. We had never before realized how good raisins are. The six o'clock breakfast had become a dream and dinner seemed a myth not to be materialized. The raisin man, whose name I am sorry to forget, said that he never travelled in the mountains without raisins as he found they were food and drink when everything else was gone. It was a bit of knowledge that we never forgot, and found useful on many a hard trip when we could not eat the food that was placed before us, for we never travelled by stage after that that we did not carry a goodly supply of that succulent fruit.

At four o'clock, however, a good dinner was on the table, after our belated coach rolled up to the stage station door, and a lot of hungry people were doing it justice, when a hungry yellowjacket crawled up my wrist and presented his sword to me in such wondrously wicked way that it drained a liberal supply of blue ancestral blood.

With fear and trembling at what might yet befall us before the day was over we clambered again to our seats in the stage. The driver was in a hurry to get his load settled and be off, and he slammed the heavy stage door on a man's hand. The passenger had hold of the casing and was looking the opposite way when the accident happened, and he gave a yell of agony as he pulled in the bleeding, mangled mass that was sickening to see. We delayed at least another half hour that the bruised member might be comfortably cared for.

The driver lost his feeling of haste and was exceedingly tender in his care of the wounded hand. He explained his anxiety and hurry by saying there were two dangerous spots ahead of us and he wanted to get past them before dark, and if he told us to lean a certain way as we drove along the bad places we must do it quickly, and try to keep the stage from upsetting. One old pioneer remarked, "I am no tenderfoot, but an old mountaineer, used to danger and exposure, but this trip beats all, and my thoughts have been with home and God all day." One of the women, though perhaps used to better surroundings, had less exalted thoughts than the sturdy frontiersman, for she did nothing but scold, scold, and fret, fret, from first to last.

About six o'clock the sick woman, Pard, and I changed our seats to the outside. Pard sat above and behind me, and I sat between the invalid and the driver. Once we came near being hurled top down into the Gunnison River. It was a wondrously bad place. The embankment was a straight up and down cut of six feet or more, and the water of Gunnison River was running deep and swift against that shore. A quick cry of "to the right" from the driver made everybody lean that way, while he himself stood out on the brake block and we passed in safety and thanksgiving.

After that escape a hush seemed to fall upon the whole party with the solemnity of the night itself, and darkness closed the day and veiled other dangers from view. The quiet was finally broken by another warning from the driver, and we all leaned to the north, but our time had come, and in spite of all efforts we went over rattle-ty-bang-smash-crash, coach, bodies, baggage, mail, treasure box, and tools, in a heap and all in the dark. The first that I realized was that Pard was pulling me head first under some brush to get me away from the stage for fear the horses would drag it over me. The horses made a lunge forward but men were at their heads in an instant; the driver had jumped with the lines in his hands and the stage was not dragged far.

"Are you hurt" went the rounds with lightning speed, and the door of the coach was hurriedly opened to see who was hurt inside. Such a heterogeneous mass is never found anywhere but at just such a time and place. Heads, satchels, feet, baskets, limbs, bodies, and bags were so mixed up that it was very uncertain which to take hold of to the best advantage, so they were taken out in the order that they presented themselves. The coach lay on its side and the passengers had to be taken out of the door which was then on the top; it was pitch dark and the lamps of the stage were used to throw a glimmer of light on that internal mixture so difficult to extricate.

When every one was out we found no one seriously hurt, but all were bruised more or less. The woman next to me kept telling that I fell on her and hurt her, as if it were a fault of mine if I did. I finally assured her that I had not chosen the spot to fall on and I was sure her bones had broken one or more of my ribs. All the baggage in the front boot, including the treasure box, mail sacks, and case of tools, showered themselves over us in a very liberal manner. I did not feel at all slighted for want of attention in the way of bumps and bangs, but I would have taken them all cheerfully if the shrew had only bitten her tongue, but even that pleasure was denied us, and it wagged on worse than before, until we wished she would just get too sick to talk. It was a heartless wish, but with everything going wrong in a way that none could help it was the duty of every one to keep himself or herself from adding to the discomforts of others.

Pard had been ready for two hours to slide off if we did go over, and he landed on his feet, with only a strain of the muscles and a bruised ankle. Sage-brush fires were finally lighted to aid in finding and reloading various belongings and when the stage started on again most of the men walked the remaining miles to Gunnison.

"We went over with baggage, mail, treasure box, and tools"

We did not attach any blame to the driver, for he did the best that could have been done. But we did blame the owners of that toll road for our day of misery. I am not given to fault-finding without reason, for accidents will occur sometimes in spite of every caution. But in the 3000 miles of stage travel that we had had up to that time we never spent such an unhappy day, when every moment was in anticipation of disaster, or filled with the woes of others. Nothing would have tempted us to return that route to Poncha unless on horseback or afoot. Fortunately, however, we hoped to reach the railroad again by swinging around a circle to Alamosa.

Gunnison disturbers of the peace

When we drove up to the Gunnison Hotel at the witching hour of midnight I gave a quick searching glance at the house to make sure that it would stand until morning, then hastened to the quiet of our own room for a few hours of rest. How thankful we were that we had arrived there without more serious mishaps. I held my Pard at arm's length and beheld with pardonable pride that he was neither lame, halt, nor blind, and I pinched myself to make sure I was all together.

The morning opened to our view the beautiful Gunnison valley, and the town which lies almost at the juncture of the Tomichi and Gunnison rivers. For miles in every direction the ground was as flat as a table, but on the outskirts the mountains suddenly rose and encircled the valley.

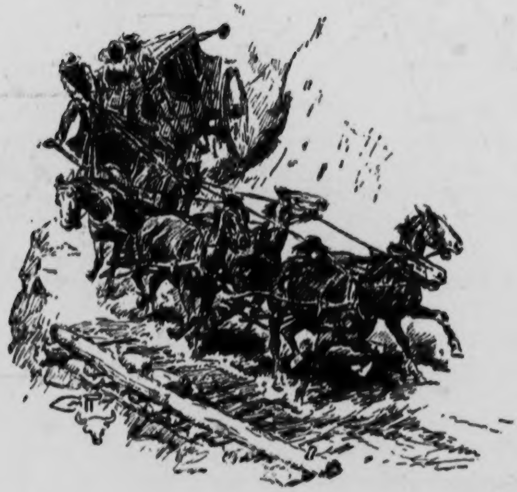
The only disturbers of the peace were one or two hundred burros that made the nights musical or "noisical" with their incessant braying when people wanted to sleep, and it was surprising how they aroused volleys of heavy exclamations that paper walls could not smother.

The valley was fertile and well watered, and camps for miles around afforded a most excellent market and good prices, and the citizens were sanguine of success and prosperity for their favored town. The first steam whistle in Gunnison valley sounded its shrill shriek the 2d day of August, 1880, and was echoed by over a hundred voices. The Gunnison country included not only Gunnison County, but all the country drained by the river of the same name and its tributaries. Gunnison City seemed destined to be a railroad centre and distributing point for miners' supplies and provisions as it was an important junction, from which many roads would emanate to the mountains, and south to the San Juan region.

Gunnison County was capable of supporting a larger population than was then in the entire State of Colorado, and its area was more than the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined. As yet the ranchmen devoted their time and attention mostly to raising hay, which was by far the most profitable of agricultural employments. By proper care in irrigation many have raised from one hundred to five hundred tons of hay that brought them from sixty to one hundred dollars per ton. The town site of Gunnison City as then laid out included about a thousand acres and offered inducements and opportunities for many branches of industry. Several sawmills were already in operation, and they dotted the country everywhere, and still there was a demand for more; the timber was plenty and of large growth. The pioneer newspaper, the *Gunnison Review*, was first issued on May 15th, edited by one Colonel Hale, and, the first copy was sold at auction for $100 to Gen. George A. Stone. There were three weekly papers in 1880 giving the local and mining news. Thus far the country promised well, and from reliable information gained there our trips to the mining camps and coal fields resulted in aiding the development of the mineral wealth then hidden in its treasure vaults.

There were three stage lines running from Gunnison to Ruby Camp, a distance of thirty miles; also stage lines to

Crested Butte, Lake City, and other towns and camps, and when we had gathered in all the knowledge we could absorb in Gunnison we wended our way on toward Irwin and Ruby Camp.



A sharp turn

CHAPTER XX

ROUGHING IT IN RUBY CAMP

WHEN leaving Gunnison the ride up along Ohio Creek was as smooth as a floor. For twenty miles or more the land was taken up for hay, and the little frontier homes, though miles apart dotted the wayside and offered hospitality to many a weary traveller. We selected the home of Mr. Edward Teachout, twelve miles from Gunnison City, as a place to rest quietly for a few days before making any further researches in the mining belt around the Ruby Camp. There were times when bodies and brains reached the limit of usage and endurance and this was one of those times. I must say, however, that Pard never stopped. Here, as elsewhere, during a temporary halt, he was up and out on a horse or afoot examining mines or forests, farming lands, or whatever the country had to show. His appetite for facts was insatiable and his energy and endurance in going after them passed my understanding.

Mrs. Teachout was a cultivated woman, and no doubt was a reigning belle in her younger days as she still retained much of her maiden beauty. Miss Fairchilds, a niece and guest from California, made a charming companion, and together we roamed the hills and fields and gathered flowers and grasses, watched the cutting and stacking of the hay, and withal enjoyed a week of quiet outdoor life that was an elixir for our regeneration. A young lady with such rare accomplishments as Miss Fairchilds possessed was a prize in that part of the country and she was truly appreciated. Such a woman on the frontier in the '70's and early '80's was like an angel from heaven.

Away on the left between Teachout ranch and the camp of Irwin was the grand Castle Rock, the most worthy of the name of many that bear the same title in the Rockies. Its peaks are many and pointed, and but for its immensity would be declared a very castle indeed. A little farther on was King's ranch, which became so noted for its comforts and discomforts the previous winter. Many people found a cold winter's night closing around them as they neared this place, and rather than risk farther progress in the stormclad hills would apply there for lodging. To every applicant would be given a royal affirmative, and as fast as he would fall asleep his blankets would be stealthily taken off and given to the next comer at one dollar per; as long as anyone came the blankets would continue to be purloined and passed along. The men would be so sound asleep that they would not know the blanket had been pulled away from them until awakened by the cold. No one ever failed to find a good fire burning to make up for the absence of the coverings, but with mercury at the freezing point or lower they cried for blankets when they were paying a dollar apiece for a bed. When some one would lose his temper over the treatment, Mr. King would finally tell him there was no promise to furnish blankets with the bed, and it became quite a saying throughout the camp for anything that was lacking to be "as scarce as King's blankets." But King and his partner kept the boys all good natured by sometimes giving up their own beds and blankets and sitting up to keep the fire blazing.

We had the top seats engaged for the drive from King's Station but a big coarse drummer, disregarding the efforts of Pard and the stage agent to put me there and notwithstanding their polite explanation that I was ill, brutally responded, "It serves her right; a woman has no business travelling in this country," and roughly forced his way to the seat. A crowd was gathering, Pard was furious, but I managed to get him inside. At the first station the drummer crawled down to stretch himself and Pard, remarking that he would now proceed to take that seat, and I should follow when the trouble was over, quickly mounted the box. The ruffian came on the run, cursing at every jump, and started to pull Pard to the ground. But he ran his face against the cold steel of a six shooter and was advised that a creature so devoid of every attribute of a gentleman would surely get his deserts if he persisted. He muttered dire vengeance while I was being elevated to the coveted perch, but the belligerents finished the journey on the same inside seat like two turtle doves. Years afterward the man recognized me in a distant State, brazenly introducing himself as the party who had so narrowly escaped being shot by my husband in the Gunnison country. Advising him that I was annoyed at his effrontery and did n't care to renew the acquaintance he turned muttering half to himself, "Well, by thunder! you 're most as nervy as the old man."

We found Ruby Camp a stirring and wide-awake place, 10,300 feet above sea-level. The only hotel or lodging house was graced by the inviting title of Ruby Home, so we were hardly prepared for the rude quarters that we found within. There was no register, and the proprietor ushered us through the office, up a narrow flight of stairs, to a room without a number, as were all the others. The room was about nine feet square, and contained a slat bedstead, covered with a thin straw tick, but no mattress.

The beautiful Gunnison Valley

In another corner was a pine stand without toilet conveniences of any kind. Glancing around the room I saw half a dozen pairs of eyes scanning us in a most exasperating manner, and the voices belonging to the eyes seemed to be talking in my very ears. The house had no semblance of a "home" inside or out; it was simply a pile of boards nailed up in the shape of a house with only plain, rough board partitions that had shrunken apart so far that there was absolutely no privacy in the room. Lifting my eyes from the hypnotic gaze of those already peering at us through the openings we saw that even those rough boards between the rooms were raised but a few inches above our heads.

Pard dispatched himself to get a hammer and tacks and came back bringing also a pail of water and a tin basin. He had asked the man in charge of the combination barroom and office where I could go to wash off the heavy dust and had been told I could go "over there" indicating with his thumb turned backward that I could go to the same place where a dozen or more miners were "washing up" for supper in a small hole in the wall under the stairs. Pard declined the suggestion to make my toilet in that spot and immediately got busy hunting some facilities for our room. He had to buy the basin and pail, but the man did give him a little ten or twelve inch towel. But we always carried our own towels and soap.

What newspapers we could find, together with wraps and wearing apparel not in use, were tacked on the walls to cover the openings into other rooms and shut out the inspection of inquisitive neighbors. On one side was a doctor's office, on the other was a couple belonging to a variety troupe, and more of the same kind were across the hall, and in fact the house was pretty full of hard characters of a class which frequent mining camps.

The rain descended in torrents all the afternoon and confined us indoors; the roof leaked and everybody had to skirmish about and care for his belongings and hunt a dry corner. There was a sunny spot in it all for us as Pard came up bringing an old college friend who had become interested in a mine there and who related his tenderfoot experiences in a most amusing way. It was not only amusing to us, but the chuckles that came from the other side of partitions revealed the presence of others who were also entertained.

What a rude anchorage that was. Never before or since have we been in a mining camp with rougher and more unsightly environs than in the camps of Irwin and Ruby. The stumps were not yet cleared away and the virgin soil was bottomless, not a board to walk on anywhere, not a place in the great woods where one could have an hour alone. Everywhere the prospector was digging for gold and the "yellow fever" was as contagious as that of the Sunny South, and often as fatal in its financial results.

As night came on bands began to play, and the most popular dance hall was the one towards which our only window opened.

The sounds from the Bacchanalian hall floated through the room until the small hours of the night were well on and we were at a point akin to suicide. From our room we could see the stars through the roof, the trees and the beautiful scenery through the side walls, and by looking in another direction could watch the changes of fortunes at the gambling tables, and the beautiful glide of the undulating, delicious waltz.

Irwin was the supply town for some three thousand people, and fully that many got their mail at that post-office. Mr. Soule, the postmaster, appointed the January previous when the camp first opened up, had made many solicitations that Pard write up the mines and the country's prospects for the Union Pacific's advertising publications.

"The house had no semblance of a home inside or out"

Mr. Soule's hopes for the camp were so sure that he had remained there all winter with his cabin sixteen feet under snow, with a stairway of snow and ice leading up to daylight. A prospector coming up the mountain on snowshoes one day suddenly saw a man appear before him in a way we used to read about in fairy stories. The stranger inquired the way to Irwin, and when told that he was above the town he wanted to know how far back he would have to go to reach the post-office. Mr. Soule told him that he would not have to go back far, but about sixteen feet under, and bade the stranger follow him and they disappeared in the hole in the snow. Mr. Soule spent most of his time making snowshoes which he sold at $8 per pair, and in the spring he put the money into town lots, which he bought at $10 apiece. In the summer following the same lots were selling at from $1000 to $8000 each. He also whittled out 168 boxes for the post-office with his penknife, and a large case of pigeon holes for the general delivery. The scales for the post-office were composed of two tin plates suspended by wires from an old broom, and the cross-bar on which they balanced was simply a small knife-blade, while the weights were bits of metal. The mail was delivered that summer through a hole in the window to the outside, because the office was too small to admit the crowd, and it was an interesting sight to look across the street when the miners came in at night, and see the masses waiting for news of home and friends.

The primitive candle was the only illuminator, for coal oil was a dollar and a half a gallon, making it too much of a luxury for common use. Every drink over the bar cost the imbiber twenty-five cents in money, to say nothing of the days of life it curtailed. No cigar was sold for less than the proverbial two bits, and the till of the tobacco vender was always full.

They told the story of a tobacco famine that spring when the supply had run out, and the wholesale order had been long overdue. Such a miserable set of men I suppose is seldom seen. An eye-witness told me that a man walking along the street would put his hands in every pocket from one to three times in going the length of a block, besides asking every man he met for "a chew." The request would be answered with an agonizing look indicating that he was "dying for a chew" himself, and without a word and only a woebegone shake of the head he would pass on.

In all mining camps men bunch together and cook for themselves, either taking a turn about or having one of their number do it all, and then share equally in whatever the others can find in prospecting. They would live that way for five or six dollars a week, but otherwise it was from twelve to fifteen dollars a week and upward according to distance from base of supplies.

There were seventy-five business buildings in Irwin, but they were built on the same helter-skelter plan as the hotel; they made a cover for the merchandise and that answered the purpose for the time.

The mines, of course, were the all-absorbing attractions, and they were indeed rich and tempting to the poor man as well as to the capitalist. A majority of the mines of Colorado, it is estimated, are named after women and children. The earnest affection which so many mining men feel for their families, the desperate efforts which they make to attain wealth, often sacrificing the present for the uncertain future, is well typified in the names given to their properties. It may be well imagined that when a man names his mine the Emma, that Emma is his wife's or his sweetheart's name and that he is fighting the world for Emma's dear sake. Many a miner has sat over his campfire on a bleak night, while his heart was filled with thoughts of his wife and children. The sunny hopes and the dark fears which cluster about the names of mines are many. When a man names a claim "The Only Hope" or "The Bottom Dollar," there is doubtless more pathos than humor in the association which suggests it, although the title usually calls a smile to the lips of the uninitiated. The names were probably suggestive to those who risked their little all with small prospect of return.

The most famous mine in Ruby Camp, however, was the Forest Queen, 250 feet above Irwin and overlooking the town from the head of Coal Creek. The surface cropping was at places a thousand feet long and from seventy-five to a hundred feet wide, while at the beginning the pay streak was three and a half feet, and in places had widened to eight feet. The returns received of one carload of ore was 619 ounces of silver to the ton.

There were several kinds of silver formations in other mines there as well as the Forest Queen. The ruby silver, so rare in other parts of Colorado, ran plentifully through these mines and the ore was a rich ruby hue in spots. The brittle silver had more the appearance of lead and was scattered through the ruby ore and in some of the richer specimens they were bound together by the dainty fibres of wire silver. Any one of these varieties were largely pure silver. This mine had paid upwards of $200 net per foot for every foot sunk. The owners were such well-known men as Col. D. C. Dodge, of the D. &. R. G. Railway, George M. Pullman, of palace-car fame, Gen. J. W. Palmer, president of the D. &. R. G. Railway, and R. W. Woodbury, proprietor of the Denver *Daily Times*.

While waiting for Pard to come out of a prospect hole that he was investigating, I was entertained by Supt. S. R. T. Lindley of the Goodenough Mining Co., who evidently thought I was the greenest kind of a pilgrim, as he related to me the following incident:

Spectre Monument

"I crossed the country from Missouri to California in '49. I started with five wagons and eight oxen to each wagon, plenty of provisions and $3500 in money. I had to fight Indians and Mormons all the way across the plains and they finally stole nearly all my stock and grub, and so I burned all my wagons but one. When I reached South Pass in Wyoming I had been living on mule meat for nine days and was about starved. There I found a man just ready to eat his dinner, and I saw before him a plate of well-cooked beans. They looked mighty good to me and I began by offering him $5 for his plate of beans, then on to $50, $100, $200, $500, but still he refused to share with me, so I drew my roll of bills from my belt, and slapping down two $500 bills on the table before him I gathered the beans from him and left. I tell you, Mrs. S., those were hard days to travel, but the Mormons gave me more trouble than the Indians did, by far."

I expressed my sympathy and thanks as well as I could and preserve proper decorum, for my risibles were fast gaining the mastery, and I made my escape. I came back to our fantastically draped room and swung the window back on its hinges to the wall to catch a glimpse of my face in the little mirror and see if I did look so verdant as to believe such a story, and then sat down to ponder over it. His animals were all *oxen*, but just the same he lived on mule meat nine days; he paid out $500 bills long before they were issued by our government, and fought more

Mormons than Indians four years previous to the first Mormon outbreak, as it was not until '53 that they gave any trouble to overland travellers.

On the bank of Brennan Lake above the town there stood the fine residence of Richard Irwin, a noted mountaineer, after whom the camp was named. In spite of the altitude of Irwin the mountains rise around it in emerald heights over a thousand feet, and rich forests extend almost to the tops that will make the buzz of the saw resound for many years.

One of the largest feathers in the cap of the Centennial State was the finding of large beds of anthracite coal. Three miles from Irwin, down Anthracite Creek, were 1000 acres of anthracite coal cropping out all over the surface. A tunnel had been run in fifty feet and the vein found to be seven and eight feet thick, with the indications that it would run from fifty to a hundred feet, and the largest vein in Pennsylvania is only thirty feet thick. Coal exposed here for ages was as bright and solid as it could be.

Eight miles east of Irwin was Crested Butte, connected with the former and also directly with Gunnison City by stage. In all probability it expected to be the terminus of the railroad, as the road bed could run at a water grade over the range into the limits of the town by any one of the four passes—Cottonwood, Alpine, Monarch, or Marshall. It was not so near the rich mining district, but it was a thousand feet lower, and would be the home of the miners and the officials of mines and railways. There were openings into the valley from all directions, and it was the natural home and supply town for the surrounding camps.

As might be guessed from the above showing of a possible great railway centre, my first venture in real estate in a mining camp was at Crested Butte. Then after my paying taxes on the lots for several years the Denver and Rio Grande pushed into the town and occupied the ground until it thought it had a better right to the property than I had. The company surely had possession and I was miles away, and they still have it. I am no longer paying taxes on it, although they never bought it.

Eight miles farther east was the little camp of Gothic, with its Sylvanite mine. Masses of ore weighing from one hundred to five hundred pounds literally studded with ruby, native and wire silver, were taken from the mine almost daily. Ingots of nearly pure silver, weighing from half a pound to a pound and a half had also been taken out. Two sacks of ore at the mine, weighing eighty-five pounds each, contained $800 worth of silver each, and twelve tons then ready for shipment would average $3500 per ton. The mine produced some of the most beautiful cabinet specimens of any in the State.

These were developments which it was believed would astonish the mining world and attract more attention during 1881 than residents could imagine. The Gunnison country was no longer a wilderness "out of the world" of which capital need be timid for stage lines ran to and through nearly all districts.

In later years when our steam train rolled gaily along through Gunnison en route to Salt Lake we were indulging in memories of our stage experiences through there and commenting on the luxurious comforts of our Pullman car when, without warning, an engine came at rapid speed after us and plunged into our car, tearing off the rear platform and doing much injury to our train. My first thought was that the train was attacked by bandits for we came to such a quick halt. I had just retired and, though stunned from the concussion, I felt the sensation that I had been shot in the head and expected to find my hand bathed in my own blood when I took it from my head, but it was dry. The window was not broken and yet there was such a scampering and running through the aisle that my worst fears, aside from being shot, seemed confirmed and I began looking out for Pard, who had been standing in the passage way. He had been thrown down with others and made a toboggan slide to the other end of the car, but was not badly hurt, although he came up rubbing various bruised places, and told me a wild engine had struck us and bounded right back, not coming on again to see what the damage was.

Arriving in Salt Lake our car was found to be split almost from end to end, and it was considered a marvellous escape that it did not fall apart on the winding precipices of Black Canyon.

CHAPTER XXI

LAKE CITY AND WAGON WHEEL GAP. ALAMOSA AND THE ROYAL GORGE

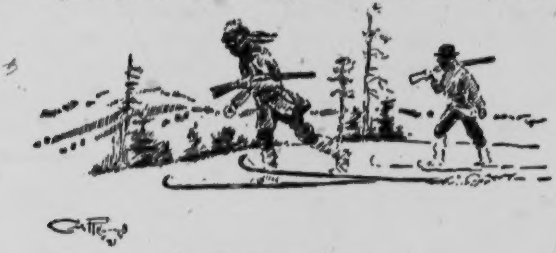
Ready for the trail

FROM Ruby Camp back to Gunnison, thence to Lake City, our only travelling companions in the stage were another man and his wife, who were exceedingly anxious to reach their destination. The road was in a distressful condition. The anticipation of a railroad and a hurry to make money had left the road full of chuckholes and perilous places. The poor little woman began to be very ill and never did man's eyes glow with more loving solicitude than did the distressed husband's. We hurried the driver with all possible speed to the next station where we left the young wife a happy mother of a new born babe.

We spent several days in Lake City entertained at the home of Col. Henry C. Olney, who was then editor of the *Lake City Herald*. Pard and Mr. Olney made trips to Silverton and Ouray looking up statistics and conditions for new railroads. A fine pair of twin babies had come to make the Olney home an Elysium of joy, and now that they are grown to manhood and womanhood they are filling all the promises of their tender years. They are now married and rearing families of their own in the glorious state of Washington. Colonel Olney had left a position on the *Rocky Mountain News* to try his fortune in the new

Gunnison gold fields where towns rise and fall in a night with the news of richer prospects farther on. When news comes of a rich strike and the local lodes are disappointing, then the hammers and saws get into active service, tents come down, goods are loaded, horses are brought in, harnessed and saddled, busy wives gather the children and belongings, and a hamper of food, and by the time day comes again the sun shines on only a few stragglers who hope to subsist and perhaps profit on the pickings of the deserted camp. It is a sad but oft-repeated struggle for the one who can not resist the charm of possibility, the hope of much for little, calculating not on the actual percentage of successful ones, and believing the next victory may be his. The hunger for gold in a mine is a disease more contagious than measles, and once in the blood it is seldom, if ever, eradicated.

From Lake City to Wagon Wheel Gap was one of those never-to-be-forgotten trips that were occasionally sandwiched into our unusual experiences. According to expectation, we were bundled into the coach at the unseasonable hour of half past five A.M. Leaving Lake City we were soon jolting along up Slum Gullion Gulch over the corduroy road, bumpety bump, bump. The driver was a cross, surly old fellow who had a good word for no one.



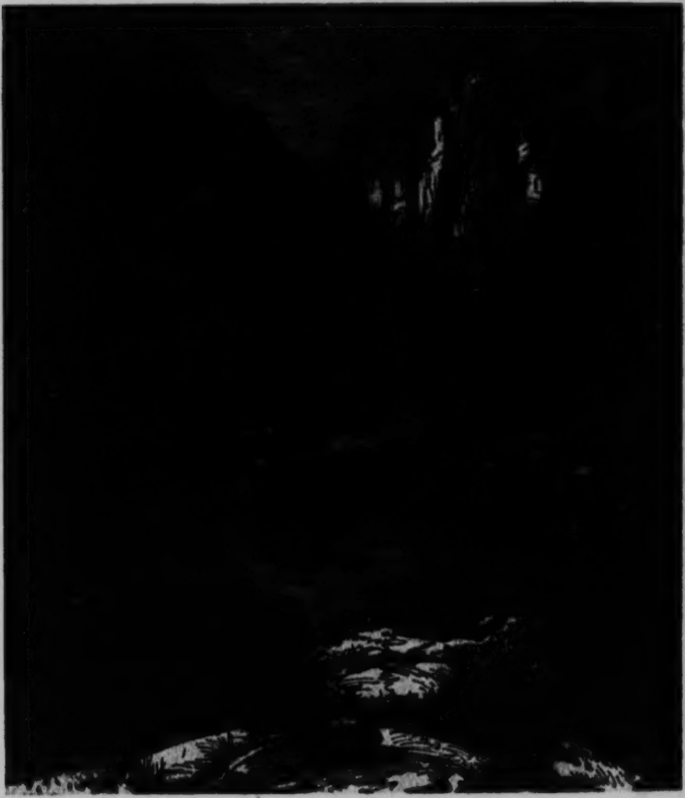
Hunting on skees.

When Pard engaged our seats at the stage office he was told some of the peculiarities of the driver for that day, and among other things he was said to be a confirmed "woman hater," and that the outside seat with him might not be pleasant for me. Pard insisted that I should have it as there were five or six men booked for the inside, making the choice, if there was any, in favor of sharing the driver's seat. In spite of his frowns and cursing the horses as he drove up for us, I determined to try his society and keep in the fresh air.

The six white horses were full of ginger until they came to the steady pull up the mountain, and then the heartless fellow laid on the lash. He did not want a woman outside, and he determined to sicken me of my bargain and make me glad to go under cover. He drove like fury over that twenty miles of corduroy road, and more than two thirds of the time I balanced between heaven and earth, clinging to the straps and iron bar at the end of the seat with a tenacity of a life and death effort. He would venture within a hair's breadth of going off the bridges and turn out to the very edge of a precipice, as well as doing other stunts that led me to believe the man was crazy as well as queer. I knew he was trying to make me scream with fright, which I as stubbornly refused to do.

Beyond a long swinging curve was a down grade of a mile, and with a yell and a flourish of his whip the driver urged his horses to a dead run. The six passengers on the inside had to hang on for dear life, and every half minute the lumbering stage seemed bound to go over the cliff. I could hear the men on the inside being thrown about like bags of sand, and the epithets that emerged from there proved to me they were glad a woman was not there to check their wrath against our jehu. That he kept going and did not give them a chance to get out was all that saved him from a thrashing. Once, after a very close call for a tipover, the driver growled that it was lucky that we did not hit a rock that time, or we would have been food for the bears.

At last he became wearied of his efforts to make me demonstrate my fear, and ventured the remark, "Well, I guess you 've been on a stage before, for you don't seem to scare very easy." I was boiling with indignation and fear but I swallowed hard again and managed to tell him that I had been on a stage *once* before, but I did not have a grizzly bear for a driver, so I was really enjoying a new and novel experience. He actually grinned, showed a fine row of teeth, and gave a big grunt, much as the beast he had been likened to. My answer to him had been just what he needed and it mellowed him surprisingly. He had, of course, expected tears and remonstrances, but this straight shot at his armor weakened him, and where he had only given a jerky monosyllabic "yes" or "no" to questions heretofore, he became exceedingly loquacious and told me many interesting tales of the locality, as only a stage driver can. But I was only too glad to reach the dinner station at an altitude of 10,780 feet above sea-level, and the end of many hundred thousand feet, as it had seemed to me, of corduroy road. It was a bouncing ride such as I would not want to repeat, and if he kept up his habit of trying to scare people he doubtless met the fate he deserved.



Gate of Ladore, Colorado River.

The man who handled the ribbons after dinner was not only a saner man, but a gentleman, although his language had degenerated to the vernacular of his later associates—a man who had been prominent in Eastern railroad affairs, but through adverse fortune was now buried on this wild stretch of road, hidden from all his old associates, who knew not his whereabouts. But he was a great, goodnatured whip who used to know "Tommy Kimball" (meaning Thomas L. Kimball, General Manager of the Union Pacific Railway Co.) down in Pennsylvania. "We used to do railroadin' together down there," he said, "but he has kept at it and done well, and I went off into Old Mexico and went to drivin' stage and have kept at it now nigh on to twenty-six years. Tom was allers a mighty good fellar, and if he ever comes out here broke and wantin' a job, he can just have my sit, sure as you 're born."

He also added, for our benefit, that the driver we had that forenoon "was a cuss that was n't worth livin'." He heard him bragging round the barn about how he tried to scare a woman all the way up the gulch, and added that "a lot of our drivers 'll scare a d——d sight quicker than she would and she just had a good time, 'peared like. Leastwise she never said she was a bit scared and did n't yell a once." Then he went on to tell other things about our morning driver that showed it was not always a woman whom he vented his venom on. "He tried to skeer a man to death here a spell back, and he generally does scare folks pretty bad.

"He came out to take his run one morning and looking over the passengers selected a small, pale-faced man, and invited him to climb up beside him. While the pale-faced man was mounting to the front boot the driver whispered to the rest of his passengers and said: 'I picked him out to skeer him to death, and I 'll bet I 'll do it.'

"When they struck that corduroy road—it 's mighty steep down one side you know, and that bridge over the creek ain't got no railin' on it—Jake just laid on the whip. When he run close to the edge of the precipice the pale-faced man coolly told him that he was only about four inches from the edge that time, and old Jake just kept on trying to do mean things, but the man never lost a puff of his cigar.

"Three or four miles farther on the driver tried his man with another curve. In his determination to make a close call of it one wheel ran off the edge of the precipice, and only a sudden effort of the horses saved the coach; the passengers inside were flung in a heap and frightened half to death.

"Finally Jake asked the fellar if he wanted to drive plumb over the precipice that was a thousand feet high, and he was pretty nigh knocked off his seat himself, when the fellar told him that he had come West to die, and it made no difference to him how quick he did it. It just knocked the sand out o' Jake for once, and I ain't heard of his doin' nothin' of that kind since 'til to-day.

"I guess some woman must a done him 'long back and he feels sort o' spiteful against 'em all, but he had a lot o' good things to say 'bout the one he brought up to-day." And with a chuckle he added, "O, Jake 's all right, he ain't all bad, but he orto die."

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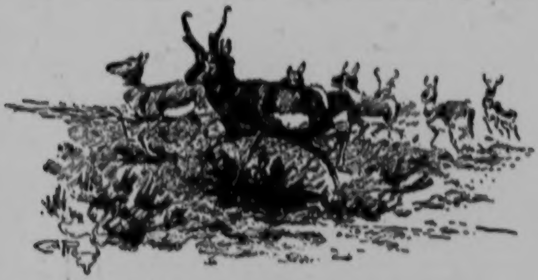
Wagon Wheel Gap

We reached Wagon Wheel Gap, fifty-five miles southeast of Lake City, at three o'clock in the afternoon. We found mine host McClelland of the Wagon Wheel hotel, with his carriage at the stage office ready to convey us to the Hot Springs Hotel, about a mile distant. Here there is a hot sulphur spring, elliptical in shape, about ten by twenty feet across the top; it shoots up, not in little bubbles, but in columns, at a temperature of 114 degrees Fahrenheit; by the side of the main sulphur hot spring is a cold soda spring, so close that you can almost dip cold water with one hand, while dipping hot water with the other.

While the hotel was not large there were good accommodations for fifty guests. No hotel in Colorado set a better table than this little McClelland house. A billiard hall, croquet grounds, swings, a piano, and plenty of reading matter were afforded the seekers of health or pleasure, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. McClelland spared any pains in making their guests comfortable, happy, and contented.

Fishing and hunting were extraordinarily good. White-tailed deer, elk, wild-cats, mountain lions, antelope, jack-rabbits, mountain sheep, besides grouse, ducks, geese, and various other attractions for the sportsmen were plenty. The angler was enveloped in a halo of bliss as he readily landed the gamiest of mountain trout weighing from half a pound to four and five pounds. The best hunting and fishing was in September and October. The springs are only sixty-five miles from Alamosa, and the Sanderson Stage Company ran a morning and evening coach, making the time in ten hours.



A herd of antelope scenting danger

Four Scotch scientists, after visiting all the American mineral springs, pronounced these of the greatest value they had found. Upward of three thousand people had been there that summer. There were large specimen beds of chalcedony crystals and petrified wood to be found within easy walking distance of the springs hotel, and other beautiful specimens of less value.

Wagon Wheel Gap was on the main stage line between

Alamosa and Lake City, and derived its name from the finding of a wagon wheel in a narrow gap through which the wagon road and the Rio Grande River pass. The wheel is said to have been left there by General Fremont's party in 1853.

We spent a charming week at this delightful place. The baths, the pleasing draughts, rides, walks, and merry talks made us exuberant in spirits and joyous in heart. We left there with the fond hope that we might soon return, but we have never been back to renew the happy times we have cherished.

We left the Gap about eight o'clock one beautiful morning with every prospect of a pleasant day. The sky was cloudless, and the stage passengers were especially agreeable. But the clouds gathered, as clouds will, and before the day was half gone they had favored us with a bounteous supply of condensed vapor. I am at a loss how to express the beauty of the rainbow that followed the storm and its strange effects. It seemed to start from the middle of the road in advance of us, and arched over the hills in dazzling kaleidoscopic grandeur. The nearer we approached it the brighter were the hues. The childish story so often heard in younger days of the pot of gold that could be found where the rainbow kissed the ground came vividly to mind. Nearer and nearer we advanced till the horses' ears were colored, then like a flash we were baptized in its radiance and it was left behind.

Twenty miles from the Gap, or about forty miles from Alamosa, and within ten miles of Del Norte we entered the famous San Luis valley, which is the most remarkable park in the West. It is supposed to be the bed of what was once an inland sea and there are many evidences of it throughout this section.

In the northern part it is broken and hilly with an altitude of over 8000 feet, but it gradually flattens out its entire length until it is as level as an Illinois prairie. On the west are the snowy peaks of the San Juan range and on the east the white crest of the continental divide in the Sangre de Cristo range. Across the southern portion of the park is a low divide separating it from the Rio Grande valley.

Thus the park is a vast reservoir which receives the waters of hundreds of mountain streams, many of which are swollen into rivers of goodly size and form the group of San Luis lakes; but here the mystery of Great Salt Lake has its counterpart for this great basin has no visible outlet. Unlike the Salt Lake valley, however, this one is fertile and rich, especially along the streams and foot of the mountains, all hardy cereals and vegetables grow to perfection. The foothills and minor valleys were covered with rich grass that afforded pasturage for thousands of cattle and sheep.

Entirely around the edge of the valley, as if affording the mountains a footstool, runs a smooth glasis resembling the sea beach as it looks at the junction of land and sea.

The immensity of the mountains of the great San Juan country is beyond compare. There are a hundred and twenty peaks in that small section of southwestern Colorado that are over 13,000 feet high, and the waters of the world seem to spring from these snowy beds in midair and come tumbling down the rugged stairways of the mountainsides.

Alamosa had been the terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, but the iron bands now reached seventy-five miles beyond to Garland, and the line was about to be put into operation. The railroad company erected machine shops and other improvements and business was

A San Juan trail

prosperous, and for that winter at least, Alamosa was *the* city of southwestern Colorado.

Next morning we boarded one of those little palace day coaches of the Rio Grande road at Alamosa, to journey north and west again to Leadville, and with a good comfortable fire crackling cheerily in one end of the car we settled down in the richly cushioned seats for the day. The Denver and Rio Grande Company declared it possible for a narrow gauge to run wheresoever the human mind willed. The curious windings of this road around Veta Pass should be seen by every tourist. He should take a position on the rear platform of the car in making the trip from Alamosa to the little town of Veta, the last stop before reaching the famous muleshoe. One is filled with admiration for the master brain that leads such work of art and science to perfect completion. At times the engine and rear car stood almost side by side, the wheels creaked and groaned as the curves were safely rounded, and the long steep ascent began. Zigzag, around and across, and before you can cease to wonder at the mighty task, you can look almost straight down 500 feet to the track you have just left. Suddenly another turn is quickly made, and on and up goes the brave little iron horse 2369 feet in fourteen miles. At the last abrupt turn or second muleshoe the road doubles on itself for two or three miles, and a well-beaten trail plainly indicated where many had jumped from the train and crossed over the mountain on foot to catch the

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The Royal Gorge

cars again on the other side. The trains run around the pass very slowly, and that morning almost as quickly as our eyes discovered the trail our feet were upon it too. We strolled leisurely along and gathered our arms full of wild cypress, daisies, and blue-bells, and by a short cut reached the track half a mile below just in time to see our train swing around the curve two miles above, and at times it did seem as if the cars would jump right over the engine. The great black horse came down to us grunting and panting with self pride as if expecting a complimentary caress.

At Pueblo, 130 miles northeast of Alamosa, we had dinner, and changed cars for the Leadville division of the Rio Grande running through Canyon City, and within a few miles entered the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. The canyon proper extends to the station called South Arkansas, sixty-three miles from the entrance near Canyon City. The hills were low at first, but gradually became rugged and wild until the mighty grandeur was appalling. Thousands of feet, almost perpendicular, the massive walls of stone formed the Royal Gorge and the walls grew nearer together until the road-bed was no longer resting on rocky buttresses, but on a suspension bridge swung out over the waters for the track to rest upon through the narrow passage.

The awful grandeur holds one entranced, while the insignificance of man seems forced upon the mind by the comparison, and the wonder is that we are ever worthy of such special care by our Heavenly Father. We beheld His mighty works on every hand in which man is the merest speck. One great beauty of this canyon is the rich, deep, and varied coloring of the rocks. The lichen in the crevices of the massive walls struggle for existence. The rose-tinted vines, and now and then a scrubby pine of rich green, form the whole scene into one vast panorama of beauty of which artists can give but a meagre expression.

We reached South Arkansas at half past six—in good time for supper. We had made the grand round from this point and consumed many weeks on the trip. Many passengers left the train here for Poncha Springs, or to try their fortunes in the famous Gunnison. This South Arkansas station had been our place of starting into the Gunnison country, in the late summer days, and now we were safely back again. Swinging around the circle of mountain roads by stage and riding on the second highest railroad in the land, we had come to the welding of the circle, then after another brief stop we tossed back our good-night in a snowball from Colorado's miracle town of Leadville.

CHAPTER XXII

BUENA VISTA AND LEADVILLE

THE only place of importance between South Arkansas and Leadville was Buena Vista, which was so long the terminus of the South Park and Rio Grande railways. The town was at the junction of the Arkansas River and Cottonwood Creek, in a very pretty valley, surrounded by frowning mountains, dotted with tall cottonwood trees that afforded a shade seldom found in the mountain valleys. The principal attraction, outside of business advantages, was the Cottonwood hot springs, six miles west of the town. The water of these springs had proven an excellent specific for blood poisoning.

Buena Vista had its newspapers, its board of trade, and its banks, and was, in fact, a wide-awake, stirring little town. The South Park and Denver and Rio Grande Railroad companies had a bitter rivalry in their efforts to reach Leadville, but a compromise was finally made and a common track was used from Buena Vista to the city of gold and silver. A. G. Smith, heretofore mentioned, had been promoted from Alkali Station in Nebraska to the joint ticket agency here for the two roads.

Our party was delayed in Buena Vista by lost baggage and Pard returned to Pueblo, where he found the trunks all properly checked, but stored away in the baggage-room. The conversation between himself and the baggageman has never been made public.

While Pard was on the baggage hunt the rest of our party were domiciled with Mr. Smith's mother. She was a dear old soul and has been kind as a mother to me since I first met her in Omaha in 1879. She was then making her first trip West to her boy, who was station agent in that little God-forsaken station of Alkali in Nebraska. The station is now called Antelope and has acquired some little excuse to live; but Alkali then was all its name implied, with the section house, depot with a few living-rooms attached, and sage-brush full of tree rattlesnakes that coiled in shiny gray rings, in glistening harmony with the sheer white of the poison earth and pearl gray sage trees, and that was all there was to Alkali.

Fresh from a good home in Pittsburg to such desolation would destroy the heart and life of almost any woman but a mother or a bride. She has earned her dear little vine-covered cottage in southern California and as she nears her ninety years she is full of activity, wit, and humor, and with the same expansive love and generosity for her associates that was so prominent in her younger days.

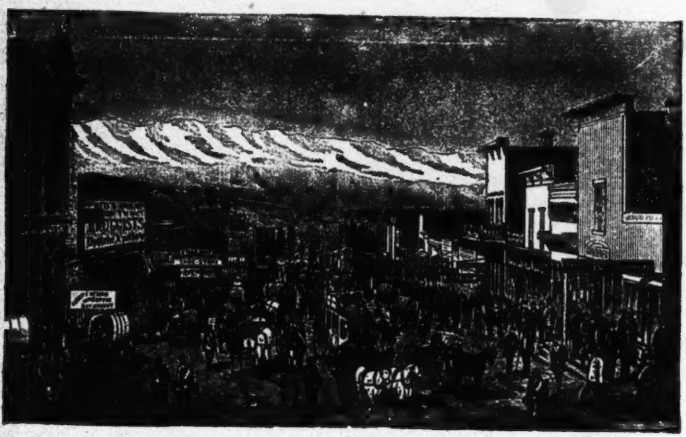
To Leadville in its early days

The ride from Buena Vista to Leadville, where the rails were being rapidly pushed on to the land of promise, was one to be remembered. The stage was loaded to the limit with all kinds of humanity; some seemed to be fairly clinging on by their eyebrows and there was much scuffling on the outside, even fighting for something to cling to, that they might be speeded on to the goal.

The famous camp of Leadville had already become a city of 30,000 people, though it was not yet two years old. The old deserted camp of Oro, with its sudden bursting into the lime-light with 10,000 people in 1865, was all there was on the map to guide one to the location of the great new gold field. Such an inflation into the realm of citydom was worthy of being called the eighth wonder of the world.

We went trundling into this metropolis on the top of a dingy stage-coach, dusty, begrimed, and weary, but were soon lost in the most conglomerate host of people that had ever assembled on American soil. We were glad to get through alive and without accident to the Clarendon Hotel.

Old California Gulch or Oro, with its bits of shining gold sluiced from the pans, was not thought of in the same breath with this bustling younger sister town. Leadville was the magic word that drew thousands of people into the vortex of dissipation, vice, and plunder, and the few who would be honest had a struggle never dreamed of. The fabulous wealth of its hills was irresistible to those who were not immune to the chase of fortune in its sparkling vaults, and many other camps were entirely deserted and moved bodily to this great throbbing centre of gold seekers.



Chestnut Street, Leadville, in boom times

We were drawn into the maelstrom of humanity just to see what it was like and to visit some of the best mines. There was no need of Pard's services in writing up that section, which was already so widely known to the whole world, and railroads were pushing to the goal with all possible speed. But he did send some long descriptive letters to the New York *World* upon request.

The early part of the day, when the debauchees were sleeping and the miners were at work, one could get about the streets very comfortably and with a degree of safety as well, but the early afternoon brought out the musicians again, with harps, dulcimers, cornets, bugles, accordions, concertinas, sounding boards, brass bands, hurdy-gurdy and rattling bones, to say nothing of the gentler mandolin, violin, and other more alluring soft-stringed instruments, whose discords or melodies filled the air. Then the sleeping populace awoke to a renewed carnival of vice and folly. The miner's day came to an end and he joined in the avalanche of humanity swarming the streets. At night the highways were illuminated to the glare of day, business houses were ablaze with light, and barrooms were never closed. Millionaire and beggar, vagabond and priest, good and bad, saint and sinner, nudged one another's elbows in the swaying crowd and fought their way through with gentleness or strength, according to the bully that was in them.

The wealth poured in from the hills was poured out again upon the populace and every enterprise prospered for a time, from the bootblack and scrubwoman up through the category of vocations both good and bad.

It was from this pot pouri that H. A. W. Tabor came forth into the world of affairs. His long, swarthy hair, flowing black mustache, and beady eyes, his broad slouch hat and loose hanging clothes, and a mouth full of tobacco and bad English made him a figure upon the streets of Leadville and Denver never to be effaced. Mr. Tabor was but a small merchant when Leadville opened up to commerce, and for $17.50 he outfitted some prospectors for a third of what they should find; it took but a few days for them to open the great ore vein on Fryer Hill and Tabor burst from a wingless worm to a flying centaur almost in the wink of an eye.

Under his flowing locks lurked egotism and vanity as handmaids of his ignorance, yet it was said his flattering intrigues, backed by his shining gold, bartered and tricked his way into the gubernatorial chair and the United States Senate and made Colorado the laughing stock of our whole realm. From the Nation's Capitol he flaunted his $500 silk nightshirts, while in Colorado his scandalous divorce proceedings excited the ire of respectability. The wife who had shared his poverty and been his helpmeet in adversity was not the one with whom he wanted to share his fleeting riches, and the Colorado courts gave him his way.

But he did some things to redeem himself in the public eye in the building of the Tabor Block, the Tabor Grand Opera House, and the Windsor Hotel in days when Denver needed such institutions exceedingly.

Many stories were told on Mr. Tabor and one of the best ones occurred on a railroad train en route east from Denver. Several card sharks had been trying for several hours to engage him in a game of poker, and suspecting a snare he would only play "seven up." At last one of the party exclaimed how much he wished he was playing poker with the hand just dealt. "Well," said Mr. Tabor, "if you will give me that queen on the table we will make a jackpot of this deal." The burly Jew who had proposed the change was more than delighted, and round and round went the betting until every one in the car grew excited and watched the jackpot grow, and when at last the call was made the excited Jew threw down his four kings and reached for the pile of gold. Then Mr. Tabor cried, "Hold on, don't be so sure my friend, that gold is mine," and he laid down four aces. The Jew was dumbfounded, as he had staked his all on the sup-

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"Then the sleeping populace awoke to a renewed carnival of vice and folly"

position that Mr. Tabor held the four queens, and in an agonized voice cried out, "But mein Gott in Himmel, Mr. Tabor, vat has de kveen to do mit four azes?"

Mr. Tabor's life of wealth was like a whirlwind that spent itself in haste, leaving him penniless as before the Leadville boom, and though he could have written millions where the Puget Sound man wrote his thousands, yet he kissed his last coin as the other man did his twenty-dollar bill that was received a short time ago at the Dexter Horton Bank in Seattle, and across the face of which was written: "This is the end of a Klondyke find which netted one hundred thousand dollars; good-bye old bill, and tell the next fellow who gets you to beware of wine and women." That Mr. Tabor died without money and with but few friends is but the fate of thousands whose cyclonic lives shoot up like a rocket and are lost forever in the maelstrom of dissipation and excesses.

We sat in the hotel window and watched the masses of humanity moving along the streets. It was like a rolling sea of heads moving like a huge serpent along the great thoroughfares. Some were singing, some cursing, and some with stern, set faces, as if they had thrown their last dice and lost. Its gay debaucheries were from sun to sun, but from the setting to the rising, using the whole night, which was all too short for their loud revelries.

We were glad to slip into a carriage for a drive to Mt. Massive Soda Springs. The boulevard drive was a happy surprise and a great credit to the highest town in the world. The hotel at the springs was kept by a man who was his own housekeeper, and no woman could have found fault with the immaculate condition from his kitchen to his roof.

Desiring to return to Denver on the South Park route we had to first stage it for forty miles, via Mosquito Pass, then we boarded a beautiful new chair car, that was a delight to every one. The hospitable managers of the Clarendon Hotel had tendered us a fine basket lunch when we left them in the early morning, and once in the bright new car we lost no time in spreading out the delicacies. Everything was so agreeable in glistening newness about us that it gave an additional zest to our appetites. Among other things we had a can of chicken, which, with many flourishes of a great chef, Pard proceeded to open. But alack!

and alas! as soon as the blade penetrated the tin the chicken did the rest, and it flew all over that fine new car. Fortunately there were but few passengers aside from our own party, but it was difficult work to rid ourselves and the car of that terrible baptism.

Pard implored me to find a bottle of cologne for the other passengers while the good work went on. An old German, who was immensely agitated with the ludicrous side of the catastrophe, went out on the platform where he could give way to his loud ha ha's as he rocked his body to and fro with laughter. Surely no one had an appetite for lunch that day, and everything was dumped out of the window, while Pard, to this day, will squirm at the mention of canned meats.

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Pack train loaded for the mines

When in Leadville again some months later the mushroom growth was rapidly falling away. The large class of villains and bulldozers who flock to new camps were leaving for pastures new, and their places were filled with solid business men and capitalists who worked a radical change in business methods and society. The hasty rude cabins and business stands were being replaced by solid stone or brick business blocks, and the steady strides of real prosperity were visible in every direction. The pleasant homes indicated not decline, but a permanent and successful mercantile and mining centre.

The endless mineral wealth towered mountain high around the town. The nature of the mines differed largely from the Gunnison and San Juan, inasmuch as the latter were all fissure veins, while around Leadville the ore deposits were an immense flat bed of carbonates resembling the deep black or dark soil as seen so common in the Eastern States. These beds are sometimes a dozen miles long, and have been found over a hundred miles long and three or four miles wide, and often fifteen or more feet deep. The ore is covered with a stratum of porphyry rock, or iron and sand in thickness varying from thirty to one hundred and thirty feet. This covering is either stripped off or the ore tumbled out, and almost every ton of the dark soil taken out yields richly in silver and lead.

There was no reason why Leadville should be chronicled as an unhealthy city. The native purity of the atmosphere was unexcelled; to be sure its altitude was high (10,200 feet), and no person with pulmonary troubles should attempt to live there or in an altitude of over 6000 or 8000 feet at the highest, and then the patient should keep almost absolutely quiet until he is fully acclimated; nor should any one go suddenly from a low to a high altitude without putting on a full quota of winter clothing to guard against the evils of a sudden change. Owing to the sheltered position of the town, even midwinter affords less bleak and extreme cold days than Denver and many towns of the plains.

Six brass bands supplied the citizens with music and made the very hills resound with general good feeling. Leadville had reason to be proud of its military companies, its fire department, and its secret organizations, and they gave ostentatious displays nightly by marching behind bands of music.

Two years before Leadville was incorporated as a town of less than three hundred people. In September, 1880, it was the marvel of the generation with a population of 30,000. The total production of the Leadville mines for July, 1880, was $1,041,185.15; for August, $1,480,000.

In this young and giant-like city one saw a great deal of human nature, but there were too many crude democratic natures there, girdled with bullets and "heeled" to "pop his man," but even they were learning that Leadville could do better without them and that they must disappear.

The sidewalks were still crowded with a surging mass of people and the highway was full of carriages and conveyances of every kind, but law and order had won a coveted victory in a few months that was daily lessening the calendars of crime, and Leadville, the boom town, was already mellowing into a Leadville of justice and dignity.

CHAPTER XXIII

EARLY DAYS IN YELLOWSTONE

IN the fall of 1880 we made our first trip into Yellowstone Park, that land without a peer in the known world. With all the grandeur and marvellous wonders of Colorado fresh in our minds, we found the great Yellowstone land a fitting climax for the majestic and glorious works of our Creator.

The Utah and Northern Railroad had now reached Red Rock on the southern border of Montana, whence a rough stage ride of about one hundred miles took us to Virginia City, the real starting-point for the park and where arrangements were soon completed for entering the great geyserland.

The dear ones at home were in constant fear of our falling into the hands of Indians, or that we would starve or freeze, or a thousand other things that can arise in an anxious parent's heart. So before starting for the park they were told, on many pages, about our flannels, our leggings, our felt boots, mittens, scarfs, overcoats, ulsters, felt skirts, knit jackets, heavy woollen shawl, pillows, blankets, and aside from wearing apparel, told of many nice edibles that had been sent to us by new-found friends, remarking as I closed the letter: "There Pard, when Mother reads that letter there will not be one thing for her to worry about this time. She does n't know anything about the early storm season here, and I did not mention that!" But Pard's incredulous remark that she would think of something proved quite true, for when we received her answer, bless her heart, she rejoiced that we were so well provided for, and "it seemed as if we could live a good while on the provisions of our basket, but after all *cold food* was not the proper kind for any one living such strenuous lives as we were."

The Marshall and Goff Stage Company sent the first public conveyance into the park, 120 miles distant, and we were to be the first passengers. Many Virginia City citizens begged us not to take the trip so late in the fall as early snowstorms were too hazardous and too severe to allow the trip to be made safely. The story was several times told of the party of a dozen or more who had been overtaken a year or two before, and all had perished. But the plans had been carefully in progress for some weeks, and with the hour at hand for the trip we could not be persuaded to yield such a privilege; we would take our chances and trust in God and good horses. With the best of drivers in Mr. Marshall himself, and Pard and I as the only occupants of the stage, at just daylight on the morning of October 1, 1880, we heard the wheels go round, and soon we were whirling merrily along the beautiful Madison valley.

A beautiful herd of elk

We had a sumptuous breakfast in the tidy log cabin of Gilman Sawtelle, who was a Yellowstone Park guide. Then on to the top of Reynolds Pass from which point the "Three Tetons" rose before us in all their grandeur, their glistening pinnacles shone in the dying sunlight, while the first snows covered their rugged outline, and mellowed the jagged rocks of three of the mightiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

There were numberless herds of antelopes that eyed us curiously and galloped away; the streams were alive with mountain trout. Poor Pard was crazy for his rod and reel, and so, in the theme of Stanton,

"He just fell a wishin'
He was where the waters swish
For if the Lord made fishin'
Why—a feller orter fish."

But soon the island dotted waters of Henry's Lake claimed all attention with its deeply indented shores, and mountain guardians 3,000 feet high. The deep green of the pine trees in contrast with the autumnal foliage lent a rare charm to the five miles of waterway. Every little depression leading to the quiet lake carried its silvery rivulet bordered with willows and the brown and yellow grass made a strong contrast to the flaming sumac. The autumn panorama was a marvel of brilliancy that any lover of nature would rejoice to see. Here we were at the fountain head of the great Snake River which we later followed a thousand miles south and west to the Columbia and the Pacific Ocean.

The stage drew up to quite a pretentious building on the lake shore about half past eight in the evening. But enthusiasm weakened when a nearer view of the house revealed no doors or windows, but in their places strips of canvas flapping over the openings.

The ranch house belonged to the same historical Sawtelle who had given us such a good breakfast, but during the late Indian troubles he had abandoned this house before it was finished, and had cached his doors and windows for fear the house would be burned. He intended to return there and open a public house if travel increased, but it was a most forbidding place at that time. Not expecting company, the stockman, sheep-herder and two mail carriers who were camping in the house were somewhat surprised to see a woman emerge from the darkness into the glare (?) of the candle light.

The house was without furniture except a few cooking utensils, an old stove, a pine table, and some crude stools to sit on.

Mr. Marshall made himself busy trying to get supper from supplies that had been brought from his house in the Lower Geyser Basin. He said he was awfully glad I could eat beans, but it was a case of mustard or beans, and the mustard was out, so there was not much choice, although instead of a gun of Dame Corbet to compel me to eat the unsightly beans there was a mighty vigorous hunger that made me say the beans were good.

Pard and I gathered our blankets to go back to the stage to fix a place to sleep, but Mr. Marshall insisted there was a nice lot of hay upstairs where we could be more comfortable, and handing us a candle, directed us to the stairway. It was a rickety passage, with the wind howling through every aperture and holding high carnival with every loose board in the house. Once upstairs the room to which we were sent seemed about forty feet square. The glimmering candle would light only a corner of the great black space, and a gust of wind would blow out the glim at intervals until the place seemed full of spooks and goblins.

The windowless house at Henry's Lake

Pard and I gazed at each other when we could, and when we could n't, well, maybe I cried — I don't quite remember. He had persuaded me to buy a very heavy pair of shoes in Virginia City, because he had been told the ground was so hot in some sections of the park that thin soles were not at all safe to wear, and would soon be burned through. Then he had proceeded to hold them up to ridicule all day, and I had finally wagered five dollars with him that in spite of their looks I could get both of my feet into one of his shoes, if I was from Chicago. So there in the dim candle light, with any number of sashless and paneless windows, with the pallet of hay down in a dark corner, partly covered with canvas, with the wind shrieking requiems for the dead and threats for the living, and with the rafters full of bats, I called to him to bring me his shoe, and let me win my wager.

I put on his number seven and declared my foot was lost and lonesome in it, and he cried out, "Well, then, now put in the other one! put in the other one!" I began at once taking it off to put it on the other foot, when he cried out, "Oh, no, not that way, but both *at once*." But I revolted and said, "No, that was not in the bargain; I had not agreed to put both in at the same time." In deep chagrin he threw a five-dollar goldpiece at me, which was lost for half an hour in the hay before I could find it, while he gave a grunt or two that will be better not translated. And so we went on with our merrymaking, trying to forget our surroundings, and dispel thoughts of our discomfort, but it was a glad hour that saw us started again on our way with a new sun.

We fared better for breakfast than we had for supper, although it was served on a bare table with tin dishes. One of the mail carriers came back to the house to tell me there was not another woman within thirty-five miles of Henry's Lake. That reminded me of Col. Paul Vandervoort, an earlier writer on the marvellous charms of this section, who said that "lovely woman's sweet voice" had never floated across the surface of that placid lake, and we wondered whether the charm for him would now be broken because a woman's voice had floated thereon.

Henry's Lake is a magnificent duck-shooting resort, and with that and Goose Marsh so close together, where the mallards, redheads, teals, and canvas-backs flock by the million, there is joy unlimited for the hunter.

Leaving Henry's Lake our course was almost due east into the park; part of the drive was over a natural boulevard on a smooth plateau dotted with pines and elevated about thirty feet above the Madison River. At the end of this beautiful drive we reached the Riverside station, where one trail branched through the Madison Canyon, and the other climbed over hilltops to Lower Geyser Basin. The stage company had chosen the latter route, and from the summit we obtained a glorious view of the valley and surrounding ranges of mountains. It was not until darkness settled around us that we reached the Lower Geyser Basin, at the entrance of which stood the new and unfinished little log house built by Mr. Marshall,—the first and only semblance of a house in the park. It was with a twinge of disappointment that we were obliged to retire without seeing a geyser, but needing rest we were soon tucked away for the night and locked in slumber.

Next morning there was an early review of our surroundings; the log house was far from being finished, and the part we occupied was partitioned off with a canvas wagon cover. The second floor was only partly laid, and a window or two was missing in the upper part while the unfilled chinks between the logs allowed the rigorous October breezes to fan us at will. At that time the office and sitting-room and dining-room were one, and a single stove did its best toward heating the whole house. It was amid such cold discomfort during the season that followed that Mrs. Marshall gave birth to the first white child born in the park and the parents urgently requested me by letter to give the child a name. Mr. Marshall said the first white woman to completely tour the park should name the first white baby born there.

Lords of the Yellowstone

In the frosty morning air the steam was rising from every point of vision and the whole ground seemed to be on fire, for boiling springs and geysers were almost without number. The first point to visit was the cluster of springs two miles from the hotel. The road was through fine meadowland and groves, and beside a rippling stream that was fed only by the overflow of the springs in question.

The first one reached was known as the Thirty Minute Geyser, as that is the interval of time between its eruptions. It was getting ready to spout when we arrived and gurgled and groaned and spouted a little; then after dying away to regather its force, it dashed up in the air some twenty feet and sustained its height for three minutes. There were other springs only a few feet away that constantly boiled but did not spout. A quarter of a mile from this cluster the Queen Laundry Geyser covered an area of at least an acre and a half. The main basin of the Laundry was not over fifty feet across, but it flowed down in a series of pools nearly half a mile from its source and there became cool enough to bathe in, and to do laundry work, for which its waters were especially adapted. Around the boiling basin were various formations of a brittle nature from a pure white to a dark crimson, giving the whole rim a brilliant rainbow brightness.

The boiling pots close by had overflowed until they built around themselves huge walls some thirty feet high. The centre of the mound had an opening thirty feet in diameter and as round as a ring, with the water boiling and seething from a bottomless pit amid walls of fire. Nearly all the geysers and boiling springs in the park have funnel-shaped pyramidal craters or apertures, with curiously formed linings of their own deposits, while the waters are a dark blue and green, so clear that the walls and shelving sides could be seen as clearly at a depth of forty feet as near the surface.

These springs filled us with astonishment and we were inclined to be angry when told that we must not loiter for they were scarcely worth the trouble to see when so much grander ones were but a few miles away. Near one of the small laundry geysers sat a workman who had been haying in a meadow close by, and whose facial expression betokened deep trouble. After some questioning he said the boys told him that if he put his woollen shirt in the geyser when it was getting ready to spout that the cleansing waters would wash it perfectly clean while it whipped it in the air. He had followed their advice and twisting a piece of flannel about three inches square in his fingers, he said that was all he could find of his shirt when the waters got quiet, and he said he guessed it had gone down to H—— to be ironed, and he marched off declaring he would "lick them fellers" if they would not buy him a new shirt.

Leaving the Lower Basin by way of Prospect Point, on which some government buildings were to be located, we followed up the east bank of the west fork of the Firehole River with geysers all along until we reached the big springs or geyser lakes, where we crossed the river and drove up to a level with the water.

There were two large springs and one smaller. The first was on the river bank down almost at a level with the river. The boiling cauldron seemed to have cropped out of the earth from under the beautifully scalloped edges of dark overhanging walls; an obnoxious odor of sulphur filled the air and made the cold chills chase each other up and down my spine. The place was rightly named "Hell's Half Acre." As I looked into the black depths, when the breeze blew the fumes from us, the groaning of the waters was heard like evil spirits in dispute. It lacked only the fabulous Pluto with his mythical boat to row us to the entrance of Hades, and our illusion would have been complete.

Excelsior Geyser

The surface of the "Half Acre" measured two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and on the side farthest from the river the deposits of the waters spread out over the boiling cauldron like a thin shelf for thirty feet and it looked as if the weight of a man might break it. Should it ever give way under his tread no human power could save the victim from a terrible death.

Forming a hundred good resolutions for the rest of our lives, we turned to the sister spring about half as large and circular in shape, only a few rods from the great spring. This is also a boiling chasm, but the waters are even with the surrounding mound of its deposit. For a long distance down the sloping sides were the rich deep colorings so common around all the springs, while the waters were so clear as to expose the mosslike incrustations that line the mystic sides to a fabulous depth. Around the edges we found petrified grasshoppers in abundance, also feathers in all stages of petrifaction. Formations of a peculiar sediment were in all shapes, such as little boats, boots, embroidered cushions, and other curious things; but when dried they lost their beauty and became too frail to handle. The larger spring had no period of eruption and it was not seen in its greatest glory until 1886 when visitors to the park who happened to be in the vicinity witnessed a rare spectacle, and it was named the Excelsior Geyser, because it is undoubtedly the most powerful geyser in the world. It suddenly broke out about three o'clock one Friday afternoon and continued to play for over twenty-four hours. The witnesses pronounce it the grandest and most awe-inspiring display ever beheld. The spoutings were heard several miles distant, while the earth in the immediate vicinity was violently shaken as if by an earthquake. The noise of escaping steam, and the internal rumbling were deafening. An immense body of water, accompanied by steam, was projected to an altitude of about three hundred feet, and the Firehole River, which is only a few rods distant, soon became a torrent of boiling water. The display was kept up, with gradually decreasing force, until the Excelsior went back to its normal state.

Between these two boiling lakes and a little farther back from the river there was a spring twenty-five feet in diameter, whose funnel-shaped basin was highly colored and marvellously beautiful, but its waters very cold. It was the only cold spring of the geyser class that we found in the park, but it was very disagreeable to the taste. All around these springs could be seen what were once large pine trees that had been gradually buried in this deposit of liquid silver, until only the tops were seen above the slowly growing mound.

Above the "Half Acre" we crossed back to the east side of the river, and found a spring boiling up through an old hollow stump. It stood close to the river, so that the waters washed it slightly on one side. The stump was three feet high, and the waters boiled constantly two feet above the top of it, directly through the heart of the stump, which was gradually becoming petrified.

Without waiting to examine the hundred or more geysers on our way, we continued up the river to the Riverside and Fan geysers, where we again forded the stream and continued on until we reached the Castle Geyser, where we pitched our camp.

The Castle seemed to be making a terrible fuss about something. Its crater looked more like a lighthouse than the ruins of a castle; it was indeed beautiful and majestic, rising some forty feet from the surrounding level, although the principal dome was only twenty feet above its own pedestal. The outside of this chimney resembled the surface of a cauliflower in its formation, only that each little bud or blossom was round and smooth like a pearl, and the whole was a clear, grayish white. It had quieted for a moment when we reached it, so assuming a courage we did not feel, we went close to it, and were measuring the distance and possibility of a climb to the top, when suddenly, with an angry growl, like

Courtesy Northern Pacific Railway Co.

"The river of water tore its way up through the bowels of the earth and dashed high in the air"

a cage of enraged lions, the river of water tore its way up through the bowels of the earth and dashed high in the air. I could not begin to guess the height, for, with a wild scream, we ran for life, much to the amusement of the rest of the party who were just approaching. We happened to be on the side from which the wind was blowing, and ultimately regained our position on the top to our great joy and advantage. The eruption continued for fully an hour; the column of water would shoot up from eighty to a hundred feet, and send sheets of steam far beyond that. The sunlight deflection brought out the most brilliant rainbows. The chimney wall was two feet in thickness at the top, and the orifice through which the boiling water was forced was two and a half by five feet in diameter. We afterwards heard the roaring and rumbling of this geyser fully a mile distant.

A few yards above the Castle was Old Faithful, so called because of its perfect regularity in spouting, for every hour it throws the spectator into ecstasies of delight. It is so regular in time of spouting that it has often been called the "Big Ben" of the park, after the famous old Westminster clock of London. One hundred and fifty feet it threw its column of water six feet in diameter, and held it unbroken sometimes for ten minutes, and never less than five minutes. Its mound had long, gradually sloping sides, terraced with a succession of ivory-lined reservoirs of every conceivable shape, that had been made and worn by the falling water. Many of these reservoirs had been converted into stationary card baskets; at least several names were written on the bottoms of these little receptacles by explorers and soldiers who had ventured there before us. Although written in pencil they could not be erased, the water having formed a transparent glaze over the lines that will preserve them forever.

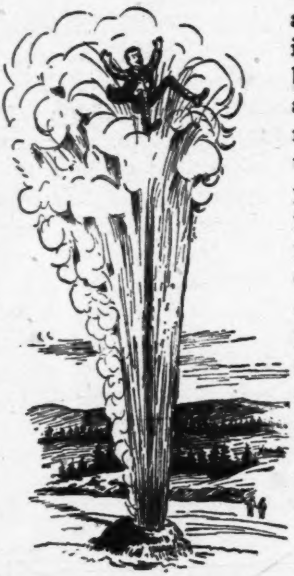
We slept on the ground nearby without tents, glad with the joy of seeing such wondrous marvels of Nature, and yet upon our camp grounds to-day stands the largest log house in the world.

A peculiar thumping sound attracted us toward the river and we left Old Faithful to learn the origin of the noise. Every foot of the way we found new attractions, and petrifactions were all around us. Old socks which had been thrown in the water had been bleached to snowy whiteness, and were so brittle that a gentle pressure would break them in bits, and petrified wood was in all stages of transformation. At the river the opposite bank was a perpendicular wall some thirty feet high and seemingly of solid stone, but about four feet above the surface of the water was an opening in the rock about twenty inches square, as if cut by human hands. Through the opening the water poured with regular pulsations, and the roar inside the rock sounded like the machinery of a great Corliss engine.

We crossed the river just above this strange phenomenon by walking on an old tree that had fallen across to the other bank, and went down the river to what we afterwards decided was the Beehive, but there were so many formations similar that we could not at first determine. It looked like a defunct geyser mound shaped like an old conical beehive, and not more than five feet higher, but there was no steam arising from it. We were very tired and stopped there to rest awhile and watch for the next eruption from some quarter. Pard climbed up and sat himself down on the summit of the cone, while the rest were content to lean against it or sit at its base. We waited in vain for half an hour, then went up to the foot of the hill where some large geysers were showing signs of activity. But we afterward saw the same geyser that afforded Pard a resting place throw its waters 300 feet straight up toward the heaven. Pard gazed on what might have been his elevated position, then with his usual expression of "the great smash" he examined the ground around as if assuring himself that he was not standing on another geyser of like dangerous inclination.

When we stepped up to the edge of the Grand Geyser its waters suddenly disappeared like a thing of life that was frightened or angry at our approach. It had an aperture of thirty feet in diameter, and down its curiously shaped crater we could gaze and comment on its strange beauty, as well as its remarkable conduct. When the water all dropped down out of sight, I looked at Pard and then at the hole in the ground. He said it was evident that Mr. Grand did not receive calls at that hour and had gone out. We were wondering whether the water would come back, when there was a groaning and grumbling as if a conclave of witches was in session in the subterranean vault, then the water rushed up about half way and as suddenly dropped out again, and a shock from below shook the very earth; then without further warning the whole boiling volume of water, sufficient for an ordinary river, shot up fifty feet into the air. We jumped back from the crater and ran like wild deer, but we could not escape the baptism. Fortunately the water was thrown so high that it was sufficiently cool not to burn, but it was wet and so were we, thoroughly drenched. Out of its power we looked back and saw it gaining glory every instant, and finally lifting its column over two hundred feet, lashed into fury by the escaping steam, and falling to the earth like a shower of diamonds, then rolling down the hillside its vast tribute to the river.

We returned after this display to our horses and moved our camp for the night farther down the stream to a little point of timber between the Grotto and the Giant. Both of these latter named geysers showed signs of eruption, and while partaking of our supper the former seemed greatly agitated. We dipped the dishes in a hot spring close by and they were washed and wiped at the same time; then hiding the bread and bacon from Jack Frost we went over to the Grotto. The dome of this geyser was remarkable. Over the centre of the main opening an arch obstructed the direct passage of the water. The force with which the water had been thrown back on the sides of the cave had worn great holes through the walls, forming a half dozen or more orifices through which the water poured with great force.



Where Pard might have been

Campfires were built on two sides of it, and looking at the blaze through one of these openings (which was large enough for a man to crawl through) it gave the appearance of a blaze of fire coming up the chimney, and the steam had such a weird unnatural appearance that one might expect almost anything to step out of the mazy shroud. The display lasted half an hour, and although that geyser had a record of spouting several times a day, that was the only eruption that we saw. We prepared several fires ready to light around the Giant, but it failed to favor us during our stay.

I will never forget how good the fried potatoes were that Mr. Marshall prepared for our supper that night, and we gave him credit for much forethought in regard to the mess box, but we learned later, at the expense of empty stomachs, that he only provided for one good meal, regardless of the time we expected to be out on any trip.

"With only the stars for a canopy we lay in the midst of the greatest wonders of the world"

Just before we rolled ourselves in our blankets for the night a crackling noise was heard in the dead brush close by and we knew it meant some wild animal. An investigation failed to reveal the cause, but a little later the horses became restless and neighed and stamped in fear, and an uncanny feeling settled upon ourselves and our guide.

We had no tents, and with only the stars for a canopy we lay in the midst of the greatest wonders of the world—with a roar like many storms and battalions of artillery breaking the quiet air.

We hung our wet clothing around the campfire, and with the ground for a mattress and pine boughs for a pillow we passed the night in waiting, listening, and sleeping by turn, but withal we rested our tired limbs and made ready to endure the fatigues still ahead of us. Mr. Marshall said he kept vigil until daylight, but the morning sun revealed fresh bear tracks around our camp as large as a man's hat. Having no desire for a closer acquaintance, we did not hunt for bruin.

There are no snakes in Yellowstone Park, making the place an ideal one for camping, as it is much easier to avoid wild animals than the quiet creeping reptiles.

The morning after our return from the Upper Geyser Basin our party, including Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, of the Lower Basin, Pard, and myself, started for the Mammoth Hot Springs, a distance of forty miles, in a light wagon. It was necessary to make it a two days' trip because of the numerous points of interest along the way, and also because of the horrible road. There are no adjectives in our language that can properly define the public highway that was cut through heavy timber over rolling ground, with the stumps left from two to twenty inches above ground, and instead of grading around a hill it went straight to the top on one side and straight down on the other; whereas a few hundred dollars, properly expended, would have made it one of the finest drives in the world.

We had to abandon the light wagon and returned for a new start on horseback, for it was impossible to get any conveyance over the stumpy road, so Mrs. Marshall then decided not to make the trip but remain at the Marshall cabin. It was the only attempt at a road in the park, and what had been done with the Government funds was pretty hard to see. The trails in the park, with one or two exceptions, were very difficult to follow and we often lost our way. It was a trip in marked contrast to the beautiful roads and well-equipped stages and good hotels of to-day.

The day was one of nature's loveliest, while the air was clear, and just a little frosty; the eye could easily detect the location of a geyser or a boiling spring, by the rising steam. We crossed Canyon Creek ten miles from the cabin. It was a pretty little mountain stream, noted for its abundant supply of shellfish, which resemble somewhat the Eastern clam. Half a mile from the creek were the Gibbon Falls, but a careful watch for the guideboard was necessary, for the falls are five hundred feet almost straight down the hill and hidden by the timber. It was a long hard climb over a dim trail, but we were well paid for the trouble when we saw the clear water pouring over the long, smooth, inclined slab, for these falls are not perpendicular.

A little farther on was a pretty little lake, swarming with feathered game, and before we ceased our comments on the lake we entered the Gibbon Canyon. The barren walls on one side rose two thousand feet above us, while on the other side the less pretentious pinnacles were clad in bright robes of varied coloring.

In this defile we heard again a puffing sound like the steady pulsations of some monstrous engine. A short curve in the road soon revealed the secret. An aperture in the perpendicular wall on our left some five feet in diameter was sending forth a volley of steam with a boom-boom-boom and it never ceased to beat with regular pulse like a pounding sea.

From here we found small geysers and hot springs all along the way through the canyon. Sometimes in the very edge of the river, again nearer by on the hillside, while two or three times where the road-bed was elevated a few feet, they would spurt out of the hillside below us as if indignant at our intrusion, and were threatening to tear the ground from under us. Huge boulders glutted the stream and afforded some queer studies. "The Twins" were a couple of massive rocks almost exactly alike, in the middle of the stream but a few feet apart.

At one of the fords of the river there was a monument of solid rock thirty feet high without a bit of soil upon its tall, well-rounded form, yet right on the summit, like the spire of a village church, stood a tall, solitary pine tree.

Leaving the canyon we entered Elk Park or Gibbon Basin, which was full of fine grass for the horses and plenty of good water, so we rode up to a little cluster of trees and pitched our camp for the night.

A blazing campfire was soon warming the air around us, pine boughs were brought in plenty for beds, and active preparations were in progress for supper when the shades of night began to gather about us. A tent was an unknown luxury with us in camping out on these trips, and the stars now twinkled at us through the treetops as if assuring their protection.

The squirrels skipped frantically among the trees chattering and scolding as if we were going to broil them for our supper. Even the butcher birds came hopping around for crumbs, and their little white, owlish faces and beadlike eyes glistened through the firelight and shone almost as bright as the stars themselves.

When supper was over we gathered around the fire that had been piled with pine knots, each began to think of hob-goblin stories of younger days, and then took a turn in spinning yarns; so by the time the embers began to die we were well prepared to see all the stumps and trees in motion and to fancy all kinds of sombre sounds; and no one seemed surprised when Pard declared the screeching of a wild goose in the distance to be the whistling of an elk.

When the morning came out on the hilltops we had breakfast and were on our way to the Paint Pots, a quarter of a mile from the road east of Elk Park. We groped our way along over broken and dead timber like a person in the dark, for there was no trail, in spite of the signboard that told us there was. The Paint Pots were like the boiling springs in their general outline, but instead of containing their clear ethereal waters they had a thick, pasty substance that bubbled and spurted like boiling mush. Their charm is in the different colorings. The first was white as alabaster, and it was said this substance had been used for plaster and paint with eminent success, but where I know not. The next one was a delicately tinted pink; then a deep red, and one still deeper in color, and more than that were a repetition of those mentioned. Around each of them, where the boiling paint had overflowed its curiously moulded bowl, the coloring included all the shadings of the rose, also both white and black, and in little nooks where only the steam could moisten the ground there grew the richest green moss that eyes ever beheld.

The pots differed in the size of their openings from a foot and a half to ten and twelve feet in diameter. When these paints were exposed to the air and cold they became as hard as granite, and when partly cooled they could be moulded like putty or stiff dough.

Several of these paint pots were on a side hill, and the overflow produced a kaleidoscopic coloring too beautiful to describe.

Returning to camp we found that another ten minutes' delay would have been disastrous for our party. We had left a fire burning believing it would soon die out; but instead it had crept up a log leading to our trappings and was lapping its fiery tongue around the mess box and having a merry dance with some gunny sacks close by our bedding then under the end of the pine bough canopy. How glad we were that nature had not held us longer in her famous art gallery can best be realized by a like experience. Order was hastily restored, our lesson learned that we must not leave fires burning, and soon we were trotting along to the Norris Plateau, or Norris Geyser Basin.

This plateau embraced twenty-five square miles and seemed to be not only the most elevated and largest, but may also have been the most important and doubtless the oldest geyser basin in the park. It certainly was the hottest and most dangerous for pedestrians. The first little joker we reached was the Minute Geyser, and with an orifice of only a few inches it spurted up some five feet every sixty seconds, and then died down and showed not a ripple on its placid surface until it spurted again on time without any warning. To the right of the Minute Geyser was the Mammoth Geyser, and well it deserves its name. When it is quiet one can go up to the crater and study its beaded chimney, and look down its long dark throat, and shudder. Its chimney was about four feet high, with an orifice two feet by three feet in diameter. Its voluminous outbursts have fairly disembowelled the mountain at whose base it stands for a distance of a hundred feet or more, and at least forty feet in width, while its greatest depth that can be seen does not exceed twenty feet.

While walking around in this excavation the ground began to shake beneath us like an earthquake, and we stood not upon the order of our going, but went at once toward other ground. We were none too soon in our going, for after a few groans and puffs of steam it threw such a volume of water as we had never yet seen; the water was lifted many feet above us, lashed into fury by an unseen force and hurled into its surrounding basin, where it ploughed like a giant river that had burst its bounds and for a short time flooded the lower part of the plateau.

When the road was again reached we were startled by a tumult of discordant sounds, and fitful paroxysms coming from the side of the embankment. The hole looked like the very entrance to Hades, and the groans and hisses seemed the diabolical laugh of Pluto and his imps giving the mythical degrees of torture to his victims. The blackness of night was upon every rock, and through the dismal, darkened dive came only the murky stream laden with the sickening fumes of sulphur from an overheated cauldron.

"How great and wonderful are thy works, O God," had been the constant cry of my soul, and yet there seemed no end to the mysteries before us and on every side.

Provided with good heavy sticks to sound our way we were about to step out on that part of the plateau which needs so much care for safety, when a signboard attracted our attention. It just gave the name of the plateau, but underneath some one who had evidently tried Colonel Norris' favorite road with a buggy, had added in pencil: "Government appropriations for public improvements in the park in 1872, $35,000. Surplus on hand October 1, 1880, $34,500."

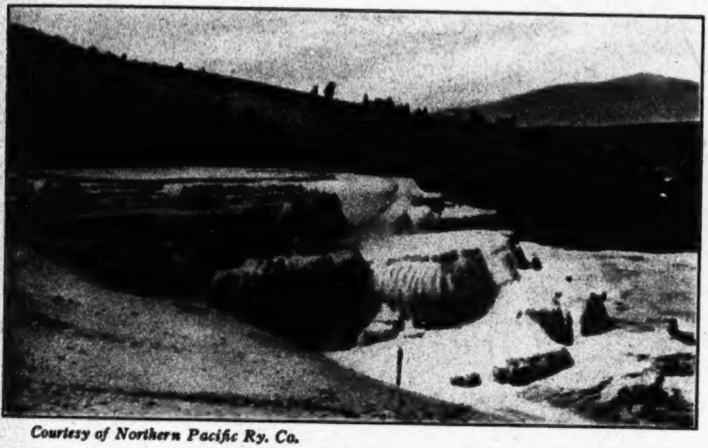
The rattling and tapping of the canes on the ground gave warning of the soft or thin spots, and we were soon in the midst of a sea of geysers. The whole crust of many acres was formed by the deposit of siliceous matter from the springs, and upon it were many curious formations. People have broken through this crust and been very badly scalded.

One of the first geysers seemed to be wholly sulphurous and the fumes were so strong that it would strangle us. Around its orifice were beautiful crystals of deep yellow sulphur so delicately interlaced that even a breath of air would displace them, then again there would be great chunks of sulphur, and from the edges and jagged sides in the orifice, which was several feet in diameter, hung a network of stalactitic beauties, while the water looked as clear and pure as any other spring.

Another geyser spouted and drew our attention as if fearful that we might pass it unnoticed. Around it were little drifts like newly fallen snow in large flakes. It was so pure and white that I tasted it and found it to be alum with the crystals still moist with spray and soft as snow itself.

The ground was so hot all over this plateau that our boots were badly burned and our feet uncomfortably warm. Every few steps there would be an escape valve with the steam whistling up through a hole perhaps not more than an inch across. We were never in doubt when we were standing on one as to its force and temperature, nor did it take long to arrive at a conclusion.

The Alabaster Fountain was on an eminence near the side of the road, and its constant overflow had trimmed its pedestal in narrow terraces, and pure white as alabaster could be, and as solid as granite. It was about six by eight feet across the surface of the water, and there seemed no end to the distance that we could see down the deep funnel. Not a speck of dust darkens its clearness, and its very purity seemed to defy the greatest vandal to touch it with a pencil or otherwise deface its glory.



Courtesy of Northern Pacific Ry. Co.

"Pure white as alabaster could be and as solid as granite."

A few miles beyond this great basin we passed the base of Obsidian Mountain, which is the divide of the Missouri and Yellowstone waters. The mountain looms up like a sheet of glass and its shiny surface gives many colors in the sunlight, including black, brown, yellow, and red, and every little splinter has the same glassy appearance as the mass.

The Mammoth Hot Springs of Gardner River were at last in sight, after a very long, hard pull over a mountain, where several times we felt riveted to the spot, unable to go another step from sheer exhaustion of both man and beast.

The gorge in which the Gardner Springs are located is over 1200 feet above the level of Gardner River. From the river up there are fourteen terraces, and the largest and hottest springs are near the top. The waters have rolled down and deposited their lime until they have built huge bowls or reservoirs one after another. The limestones which dip under the river extend under the hot springs, and are doubtless the source of lime noticed in the waters and deposits. One can walk almost anywhere on the terraces as they are secure and firm. There is so much lime that it gives the whole earth a white appearance, while the inside of these natural bathtubs seem to be porcelain lined and the water is a beautiful blue white. The outside crusting is rough and uneven with stalactites in profusion, which in some instances united with the stalagmites from the terrace below.

Courtesy of Northern Pacific Ry. Co.

Gardner River Hot Springs

Each level or terrace has a large central spring, and the water bubbling over the delicately wrought rim of the basin flows down the declivity, forming hundreds of basins from a few inches to six and seven feet in diameter and often seven feet in depth.

The main terrace has a basin thirty by forty feet across, and the water is constantly boiling several inches above the surface; but a careful approach will permit one to peep into the reservoir and get a glimpse of the mossy vegetable matter that lines its sides in a rich light green that constantly waves with the ebullition of the water, and as the blue sky is reflected over all it lends an enchantment that no artist can duplicate.

Our attention was called to a monument some fifty feet high and twenty feet in diameter. No one was able to give any reason for its existence. The top was shaped like a cone and on the very summit was a funnel-shaped crater which would lead one to believe that it had once been an active geyser, but it bore the significant title of "Liberty Cap."

On the terrace just above Liberty Cap is a fountain known as the Devil's Thumb. I poked my head into one of the many large caverns which had once been boiling reservoirs, and inhaled the sickening fumes of Hades. I not only expected to see his Satanic Majesty's thumb, but his entire self as well, and could fancy he would drag me in and carry me down for his dinner.

There are incidents of travel that are more interesting to read about than to experience, and I am sure that a part of our trip to Yellowstone Lake and Canyon is a more agreeable memory than the living reality.

The sky was full of threatening clouds the morning that our little party started out with saddle and pack animals for the upper Yellowstone River. We followed the same old Indian trail that General Howard and his troops did two years before, and although there had not been a dollar spent on the road it was the only respectable trail in the whole park. For several miles we rode along the east fork of the Fire Hole River, and then began a slow but steady ascent of the Rockies' main range.

After starting on this climb we saw what seemed to be a flying centaur coming rapidly toward us, but it proved to be the wings of Colonel Norris' great coat flying in the wind as he rode madly down the trail. We had missed him at the Mammoth Springs, and now he insisted upon retracing his steps and making one of our party. He started ahead over a trail so plain that a child could not lose it, the only visible trail we had found, and every half mile he turned to assure us that we need not worry about getting lost, he would keep in the lead and there was no danger. Colonel Norris was the Superintendent of the park.

There was but one mountain range to cross, and on the summit "Mary's Lake," with its rockbound shore lent great charm. Many sulphur springs and spouting geysers lined the way, and finally we cut off through the timber to the renowned Yellowstone Lake. The lake is one hundred and twenty miles from the head of the Yellowstone River, and its peculiar position and topography as well as other natural features render it one of the most remarkable inland seas in the world. Its shape is that of a hand with the four fingers and thumb, and it is situated in a vast depression that can be seen miles away. Its western and northern shores are pebbly beaches like most large lakes. It is thirty miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide. Around its edges are numerous hot springs near which one can stand and catch a fish from the main body of the lake, and without taking it from the hook throw his line into a boiling spring and cook his fish at once if he likes it that way.

Jupiter Terrace of the Mammoth Hot Springs

Cold gray mountains lift their snowy heads and gaze with just admiration at their reflections in the vast wealth of blue below. Numerous swan, geese, pelican, ducks, and even seagulls, were seen floating on the placid bosom of the lake, and flying around, while tracks of wild animals were too many for comfort.

The lake was dotted with pretty, heavily timbered islands, and Dr. Hayden's report says some of them are impossible to explore because of the dense growth of underbrush, and being dangerous from the number of bear, mountain lions, and other wild animals that inhabit them. The rare specimens found around the lake are worthy of mention. In one locality there are implement handles, knives and forks, cooking utensils, and many utensils of a clay slate, a substance formed by the action of the mineral water on the claylike soil.

There were also deposits of red sandstone boot soles as perfect as could be. Again there were shaving cups of other formations, which when split would form the cup and cover. A strange peculiarity is that none of these can be found by digging into the bank or beach; they are only on the surface, and though picked up every year they come again with the summer time. The fact that they belonged to the Aztec race, as some writers declare, cannot be true, or they would be found by digging. We broke camp early in the day and rode some twenty miles around the lake, then reluctantly started for the Yellowstone Falls twenty-five miles away. There was every indication of a storm, which at that season was not an agreeable anticipation, and this one broke about 3 P.M. We were peppered with hailstones until the horses became unmanageable. There was a call to dismount at Sulphur Mountain to rest our horses for a few moments and the word was scarcely given before every foot was out of its stirrup.

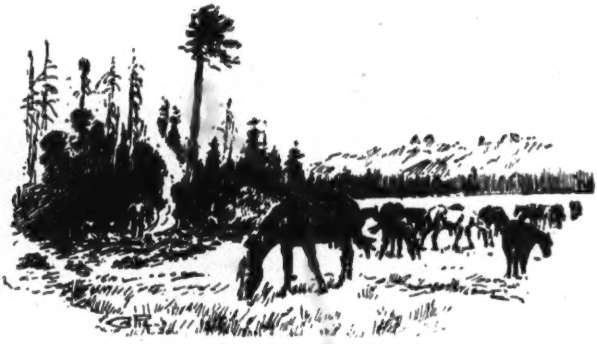
Sulphur Mountain was composed of yellow suphur and lava and there were a number of boiling sulphur springs around it, the principal one being shaped like an egg, and named "The Devil's Bath Tub" by a Helena party who thought the temperature about right for his Satanic Majesty's ablutions. At the base of the hill is a cavern down which we could see some fifty feet. The water in it comes through a subterranean passage from the mountain above, and is black and muddy and constantly lashing its sides. It was the most horrible, infernal looking thing that we had encountered. Darkness had settled when we reached the Yellowstone River and we hastened into camp. Pard had been commissioned to get an elk on a neighboring hill and Colonel Norris rode ahead to select the camp, while Mr. Marshall and I rode along more slowly until the colonel called us to the camp of his selection.

Instead of selecting a place under good trees, he had stopped in the middle of an opening on a side hill. The rain began to fall almost as soon as we were out of the saddles. Pard had come in without his elk, and everything betokened a dismal night. The beds were made at once and covered with canvas to keep them as dry as possible.

I longed for something good to be brought out of the mess chest, but it was the same old bread and bacon, and the same old excuse from Mr. Marshall, but a ride of thirty-five miles made us glad to get even that. After supper we stood around the fire to dry our clothing, but as fast as one side was dry another side was wetter than ever, and thus we kept whirling around as if on a pivot until we gave up and went to bed wet to the skin. We were lulled to sleep by the deep, sonorous voice of Colonel Norris who forgot to stop talking when he went to sleep, and he was still talking right along when we woke up at midnight. The rain changed to snow, and through the storm we saw the disconsolate face of Mr. Marshall, as he stood near the smouldering campfire muttering to himself as if he had become demented. Upon inquiring the cause of his trouble he said as soon as he saw

Fishing at Yellowstone Lake

the snow he went to look for the horses, and they were gone. "Gone! ! !" we all exclaimed in unison and despair. The horses were gone and we were at the end of our rations with a big storm upon us. The many warnings not to go into the park so late went buzzing through our minds like bumblebees. The snow was several inches deep and falling faster every minute. Mr. Marshall had walked several miles but could find no trace of the animals. "And that was not the worst of it," he groaned, and while we held our breath for a worse calamity he continued, "I lost my pipe." Five miles from the falls and thirty miles from the base of supplies at Lower Basin, buried under the snow with little hope of getting out, no food, and the *pipe gone*, was indeed a deplorable condition.



"In camp near the Great Falls"

Pard seldom lost his temper when things went wrong, but he was furious when he learned about the horses. He had earnestly pleaded with Mr. Marshall to tie the horses for fear of just such a calamity and now he declared that Marshall must get me out of there if he had to carry me every step on his back. The situation was too serious to be ludicrous at the time and every one was astir about camp. As soon as daylight came the men started in search of the horses. I was left all alone in the camp for several hours waiting with my rifle in hand, until after a hard and hurried chase the horses were overtaken and brought back. They had stopped to feed on the bank of a hot creek which we had much difficulty in making them cross when we came out, and they were then struggling between their dislike for the hot water and their desire for home on the other side of it. It was with loud hurrahs that I hailed their approach, and I am sure every heart beat with joy. We knew that we should hurry home as quickly as possible, but to be within five miles and not to see the falls was asking too much, and with the return of the horses we resolved at once to go on.

Superintendent Norris thought it was not best for me to go to the falls; the trip must be a hasty one, and the start home was not to be delayed longer than possible for fear of continued storm. The snow ceased falling soon after daylight, but the sun did not appear and there was every indication of more snow. Pard was reluctant to leave me, as he knew what disappointment lurked in my detention, but he was overruled, and with Mr. Norris he started off leaving me with Mr. Marshall, who was to have everything ready for the return to Fire Hole Basin on their return.

The more I meditated the more I felt that I could not give up seeing the canyon and falls. To endure what we had only to be balked by a paltry five or ten miles was more than I could stand. I called to Mr. Marshall to saddle my horse at once for I was going to the falls. He laughingly said "all right," but he went right on with his work and made no move toward the horse. I had to repeat the request the third time most emphatically, and added that I would start out on foot if he did not get my horse without more delay. He said I could not follow them for I would not know the way, but I reminded him of the freshly fallen snow, and that I could easily follow the trail. He was as vexed with my persistence as I was with his resistance, and he finally not only saddled my horse but his own, and rather sulkily remarked that if the bears carried off the whole outfit I would be to blame. When well on our way I persistently urged him to return to the camp and he finally did turn back, but waited and watched me until I turned out of sight.

Alone in the wild woods full of dangerous animals my blood began to cool, and I wondered what I should do if I met a big grizzly who would not give up the trail. The silence of that great forest was appalling and the newly fallen snow made cushions for the horse's feet as I sped noiselessly on. It was a gruesome hour, and to cheer myself I began to sing, and the echoing voice coming back from the treetops was mighty good company.

Courtesy Union Pacific Railway Co.

The Falls and Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone

The five miles seemed to stretch out interminably. When about a mile from the falls other voices fell on my ear, and I drew rein to locate the sound, then gave a glad bound forward for it was Pard on his way back. Mr. Norris said any one might think that Pard and I had been separated for a month, so glad were we to see each other.

Pard could not restrain his joy that I had followed, and sending the superintendent on to the camp he at once wheeled about and went with me to the falls and canyon that I came so near missing. Up and down o'er hills and vales we dashed as fast as our horses would carry us until the upper falls were reached, where we dismounted and went up to the edge of the canyon to get a better view. These falls are visible from many points along the canyon, and the trail runs close to them and also by the river for several miles, giving the tourist many glimpses of grandeur. Above the upper falls the river is a series of sparkling cascades, when suddenly the stream narrows to thirty yards, and the booming cataract rushes over the steep ledge a hundred and twenty feet and rebounds in fleecy foam of great iridescence. The storm increased and the heavens grew darker every hour, but we pushed on.

Midway between the upper and lower falls are the famous crystal cascades of Cascade Creek, over which is a rustic bridge from which we watched the torrent pour its offering into the grand canyon and race its waters for the first leap over the brink. The cascade consists of a fall of five feet, followed by one of fifteen into a little grotto between two tall boulders which nearly form an arch at the top. A deep pool is formed at the base where the waters rest for an instant and are then forced to roll from the grotto over a slanting slab of one hundred and twenty-five feet to the Yellowstone below. The river widens to a hundred yards between the falls and flows with a gentle current. The bluffs converge again near the lower falls, the one on the west side bulging out as if to intercept the stream, but the waters held an opening a hundred feet wide, and with a wild roar they dashed over the verge three hundred and ninety-seven feet. The awful grandeur of the scene, the opening of the grandest canyon in the world at our feet, the raging storm and gathering snow, afforded a picture worth a world of trouble to obtain. The foaming, frothing spray lifted high above the verge of the cataract and rose in a column of fleecy purity. It was grand, indeed. We lay flat upon the ground and peered down, down, down into the deep canyon, and in spite of the snow we could catch glimpses of the fine coloring that decked the mountain-sides.

Moran has been chided for his high coloring of this canyon, but one glimpse of its rare, rich hues would convince the most skeptical that exaggeration is impossible. We longed to stay for days and weeks and hear this great anthem of nature and study its classical and noble accompaniment, but there was a stern decree that we must return, and that without delay.

There was no hope for sight-seeing as we kept on our way back to the Lower Geyser Basin. My horse was always tired and hungry. I pegged away with my little whip to make her keep up, but she did not mind it as much as she would a fly. When there were any streams or ditches to cross she would absolutely refuse to wet her feet until the whole party would return and show her the strength and power of a few lashes, then she would paw the air while dancing on her hind feet, until seeing no avenue of escape she would leap over the ditch. Those were the only times she ever exhibited any disposition to have any style about her.

Without giving our horses or ourselves over half an hour to rest at noon we rode on and on, up hill and down, through woods and plains, fording the Fire Hole River again and again, until at last the lights of Marshall camp were in sight. The storm had continued all day, turning again from snow to rain in the valley, and O how tired I was when we rode up to the door. Our forty mile ride was ended at seven o'clock, but it took three men to get me off my horse, for I had stiffened into the saddle until I was helpless. We had ridden eighty-five miles in two days, and one hundred and twenty-five miles in three days, and I had been obliged to ride a man's saddle as the trails were so dangerous that we were absolutely refused a horse for a side-saddle.

The day after our return from the falls I was so lame that I wanted to scream with pain, and tears rolled down my cheeks in spite of my efforts to make fun of my decrepit condition. There was considerable raillery regarding my condition, but also much sympathy expressed, and the others talked of their plans for the day without including me, and they were not a little surprised when I ordered my horse saddled with the others. Their eyes opened with amazement; no one believed that I meant it but Mr. Marshall, —his experience of the day before made him know when I was in earnest, and I was not to be coaxed to remain in an easy chair and have them make a trip without me.

A platform was improvised nearly on a level with the horse's back, and with plenty of help and agony I managed to slide into the saddle. We rode twenty-five miles that day and I ate my lunch in the saddle for fear I could not get on the horse again if I got off.

Aside from visiting geysers and

Courtesy Northern Pacific Railway Co.

Great Falls of the Yellowstone three hundred and ninety-seven feet high

springs, Mr. Marshall and Pard did some hunting on the way home, and brought down a fine elk having seven pronged antlers. It was a wild fight. When the elk was believed to be about dead, Pard waited for the death struggle when suddenly it jumped up and sprang at them. Elks are fearful fighters and with their hoofs they strike and stamp without mercy. There was little chance for Pard to escape, but fortunately the elk's strength was shortlived. It was his final effort, and he fell dead as he made the terrible leap.

It was a case of necessity to get game, for food was getting low; we had had no meat for several days previous to getting the elk, our time had come to leave the park, and every day made it more perilous to remain. Superintendent Norris had assisted us in making a fine collection of specimens, which we considered invaluable, and had them carefully packed to ship home. The elk head was shipped to Denver and mounted for Pard's office in the Union Pacific depot.

There were as yet no laws against taking specimens from the park or killing wild animals. Very few people had visited that section; indeed I was the first white woman who made a complete detour of the park, so that really the pick of the place was offered us by Mr. Norris. He knew that it would be the best kind of advertising for park tourists, and indeed it was.

The specimens were so valuable that when they were loaned as a collection to a Denver exposition a special guard was placed over them, but in an unwatched hour the major part of them were stolen and never recovered. They would be of priceless value indeed now when one dare not pick up even a pebble in the park.

We left the park with the hope of spending a longer season there at an early day as there were many places of interest that we had to lightly pass, and perhaps many that we did not see at all. There is not a section of the park that has not its peculiarities. Dr. Hayden estimated that there are ten thousand boiling springs and spouting geysers in that strange region.

With beds on the hard ground and little over us but the stars, with modest fare to work on, and blind trails to follow, the trip through the park was in marked contrast to the elegant coaching trip of the present day, where boulevards lead the traveller to luxurious hotels at convenient intervals for his night of rest. But we had the compensation in the charms of nature which go with the wilderness and wonders in all their primal glory.

There was a wealth of jewels on the trees on the frosty morning of our departure, such as mortal man has seldom seen. The steam had settled on the trees and caught by the wintry night blast was held in crystalline spheres until the rising sun melted the rigid chain. The shimmering motion of warmth and wind made the air resplendent with liquid diamonds and iridescent glory.

When full day came over the hills we cast a long admiring glance over the magnificent view and were borne reluctantly away to the Rodgers House in Virginia City where we roughly estimated that more than four hundred miles of travel in the park had been made on horseback.

CHAPTER XXIV

TO THE PACIFIC VIA WOOD RIVER AND BOISE

FROM Virginia City we staged it around a 500 mile circle, first taking in Bozeman, Fort Ellis, and other settlements to the eastward, then northwestward to Helena, southward through Butte to the Utah and Northern terminus at Dillon, from where we were to again enjoy a day's travel by rail to Blackfoot, which was still the jumping-off place for central Idaho. We found much improvement in such of the country as we had visited two years before. Even old Virginia City had put on some new life, and the valleys of the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson, those noble triple heads of the Missouri, were showing much activity as a result of the railway approach to their various settlements. We had now gone entirely around the beautiful heads of the Missouri on foot, horse back, or stage, and even down near the great forks mentioned found the waters so perfectly clear that we could hardly believe they could ever have such dirty faces in the prairie lands to the south.

Pard had a joyous surprise in Bozeman in a call from Captain "Teddy" Egan, commander of the "Egan Grays" under General Crook, during the Sioux war. These two companions in days of peril were like a couple of schoolgirls in their joy and clatter of tongues, telling how they and Major Luhn divided the last spoonful of beans and lived on horseflesh for many days; how the men had divided the night watch, that comrades might not sleep the sleep of death on the Yellowstone campaign when the mercury was down to thirty below zero every day for a month, with not a single tent for the 500 troops, and only two blankets to the man. How when Crazy Horse surrendered, Bob was the first man after General Crook to shake the warrior by the hand. These two were in General Crook's "mess," but there were seldom any luxuries that the rank and file did not have; officers and men shared alike in all things in General Crook's command.

They had one good laugh over a time when Pard had disobeyed orders and fired a gun. One day on the march, when rations were scarce, Pard, who was riding out of sight of the command, in a neighboring ravine, fired his gun when there were strict orders that no guns should be fired or fires lighted to betray the soldiers' presence to the Indians. The commanding officer demanded in thundering tones to be told who was disobeying orders and that the culprit be brought to him immediately. When the officer saw that it was Bob Strahorn he did not lessen the severity of his voice, but wanted to know why such strict orders had been disobeyed. "Well, General," said Bob, meekly, "I was so near some grouse that I could fairly smell a chicken pie and my hunger must be my excuse. I am ready for the penalty, whatever it may be." As the officer was also in the same "mess" with General Crook and Bob, he drew a little nearer to Bob and whispered that it would make a d——d sight of difference whether he got the grouse or not; then as he spied the fine pair of birds that Pard had kept concealed, he resumed his gruff and austere tone and said, "As this is your first offence you can go, sir, but don't let it happen again—never again, sir." And the mess ate the chicken pie.

Helena was rapidly improving, and the people were the same whole-souled, hospitable citizens as of yore. No one could feel like a stranger in their midst, when their hearts and homes offered such cordial welcome. The town was spreading out more over the valley, and its suburban districts afforded fine roads for pleasure driving. Returning from a lovely ride one morning, a sheet of wrapping-paper was blown across the street in front of our spirited horses. They began to back and paw the air at a frantic rate; they struck out with their front feet, and threatened destruction to anything in reach, and for a few seconds things looked serious, but in less time than I can write it there were two men at the head of each horse, three to drop the carriage top, four to hold the lines, five to help me out, and twenty-five to watch the performance in the ring, free of charge.

Nearly all the men of Helena who were not in commercial pursuits were interested in cattle, mining, or engaged in freighting. There was no need for any man to be idle for a single day in the Northwest, if he wanted to work; neither was there need for people to leave Montana disappointed if they entered it with the spirit to work. It required as steady, genuine application in that country as elsewhere to accumulate a fortune, but it required a shorter time, because wages were higher and work plenty, and opportunities for advancement everywhere.

There 's no place like home

Butte changed past recognition in two years. Its growth and mining record was without an equal. Its business men proved their confidence in her permanency for years to come by putting their profits into new business blocks and in business enterprises, though Butte has never to this day become a home city.

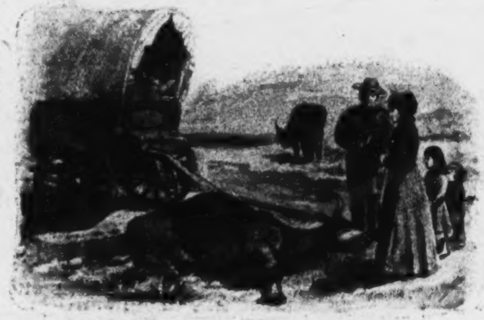
We left Butte on this trip, in 1880, to go south to Blackfoot, Idaho. The stage was filled to the limit. Pard had taken his seat on the outside, but it was so cold that the inside was more inviting to me, and as soon as the cry of "All aboard" was given, the crack of the jehu's whip sent the unruly bronchos spinning all over the road.

Among the passengers was a woman with two little girls, and the sudden starting of the coach set them to coughing so suspiciously that I at once asked the mother if the little girls had the whooping cough, and she promptly denied any such trouble, but one of the little girls turned her great surprised eyes up to her and said: "Why, yes, we have, Mamma."

I don't know where that chum of mine was raised that he had escaped all those plagues of childhood, and that he should reach maturity without measles, mumps, whooping cough or chicken pox, and I had to keep a net of watchfulness around him at all times. He never was more anxious to ride inside than after we were well out of Butte, and I finally had to pass him a note saying that whooping cough might be worse than mumps, and he better remain outside.

The Utah and Northern terminal had by this time been forwarded to Dillon and every trip into Montana meant a few less miles of stage travel and a few more miles of comfort. Dillon was bustling in its first trousers like a little hoodlum of the Bowery. Sounds of hammer and saw were ringing everywhere, and no one could believe it was the Sabbath day. Every mercantile place and saloon was wide open, and every corner of the settlement was bristling with life. It was a luxury indescribable to bolster one's self with plenty of pillows in a Pullman palace car and move smoothly over the rails and hear them sing the song of our destination—"Going to Blackfoot, going to Blackfoot, going to Blackfoot" until we dozed in happy forgetfulness of the tortuous roads we were soon to cross.

A little rest at Blackfoot made us eager to get on in our journey, and after a second trip to Challis and Bonanza we turned off to the Wood River country and thence to Boise City. The ride from Challis to Lost River Junction was a rocky one of a hundred and twenty miles, and on our arrival, about 11 P.M., learning that the Boise stage would not leave until seven o'clock the next morning, we called for a bed, and we were rather gruffly informed as we had been once before that there was not a bed within twenty miles. It was a question of again rolling up in our blankets on the little store floor or sitting up out in the stagecoach and we chose the former. We chose our corner and settled ourselves as well as we could, and it was not long before there was a chorus of snores such as Sancho Panza never heard when he said, "God bless the man who first invented sleep." The whole scale of sounds was there—one man ran the whole octave and then let go like the escape valve of a steam engine; another gave the squawk of the guinea hen, and a third struck a note on a high key and gave a chromatic descendo of four or five notes, as if his body might be crushed by a wedge. Still another gave a yep-hoo; one more gave a squeal like a pig under a gate, and ten or twelve good healthy snores made a chorus not soon forgotten or forgiven.



A doleful incident of the Overland Trail

Sleep seemed a long way from my corner, and then a strange odor began filling the room, and as it increased there came a rescue to reason, and I knew something was on fire. Just then a little glimmer of light shot up in a far corner, and I quickly roused Pard and gave the alarm. The man who was afire was soon rescued with little loss except a part of his blanket. He had carried a bunch of matches in his pocket, the old-fashioned California matches, where about fifty would stick together in a bunch less than an inch square. They were sulphur tipped and easily ignited, and in turning himself on his hard bed he had rubbed the whole cluster into a blaze. Had I too been asleep it might have been the last sleep for all of us. There was a bit of satisfaction for me in the morning when I discovered that he was the man who the night before had said women had no business travelling in such a country, and he had expressed himself in no gentle terms. But when he knew it was the woman who saved him from burning, he was most effusively apologetic.

It was along through a part of that section of the country which was still marked on the school maps as unexplored territory that the road led to Bellevue in Idaho, and there, too, was where the great lava beds of Idaho are most prominent.

Bunches of greasewood and sage-brush are the only products that vie with the black masses of basalt in that vast domain of volcanic origin, unless snakes, jack rabbits, and coyotes might be termed products of that part of the world. The lava assumes most grotesque shapes at times, and again it rises in tall minarets that stand as watchful sentinels. With a little imagination added one can see almost any shape chiselled in the black hard substance. It is just the kind of a country that the Indian loves to fight in, because of the dark and devious places to hide and to entrap the unsuspecting victim of his vicious nature. Indians will never come out boldly in the open to fight unless they know they have every advantage on their side.

The only bit of brightness was the few richly colored lichens that grew on the rocks and gave all the charm that the panorama possessed. The roads were rough, but fairly free from dust, making the ride as agreeable as could be expected through such desolation and the lack of all that makes our world so beautiful.

A night was spent at Fish Creek, in a cabin of two rooms, with a dirt floor. One bed was in the kitchen and two in the living-room, with some calico curtains around them. Sixteen people had to stay there that night. We arrived in the second coach, but ladies were few, so we got one of the beds. From Fish Creek to Bellevue the next day the scene changed to beautiful meadows, ribboned with crystal streams, and flanked to the north by the Wood River Mountains, which were carpeted to their summits with a thick turf of bunchgrass, cured to the golden hue of the ripest wheat field.

Bellevue had a population of about four hundred people, and the hotel was a log cabin of four rooms. The office and bar occupied one room; the dining-room, kitchen, and living-room were a trinity in one; a small bedroom, without a window, opened only from the bar, and the upper half story was a corral, where a score of beds were known by numbers.

From Wood River Junction to Bellevue there was among the passengers a young girl who came from Salt Lake City to meet her lover and be married. An uncle had come with her to see that the service was properly performed, because he did not like the would-be husband, and had been unable to persuade the girl to give up the man of her choice. The bridegroom did not show up when the stage arrived, nor for several hours afterward, but the uncle rounded him up and had the marriage take place at once. After the evening meal some of the village rounders kidnapped the benedict because he would not treat them, and he was kept locked up for three days until he would open his purse in the proper way. Word was sent to the bride that her husband was all right, though too stingy to deserve a wife, and he would return in due time.

The way they make the desert drink

We were given the one single room off the office and bar. It had no outer door or window, and the office was full of men smoking all kinds of tobacco and drinking all kinds of liquor. The room was black with smoke most unendurable, and it was a relief when the last man had gone to his bunk, and one thing I must say in their favor is that they were kind enough to go early.

Bellevue was the *entrepôt* of the then brand new Wood River mining country, and a boom for the town seemed near at hand. Mines were being developed and sold, and good news of that kind came in every day. There were many branches of business not yet represented, and not a bank in all the Salmon River country, or on Wood River.

The tonsorial artist of the town was working in an enclosure of logs, with no roof over it, and when Pard went in to enjoy the luxury of a shave it was snowing so hard that he was soon covered with sleet and snow.

Ketchum was eighteen miles up the valley and the town of Hailey later located between Ketchum and Bellevue was not yet incubated. Hailey ultimately quite absorbed Bellevue, and when that time came houses dotted the entire seven miles of roadway between the two towns that were being taken bodily to the more fortunate location up-river and to the nearly total abandonment of the old.

There was a funny little chap came into the hotel and recognized Pard as an old travelling companion in Montana and an acquaintance of the Black Hills. He was a little, short Canadian, with black hair, eyes, and mustache. With a weird toss of his head he called Pard to him and said he had the finest saddle horse in the country, and if Pard wanted it for me he could have it while we remained on the river, but he would never lend it to a man.

The public stage had been taken off the route to Boise, which was 150 miles to the west, because of the limited business and the coming on of winter, and we seemed stranded on a desert, sure enough, with but little prospect of anything but a winter where we were. It made us feel pretty frosty at once to think that we had been so trapped in the outset of our trip to the western sea. But there happened to be a Mr. Riddle in town with a covered wagon, in which he had brought a load of fruit from Boise, and we engaged him to return at once and take us as passengers. The morning was clear and frosty, with mercury down to zero. He had a fine large bay team to drive and an extra horse tied behind the wagon as a sort of emergency animal.

Twenty miles from Bellevue the vast open valley of Camas Prairie, which contains 600,000 acres of choice grazing and farm lands is where the Indians have fought almost inch by inch to retain the land for their own ponies and for the camas root which grows there so abundantly. The camas is a bulbous plant, much like an onion, and is greatly prized by the redman for food.

There were no houses in sight at noon, and we camped by the wayside and built a fire. There was meat to broil, potatoes to fry, and coffee to make, but it was soon done, as our cook was most expeditious. The horses munched their oats from a box at the end of the wagon with a monotonous content, and the dog went through all sorts of canine antics while waiting for his share of the noonday meal.

We reached a log cabin for the night, which had a door but no windows, but it was large enough to make us quite comfortable.

Where the Indians fought for the Camas Root

One of the horses was taken sick, and caused Mr. Riddle to put the emergency horse in the harness next morning, and tie the sick bay as he had tied the other one, behind the wagon, but the sick horse had no inclination to submit to any such indignity. He would brace himself and pull back with all his might, giving the vehicle a jerk that nearly pulled it apart. When the driver tried to reach the beast with the whip, it would jump sideways and balance the wagon on one side until it seemed that he would surely be the death of us. The streams were frozen over and we could only tell by trying them whether the ice would hold up. Just as we were fairly in the middle of one stream, the horses broke through, with one side of our wagon. At that stage of discomfort one of the horses balked and we were in a distressing, as well as dangerous plight that required patience and skill to be safely extricated from. When the balky horse was finally ready to go, the one behind was not, and he took such a rigid stand that his halter broke and he went off at this own pace. Our trials were many, and there still dwells in my mind some unfriendly remarks about that old horse Billy.

Emerging from that episode and spending a precious hour or two in catching the animal Pard thought he would walk up a steep hill behind Billy and use a persuader to make him keep up with the procession. But if that horse was sick, it must have been with St. Vitas dance, for the persuader was fatal to Billy's good nature and he jumped from side to side, rocking the wagon on a wheel balance until I, too, was glad to escape from it. The next day he was put in the harness again, but the emergency horse refusing to be led any more was finally turned loose in the hope that he would follow, but he preferred to graze, and as far as we know he is grazing yet. Surely the animal was well named the emergency horse, for it kept us in a crisis from first to finish.

It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day out from Wood River when we reached Boise City. The weather had been intensely cold at night time, even two degrees below zero, but the days warmed near noon and were clear and bright, and in spite of many discomforts we made a good deal of a picnic out of the trip.

" The Ovelrand Hotel was a two-story ramble shack, but quite palatial after our hard experiences"

A big lot of mail awaited us at the Overland Hotel, and kept my heart full of joy for a long time. We had a grand visit with friends on paper as we sat by our warm fire, in real rocking chairs, with good oil lamps to illuminate the pages. Home friends begged us to give up such rough travelling and come back East, not knowing that now it was only thirty miles more to Walla Walla than it would be to go to Kelton (260 miles), the nearest railroad point toward home. They could not realize what it would mean to give up the coveted trip down the Columbia to the sea. To miss the finest river scenery in the world would be too great a disappointment not to speak of the trip on the Pacific

Ocean, the sail into the Golden Gate, basking in the orange groves of Los Angeles, and generally enjoying the grandeur of the Pacific slope, all now within our grasp. The hardships we had endured would only make our joy the greater.

Boise is on the north bank of the Boise River, where the land is quite level, but it is encircled by a ring of foothills rising to the more majestic snowy range. It is at the head of the extensive and fertile valley of the same name, which is one of the greatest fruit-producing districts in the West. It had a population of about 2500 people and boasted two good newspapers, the *Semi-weekly Democrat* and *Tri-weekly Statesman*. They later became dailies and are still the leaders in the State distribution of news.

The buildings were mostly one-story structures, but many of them were of brick. The hotel was a two-story ramble shack, but quite palatial after our hard experiences since leaving Salt Lake, and we were glad for its comforts and conveniences, meagre as they were. There was a public school having three hundred and seventy-five pupils and also an Episcopal school under the charge of Prof. C. H. Moore and of Bishop Tuttle.

A distillery, U. S. mint, packing house, and flouring mill were doing a fine business. I name the distillery first, because it coined more money than the mint, though in a way peculiar to the business. Boise then as now was the capital, and the social, political, and business centre of the territory. There were many charming people and much enterprise and thrift, with the breezy far-west hospitable atmosphere we had so much remarked at Helena.

A half dozen stage lines centred there. The one to Kelton, on the Central Pacific Railway, 260 miles, was the nearest rail connection, and had it not been for the little fruit wagon and the courtesy of Mr. Riddle, we would have had to go back from Bellevue to Blackfoot and Ogden, and around to Kelton, to reach Boise.

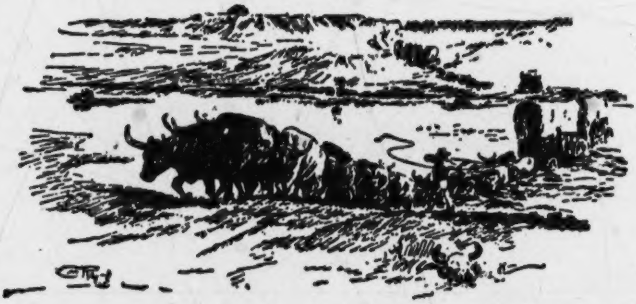
One other important stage line was west through Baker City to Walla Walla and Umatilla, to connect with the narrow gauge rail and portages down the Columbia River, and the one over which we must soon go.

Idaho at that time was bringing in some 6,000,000 pounds of freight annually, and its shipments of gold and silver through Boise even then were ranking it as a very important mining territory.

East of town there was an extinct volcano crater whose mountain is 1500 feet above the valley and the crater is perfect except for a section of the rim on the northwest side. It is at least a hundred feet across the top, and one can see many feet down into the orifice. On the imperfect side there is a vast deposit of lava.

Immense stone quarries lie along the foot of the nearby mountains, some of which had already been used for the penitentiary, and other pretentious buildings.

More hot medical springs were within two miles of Boise, which bade fair to make Boise as famous as a certain liquid, which was not all foam, had made Milwaukee. That prophecy has been fulfilled; the water has not only been piped into the town for family use, but for heating purposes generally, and a veritable palace of a natatorium is the chief pleasure attraction of the present city of 20,000 people.



Idaho ox teams were bringing in some 6,000,000 pounds of freight annually

Idaho means "gem on the mountains," a name given by the Indians. When the morning sun first rests upon a certain mountain it produces the dazzling brilliancy of a great gem on the mountain top, and hence the name was applied to all that territory. The name was first published according to correct translation by Joaquin Miller.

CHAPTER XXV

BOISE TO WALLA WALLA VIA BAKER CITY AND PENDLETON

OUR coach was severely crowded from Boise City, and nearly every passenger felt inclined to be a little cross. There was one, however, who said she never was ill-natured in her life, but was always jolly and making fun. The first "fun" that she made for the company was to call for a little bag of apples which was somewhere in the coach. Everybody had to move and assist in the search, and when it was found the coach had to be stopped and baggage stowed away again to the accompaniment of words known only to a stage driver. She was a gay young widow, with a male encumbrance about three years old. While in the full enjoyment of her apple she began to sing in a loud, coarse voice a song that Pard declared must have been entirely original. One verse ran:

"There 's Billy and Sammy and Duncan
And Johnny and William and Joe.
They can't make love worth a button,
Or else they 're eternally slow."

Then came the chorus:

"I 'm sighin', I 'm dyin', mere friendship I ever shall spurn;
I 'm sighin', I 'm dyin', to love and be loved in return."

This chorus was sung before and after each verse, then repeated with a voice full of longing, and there were about eight or ten verses all about wanting "to be loved in dead earnest" and the half dozen boys that "could n't make love worth a button," something about oysters, dinners, etc. The monotony of the song was varied by an occasional slap on the baby's face for some mischievous freak, which made her sing the louder while the baby cried. There were one or two other songs, and the peculiar drawl of her words made them quite ludicrous. One of them was on the Chicago fire, and ran:

> "O Mary, sisture Mary, cling firmer to my arum
> And I will guide you safely through all the fire allarum-ah.
> O Mary, where is mother, and little baby too-oh?
> They 're numbered with the dead, doh, whatever shall we do-ah?"

Chorus:

> "'Fier, ah! fier, ah!' hear the dreadful sound-ah!
> Chicago is on fier-ah and burning to the ground-ah."

The men had a chance to change about as we reached the various stations along the way, to climb up on the outside and smother their wrath in a drink or a smoke, and otherwise express their feelings, but poor me! I had to sit in the seat with her and her boy and when my patience reached the limit in her abuse of the poor child, I took the dear little fellow up on my lap and soon had him fast asleep. I never saw a more beautiful child or more senseless widow. It was like sunshine after a storm when at early dawn we stopped at the breakfast station and had her desire to be loved drowned in a cup of poor coffee. When we were well rid of her at Baker City we devoutly prayed to be delivered from any more such "joyous" dispositions.

Seventy-five miles northwest of Boise City we reached the Snake River again. For many miles it forms the dividing line between Idaho and Oregon, and after following its crooked ways some distance to the north we were again ferried over the river to the Oregon side, and continued our way through sage-brush and bunchgrass, and very little timber, westward to Baker City, 140 miles from Boise.

Baker may well be called the pride of eastern Oregon, as it nestles among its shade trees on the banks of Powder River. The enterprise of its educational leaders should be made a chapter of history. There was a boy's college, the Notre Dame Academy, an Academy built by the State, and a fine public school. They were all in use, with students from far and near. Baker boasted of these attractions, for she claimed but 1500 inhabitants. Mr. Virtue's bank block was of cut stone and there were several other store buildings of cut stone and several of brick. The merchants carried heavy stocks of goods and enjoyed large patronage.

The nearest gulch mining to the city was eight miles, but for twenty years there had been an average of $600,000 worth of gold dust shipped annually from the county through Baker banks.

" We were again ferried over Snake River to the Oregon side "

The first gold discovery on the Pacific Coast was made in 1845, about one hundred and fifty miles from Baker, and at the time no one knew what it was. They used to flatten the gold out with hammers and use it for ornamental purposes. They knew it to be some kind of metal, and said they found it by the pocketful. Those people were driven from the spot by Indians, as many people have been since then in making attempts to find that gold deposit again, but all efforts have been in vain. One aged mountaineer, and one of the original discoverers, still worked and toiled in the vicinity, and declared he would die in the search if he did not find it again. Frequent expulsions by Indians seemed but to renew his courage.

We spent our Thanksgiving in Baker in 1880, and there was indeed much to be thankful for. There were but few bounties on the table, and we well remember how difficult it was to dismember the poor chicken that was served as we thought of the luscious brown turkey in the old home oven. But we had come through many experiences with whole bodies and good health. There had been no serious casualties with us or at home, and our hearts were indeed full of thanksgiving.

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Sheep range among the pines of Oregon

The ever charming feature of all our travels on our great frontier was the hospitality of the people wherever we dropped our hats for even a day. It is of course true that the business which sent Pard into all these wilds was the building of new hopes and ambitions for the people already there, and every man was glad to tell of his acres, his sheep and cattle, and their increase, or to tell of the output of mines, the export and import of merchandise, or explain any interests they had that Pard might make reports and prove quickly how well it would pay to build railroads into the vast territory. His business known, it was an "open sesame" to the best homes and the best of all the towns afforded. It was like the swaying of a magic wand and we numbered many lifelong friends from those pioneer days. Senator Teller and Gov. Adams of Colorado; Senator Warren and Judge Carey of Wyoming; Hon. Tom Carter, Col. W. F. Sanders, and the Fisk brothers, Col. Broadwater and others of Montana; Gov. Steunenberg, Congressman John Hailey and Senator Shoup, of Idaho; Chas. H. Gleed, director and attorney for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, who was Pard's assistant at the Union Pacific headquarters at Omaha, with many more we fondly recall, were then men in modest walks of life, but with loyalty of spirit and ambition, and an energy of purpose that has carried them to the leadership of the great States which they served.

Powder River valley is very productive of fruits, vegetables, and farm products. North of this valley, across a low divide, is the famous Grande Ronde valley, which is not only rich for agricultural purposes, but where many thousands of cattle and sheep have been raised. Eastern Oregon and Washington had exported upwards of 180,000 head of cattle and many thousand sheep the past season. Union, La Grande, and Pendleton valleys, through which we passed, were all thriving farming localities.

It had been but two years since the battle of Willow Springs against the Piute and Bannock Indians. All the Indians on the Oregon frontier from the Blue Mountains to the Cascades were in a bad temper, and they resolved to drive the whites out of the country. The battle of Willow Springs was the first check to their depredations and it aroused a decided defence. The Piute and Bannock Indians had hoped to join the Umatillas and the Yakimas and have a complete victory.

Here, as in other portions of the West, the story of its early settlement is a romance in which the hardy ranchers are the heroes, though they claim no such distinction. To make their story interesting requires no coloring, for the simple picture of the bunchgrass plains and rimrocked hills, with the men who rode over them under burning suns or through winter's blizzards, is a convincing proof not to be gainsaid.

Pendleton was the centre of a large farming country then as now, with far less population, and every man, woman, and child was taught the lesson of self-defence. In 1880 it was a modest village, with few trees and a few sheltered lawns, but the start had been well made toward the beautiful town of to-day. We put up for the night at the Foley House and, in fact, stopped over in Pendleton for twenty-four hours. The luncheon menu we had that day was unique for its orthography if nothing more. We had "stued beef, countery stile," "German fride potatos," "stued cabbage," "Appricot pie," and "Plum sause."

Copyright Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Oregon

Fish Hawk, war chief of the Cayuses

Leaving Pendleton at seven in the morning, our route was directly north, and for twenty miles we rode over the rich, uncultivated lands of the Umatilla reservation. Just across Wild Horse Creek, the dividing line between the red man and the white, fine farmhouses and well-filled granaries and storehouses proved plainly the value of the soil. For miles and miles the stubble of grain fields spread away on every side, even away up over the tops of the foothills, and held out in bold relief the golden land against the setting of the dark Blue mountain range.

Soon after dinner the tall church spires and flagstaffs of Walla Walla rose in view and by three o'clock we were comfortably located in the Exchange Hotel, after the pleasantest and quickest stage ride of our whole experience, 290 miles from Boise City and over 600 miles from Ogden, Utah.

I know of no place prettier than Walla Walla in the midsummer months. Its six thousand people moved like so many bees around a hive, and the four-story cut stone business blocks were marvels of beauty. The neat and elegant homes were embowered in shade trees and creeping vines that had not yet lost their summer leaves or colorings.

Walla Walla River was six miles from town, but pure, bright, sparkling Mill Creek ran through the town, and, divided into a hundred tiny rivulets, it danced in and out of everybody's garden, carrying coolness and fertility to every home. The avenues were broad, well improved, and shaded, and there were over five miles of well-graded streets.

Six thousand miles of staging had ended at Walla Walla, Washington, and we awoke next morning with glad hearts. For a time at least there would be no more "rough and tumble" of jostling, rocking stage-coaches, no more rising at ghostly hours to take the rough wheeled vehicles for a jog along through weary days and nights, no more fear of a sudden lurch sending a fist into a neighbor's eye or butting a head against a crossrod or a sidebrace of the lumbering, clumsy old dirt-laden transportation wagon. No more fear of a pitch down a steep mountainside or of being stuck in a mudhole.

How much it meant all over the West to hear that cry "Stage!" The sonorous voice of the stage driver, the clatter of hoofs, the creak of heavy brakes, and the grinding wheels as they bumped into the sidewalk, gave notice of the arrival of the daily mail and passengers. All over the western country it was the same great event of the day. Hotel lobbies and sidewalks were full of loiterers waiting for some kind of news to spread through the town, and the idle curious to see who was aboard.

The blankets and robes were tumbled out upon the sidewalk with a vigorous shove and perchance a little kick of joy to help them along. It had been a hard and toilsome journey, mingled with manifold joys and pleasures, the troubles to be forgotten and the pleasures to live always in our memories. Our ways were generally those of peace but we had at times the gay red men on our trail.

Over mountains and through the vales, through dense forests and broad open plains, through rivers untold and forest fires, through sunshine and storm, through mud and dust, with companions of all nationalities, and experiences unrivalled by any of my sex, we had reached a point of rest. We bade a long farewell to the "six-in-hand" and the characteristic stage driver, whose oddities and peculiarities had ever been an amusing study, and whose eccentricities would fill a volume, and put him in a class as distinct as a race itself.

For a time at least we would be far enough from warring Indians to rest in peace and tranquillity, without the fear that every red man we saw was on the warpath, and whose image was distorted by the eye of fear.

Yet all at once the thought came with a rush that sent me reeling with homesickness, of the long distance between us and home, and either that arduous, toilsome stage ride or the long slow trip by water loomed up like an unscalable wall. But Pard never gave opportunities for such feelings to get rooted. He was quick to dissipate troubles, ever looking on the bright side, and it was always his pleasure, as soon as he found a comfortable place for me to rest, to skirmish out for reading matter and writing materials, and have my wants supplied before he started in on his rounds. This done, it was always his greatest delight to work; he was an indefatigable worker and never stopped for an hour's rest if the time was propitious for doing things. If ever a man earned laurels, he certainly did during our days of pioneering, when Jay Gould, Sidney Dillon, and Thomas L. Kimball were the leading spirits of the Union Pacific, and they were as proud of him and his work as I was.

A Umatilla ranger

Speaking of Sidney Dillon reminds me of an amusing incident that happened on a train coming west from Omaha.

President Dillon's private car was attached to the train, and at a junction point where the train was delayed he strolled up and down the station platform and attracted much attention by his New York air of simple elegance. He was a fine-looking man, always faultlessly dressed and groomed, his white "Burnsides" seemed to make his face look younger, and his smile was good to see. There was a little weazen-faced woman sitting opposite to me, a typical New England old maid, who looked as if she had been saying "prunes and prisms" all her life, and had enjoyed but meagre pleasure. I turned and told her who the fine-looking man was attracting so much notice but instead of looking out of the window she deliberately turned her back to it, puckered up her prim little mouth, gave her head a little toss, crossed her hands, and said "I don't know him."

With time to catch my breath at Walla Walla, I began to figure out what we had been doing. The year 1880 was nearing a close, and with it numbered three thousand miles more of stage travel for us, or six thousand miles in all since we started out on such adventurous experiences only three years before. We had run about the whole gamut of exploration—the great stock ranges, the profoundest forests, the broad grain lands, and the varied attractions for the pleasure or health seeker, with everything else that could have any possible bearing on future transportation interests. These things were gone into with a "fine tooth comb," as Pard sometimes put it. Mines of the base or precious metals were everywhere, and down in the heart of mother-earth we had explored hundreds of them. By winze and ropes and tunnels we had followed the gold, copper, and lead hidden in rocky rifts or sandy bed, or yet again from its black soft blanket of porphyry, out into the sunlight and through arastra, crusher, amalgamator, or smelter to the bright coins of commerce. The advantage of future rail routes, or even of more stage lines, was nowhere overlooked.

We had come through it all with life, health, and experience worth more than tongue can tell; yet, as it turned out, we were only well started, so no wonder the few days' rest in the quiet little town of Walla Walla was a boon to be craved—to rest, to think, to write of what we had seen.

It was a great surprise to find all classes of goods lower in price than anywhere farther inland, but it was because of its nearness to tidewater. The people were bright, intelligent, and pleasant to meet, but not with the ambitious and progressive natures of other places we had visited. The feeling of self satisfaction, possessing the thought that Walla Walla was the hub of the universe, was like the old feeling of the Bostonian for his beloved Boston.

Copyright Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Oregon

"White Bull spent his allotment of seven thousand dollars in six weeks, then went to sleep on the railroad and ended his career"

As we continued down the coast then and afterward we learned that it was a disease from which the whole population of our Pacific lands was suffering to such an extent that they would sniff and snuff at the bare suggestion of another coast of equal magnitude on the east side of our continent. The Pacific Coast people think there is no other country worth mentioning in the whole world. Loyalty to one's home and country is one of the most commendable virtues when it does not carry one into bigotry and perverse ignorance, but most Pacific Coasters in those days did go to the limit.

I was revelling in the thought of hardships over for a time when Pard came in with the news that we must nerve ourselves for one more hard trip, and do it quickly, for the season was getting late. We must make a hurried trip to Lewiston and Spokane Falls before going on down to Portland.

Travelling in the mountains by stage is ever a joy. Every mile reveals some new scenic wonder that repays the hardships, but when dragging along through long stretches of sand and alkali flats the time and the distance is endless to the weary traveller. The very horizon seems ever to be an eminence from which one should see the end of the journey, but that eminence is as far away as the mirage of Death Valley, for it is always just ahead and never reached. All of southern Idaho had that delusive expanse, without a tree or green field worthy of the name. Along that great highway, with its dust clouds and ashes and black lava beds, a story of sorrow and suffering is often told by a pile of stones or a cross by the wayside. I felt as if the end of the tether had been reached when we were rolled out of the coach at Walla Walla, and to make the trip to Spokane Falls required a renewal of courage and endurance that was hard to summon; but a few days' rest kindled life anew and hastened us on our way, to cover this unexpected five hundred mile round trip by stage and horseback.

CHAPTER XXVI

SPOKANE FALLS, MEDICAL LAKE, AND BEAUTIFUL LAKE CŒUR D'ALENE

THE Northern Pacific began laying rails northeast from Wallula to Spokane in the fall of 1879 but the work was very slowly pushed that year and even in 1880 the quickest way to make the trip from Walla Walla to Spokane was by stage via Pomeroy and Colfax. Another way was by Pomeroy on to Lewiston and down Snake River to Almota and then by stage again to Colfax and Spokane Falls.

The season was getting late and though time was precious we took the longer route by Lewiston. It was an interesting town because it was the first capital of Idaho and because of its location at the junction of the Snake and Clearwater rivers with towering bluffs rising more than two thousand feet above. The town was also at the head of navigation and that seemed to be its best excuse for existence at that time, although the vast mineral, forest, and agricultural resources that have since been developed prove that the founders builded better than they knew.

Its early settlers were the same restless pioneers who are the forerunners of civilization everywhere—the searchers for gold and lovers of adventure who are carried on wings of avarice, romance, adventure, and discovery and even fairy tales, to the remotest corners of the earth.

How glorious the experience of riding on the great river which we had watched from its birth in trickling rivulets to the majesty of the seventh great artery of commerce! As romancers we, too, sat on the steamer deck and revelled in the sweet air of the uplands free from dust and grime and jolting chuck-holes of the stage highway.

Our ferryboat at Lewiston which had been running ever since 1859

"Much of its course ran through magnificent canyons of its own carving"

Few had tried to follow the winding course of Snake River through its wild and forbidding extents of lava and the lifeless desert that bordered it. Much of its course ran through magnificent canyons of its own carving where upheavals of earth had added to the indescribable chaos of fantastic masses of melted rocks, of peaks and precipices. Then, too, for nearly its entire length a treeless land completes the barren waste of the Snake River desert. For three hundred and fifty miles there is not a stream that runs into it from the south.

When it reaches the Washington state line it loses much of its wildness and more gently rolling lands add a seductive inducement to settlers. After its junction with the Clearwater for a time its basaltic walls are the most imposing and colossal of all its course; then the last hundred miles before its junction with the Columbia it runs on through what is now the greatest wheat belt in the world.

Grain chute from the uplands down to the river

Even in 1880 wheat was raised along the river and one of the most interesting sights of the trip was the loading of wheat on the steamboats from the bluffs through flumes or chutes that were two and three thousand feet long. In the experimental stage of thus handling wheat it was ground into unbolted flour by its own velocity and weight by the time it reached the boat, but that trouble was soon rectified by making checks in its downward course in such a way that the grain was made to clean itself in the race and flow into the boat bins in prime order.

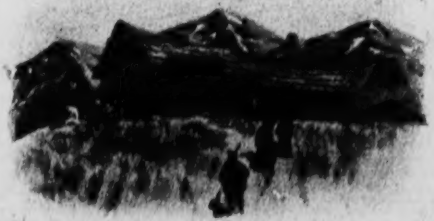
From Almota to Colfax overland was but a short trip and there we considered the quickest way to accomplish the Spokane Falls trip to the best advantage. We had already used four days since leaving Walla Walla, and days were precious when winter was coming on.

Saddle horses and a couple of packs with a good guide were sent on ahead to make a camp near Spokane River, and we followed on the Kinnear Stage. In that way we lost no time in getting into the saddles and riding among the beautiful hills and dales and lakes around Spokane Falls.

City of Spokane Falls in the early eighties

The weather was glorious in spite of the lateness of the season. Our greatest difficulty was in crossing some of the streams which owing to some unusually heavy rains were badly swollen. There were few bridges in those days, and it was a case of sink or swim at some crossings, and when we found a ferry, however primitive it was a luxury to be thankful for. Fording unknown streams were events to dread however confidently the road led down to them or marked the farther shore. Mountain streams with their delusive clearness were always deceptive in depth, and I generally curled up squaw fashion on the saddle in the hopes of keeping dry. I had my lesson in Colorado in going over the horse's head when he jerked the bridle from my hand as we went down a steep incline and he suddenly bent his head to drink. I went after the bridle into the stream, which fortunately was not deep, but it was awfully wet. The cunning horse did not even stop drinking, but he blinked his eyes at me as if he enjoyed the situation.

The virgin grandeur and beauty of the Spokane country appealed to us as no other place had done in all our travels. The little village of four hundred or five hundred people straggling over the parklike openings among the pines impressed us as one of the most picturesque in America. As we stood on the banks of the beautiful river and saw its wonderful falls with the magnificent valley, its rich bunch-grass carpet then yellow as gold in its autumn garb and recalled the vast grainland empire stretching to the southeast and southwest, the wonderful mines opening up nearby on the east, the ample forests, and the possibilities for power, the majesty of the situation made Pard declare that "Here will be the greatest inland city of the whole Northwest." How little he then knew his untiring energy and unflagging faith would make him one of the greatest promoters of the end he prophesied and that as President of an important railway company he would so materially add to the city's transportation facilities.



Old Hudson Bay post near Spokane

We took most of our meals at a small hotel near the river, called the California, but spent very little time in the town. We made the trip on horseback out to Medical Lake and bathed in the soft soapy water which was delightful; also northward to the entrancing Little Spokane with its frowning battlements and myriad of wondrous springs. It was impossible to tarry long anywhere though the banks of the rivers and the shores of the lakes were seductive with their enchanting beauty and the echoing anthem of the various waterfalls. The unfettered Spokane laughed in jubilant defiance of restraint as we built an imaginary city along its shores, little dreaming how soon the dream would come true.

The Northern Pacific Railroad was coming slowly toward this inland mecca of the Northwest but it did not reach the goal until June, 1881, and not until September, 1883, were the East and West made one with the connecting spike driven by Henry Villard at Deer Lodge, Montana. There was a great deal of rivalry between Spokane Falls and Cheney with the advantage in favor of Spokane because of the great waterpower and the splendid citizenship already making itself apparent. Such honored residents as J. J. Browne, Samuel Hyde, Judge L. B. Nash, and J. N. Glover were then, as now, most effective workers for Spokane, as was the lamented A. M. Cannon. Mr. Glover had a saw mill on the south side of the river between the falls, and was also doing a thriving trade with the Indians. Spokane Falls and forty acres of ground from Front Avenue to Broadway and from Post to Monroe, now the very heart of the city, were donated by Mr. Glover to one Frederick Post to insure the establishment of a flouring mill. Of all that land Mr. Glover reserved but one block, and that now contains the Spokane Auditorium Theatre building. One of our diversions at Spokane was an exciting Indian horserace on the racecourse then used, which extended

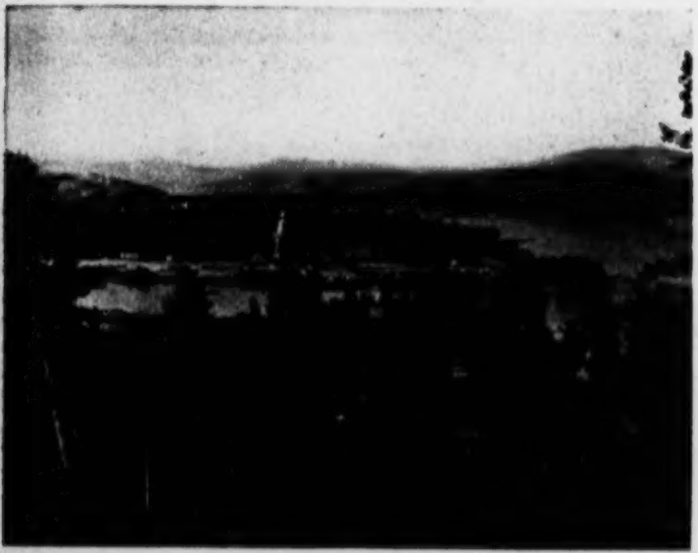
The Lower Falls of Spokane River

from about the present location of the famous Davenport Restaurant to a point well out toward Browne's Addition.

The Indian, Curly Jim, was a character of the locality in those days the same as in this latter century. He was an intelligent young buck and at times induced prospectors to tie him and bring him into town as a bad Indian just for the fun of hearing what the people would say when they learned it was just "Curly Jim."

The most humane lot of Indians I have known are on reservations around North Yakima in the State of Washington. They are a happy-go-lucky lot, most of whom have acquired a wealth of ponies or of lands and on festival days they make Yakima the most picturesque city in the United States. If you nod to one of them as you pass he instantly shows his teeth in a broad smile. Their saddle trappings and bridles, their beaded gauntlets, their embroidered vests, their gaily colored blankets, tell of the love for bright sunny colorings, and happy dispositions are usually the counterpart of such gay trappings. They have their own homes, many own carriages, and all own horses. The squaw mother sits on a horse with her papoose fastened in front with a sort of diamond hitch that she gets on the blankets that are wound about her own body and limbs, and also holds the child secure. Often from a window in the hotel have I watched them come by the hundreds into the vacant lots close by and mount or dismount, tie their ponies, and primp themselves before going out on the street, and again pack themselves and their belongings on their ponies for the homeward trip. Some scoured the town for what they could beg, even though they were not destitute, and when they bought blankets they were most critical regarding quality and colors. They are not a menace to the town but a valuable attraction and a necessity in the field of labor. They excel in hop-picking, berry-picking, and in gathering fruits, but they have less regard for morals than most of the wilder tribes have.

The warriors of the middle States are being gradually pushed into the far West and the picturesqueness of all this Pacific Northwest is being narrowed down to a last dwelling place. It will not be many years before all their old time environments will be obliterated and the onward move of civilization will cover the ground with homes of white men. Indian legends will form but a mental picture no longer verified by living examples, but surrounded by a halo of mystery and a shadowy sense of the mythical that lies beyond the pale of our own lives. There have been noted chiefs who have had many characteristics of royalty. Cleanly of mind and body, honorable, brave, and valiant, their presence imposed a personal magnetism and hypnotism not to be denied. Such were Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull of the Sioux, Chief Moses of the Nez Perces, and many others.



"Fort Sherman was the most attractive spot for an army post that one could imagine."

Fort Sherman had been established about two years on Lake Cœur d'Alene and my remembrance is that a man named King owned the stage line running from Spokane Falls to Lake Cœur d'Alene and Fort Sherman, but we went out there on horseback, noting the store of M. M. Cowley at Spokane Bridge and a few houses at Post Falls as the only habitations where now the valley teems with its cozy homes, fruitful orchards, and a half dozen railway lines. Fort Sherman was the most attractive spot for an army post that one could imagine and it was a great pity to have it abandoned in later years.

The Cœur d'Alene mines had begun to make history in as thrilling and interesting a way as Butte or Leadville. There was a Territorial tax of five dollars a month on alien miners for five months of the year, and it was a source of enormous revenue. It was devised at first to keep out the Chinamen but it was not a successful ruse.

It was not until after 1880 that marked development began in the Cœur d'Alene, but there is an old piano that is still in use in Mullen that was taken there in the seventies. It has been through half a dozen fires, packed over mountain trails, accidentally slid into many a gushing stream, and after being fished out was "thumped" by some disciple of Mozart just as usual. Until recently it was the standby for balls and parties, Fourth of July and St. Patrick's day frivolities. Every once in a while "Mag," as the instrument is termed, is pressed into requisition and the cobwebs shaken from its chords. Its original cost, when purchased from J. B. Nugent of New York, is said to have been in the neighborhood of $2500.

The old Mission on Cœur d'Alene River.

The first boats on Lake Cœur d'Alene for traffic ran from Cœur d'Alene City, or rather Fort Sherman, to the old Mission, carrying supplies and prospectors and returning with hay for the Government. The freight rate on the first load of hay for the thirty-eight miles from what is now called Kingston to Farmington, on the lake, was $40 per ton.

A great deal of freight and many passengers were poled up the north fork of the Cœur d'Alene in dugouts and bateaux, at a cost of twenty-five cents per pound to Hummel's Landing. From there freight was hauled by dog trains into Eagle City, a distance of three miles, at the cost of five cents per pound, or a total cost of $100 per ton. The three mile haul on sleds drawn by dogs from Hummel's Landing to Eagle City cost the same price as freight from Chicago to Wallace, Idaho, a distance of 2000 miles, at the present time.

Some ten thousand people went in to Eagle City in a season; many were without either shack or blanket. Living was very high, flour was a dollar a pound, and bacon sixty to eighty cents.

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Jim Wardner's pack train of 1884

In the spring of '84 pack trains began going in and greatly reduced all transportation rates. Jim Wardner was then in the mercantile business with the firm of Wardner and Blossom at Murray, and ultimately bought and operated the first pack train brought into the Cœur d'Alenes, but if there was anything from a pack train to gold bearing tradewinds that Jim Wardner did not attempt to handle after that it was because he never heard of it, or could not imagine it. He was a wild cat operator even to having a black cat ranch where it was said he raised the felines for their fur.

Mail was carried on a man's back from Cœur d'Alene City to Eagle by Fourth of July Canyon, or the old Mullen road to Evolution. The postage on a letter was twenty-five cents, and newspapers were too heavy and bulky to carry at any price. But that too was changed in the summer of '84.

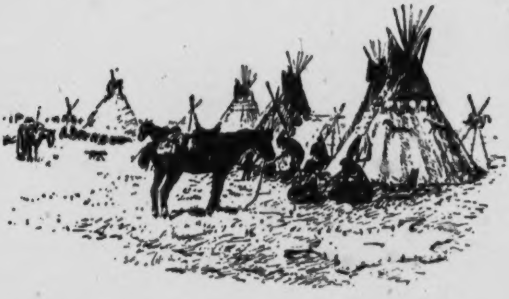
Many of Spokane's wealthiest citizens have drawn their fortunes from Cœur d'Alene's famous mines. Among them are Patrick Clark, A. B. Campbell, John A. Finch, Charles Sweeny, Warren Hussey, and Greenough brothers, while hundreds of others have made more modest fortunes there since the first of 1880.

It is a country with more romance and tragedy than any other in American mining history. Those who went into that district in the early '80's after our first visit are full of reminiscences of thrilling experiences of humor and tragedy, from locating "prospects" by a borrowed mule and thereby making the owner of the mule a partner in the mine, to starvation in snowbound cabins and death by bullets on disputed claims or in labor riots.

Our Tillicums on the shadowy St. Joe

Our return trip to Colfax was made entirely in the saddle, and it was one of the trips that will never be forgotten for it wove in a series of mishaps from start to finish. We stopped at Cannon and Warner's store to get a few supplies, then galloped out of town with all the zest of winter hunted travellers. Every cloud had been watched and pleaded with for a week, and now to make our down boat before a freeze-up was a great incentive to speed.

Spokane Falls was the crossroads for all Indian tribes of the surrounding country. The Indians were as plentiful as the dust, and as there had been some bad Indian scares recently we had watched for the truants among them all the way from Colfax as well as in our horseback riding around Spokane. Our guide had told us there was little to fear from them any more because white folks were coming in so fast. We became separated from him and our pack on the return in the hope of gaining some time but we got off the road somewhere near some springs north of Spangle and ran into a migratory band of the savages. Escape from them was impossible at the moment. The Indian wars were apparently over, but fearing peace had not yet full control of the red man's breast, we realized our situation might possibly be serious. We were urgently invited to dismount and reluctantly obeyed the signs. Our guide was to keep watch of our trail and we knew he would soon be after us and we tried to make the Indians understand that other white men were coming. They looked longingly at our ponies and seemed much interested in some of their trappings. The camp was small in size and numbers but it was large in odors of fish and smoke and filth so inseparable from the Indians.



"Spokane Falls was the crossroads for all the Indian tribes in the country"

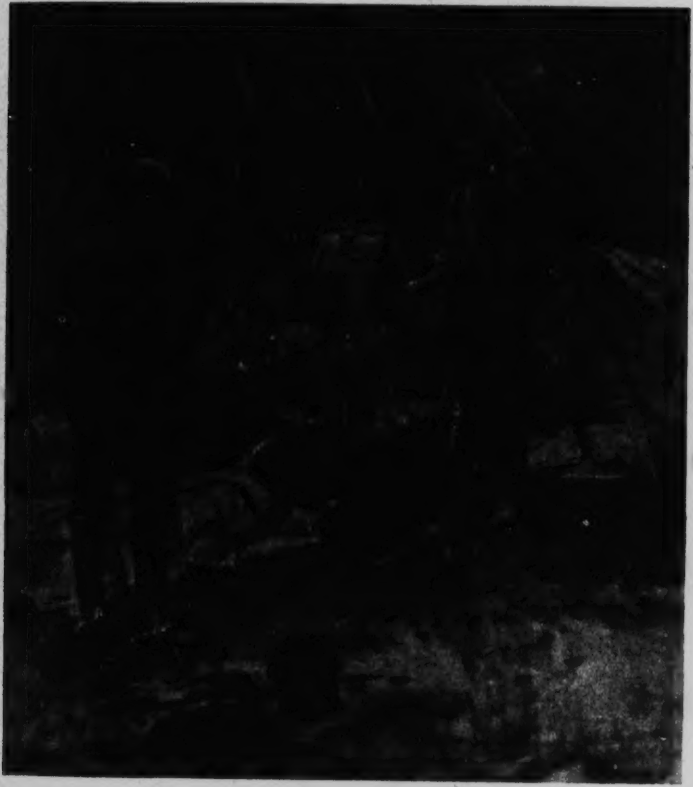
The young bucks stroked the ponies on their flanks and talked rapidly in their own tongue while making themselves familiar with the trappings about the saddles. One big buck was squeezing all the saddle bags and all of them made signs by pointing to the mouth and tipping the head back. We thought they were after whiskey and by signs and words kept repeating that we had none at all. But they were not satisfied and opened everything up until they got to the little medicine case, and the big fellow gave several grunts and pointed to a tepee and made us go over there. Inside his squaw was writhing in agony but I did not dare give her anything and shook my head again. The old buck began to look pretty ugly, and his manner was so imperative that I finally took the case, doled out a large dose of bicarbonate of soda and with many flourishes of doing some wonderful thing I gave her the simple dope. If I ever sent up an earnest prayer for help I did it then, for when medicine men fail among Indian tribes it is a serious matter and often means death to the doctor. We had not long to wait for the medicine came up again in short order and brought relief to the favorite of the camp. All we could understand as the Indians muttered among themselves was the one word "Skookum" and we heard that so often that we knew the spell had worked. I then started to put up the case when the big buck came and took the bottle of soda, and he would not give it back to me. I begged for it as if it were a precious parcel and the more I begged the more determined his "ugh! ugh!" and the shake of his head.

Just then we heard a far away call from our guide and his clear "hoo-hoo" rang out like an echo from the sky. We hurriedly mounted our horses and were surprised that the Indians made not the slightest objection. A lot of their own ponies were grazing close by and we wondered what mischief they were planning. Pard was just raising his whip to get a quick start when the big Indian grabbed the bridle and motioned with his hand to wait.

He turned about and said: "Spokane?" and we nodded yes. Then he pointed to the sun and made a circle under the earth and to the point overhead which meant the next day at noon, then he pointed to himself and said "Spokane" again. He then pointed out five or six ponies in a line and two blankets, and continued "white squaw, me buy." As near as we could make out he said he would be in Spokane at noon the next day to buy white squaw, meaning me, and would give so many ponies and blankets to Pard. Then he gave Pard's horse such a blow on the flank that it needed no further coaxing to get under good headway, and we made the back trail as fast as we could go.

We still feared treachery for they were mounting their ponies and as soon as we were out of the camp Pard said: "Now, Dell, we must ride like the devil and get out of this." We soon met the guide who was neither choice nor complimentary in his language used at our escapade and he threw a lash around the heels of the pack animals to give greater vent to his feelings as we ran on through the ravine.

That swerving from the main line did not take more than two or three hours' time but we found a bridle had been cut and other delays followed which made us late in reaching Colfax, and too late for the boat to Wallula. We had to ferry Snake River and go by stage via Pomeroy to Walla Walla again.



"If ever I sent up an earnest prayer for help I did it then"

All that region is now as far removed from its virgin condition as its people are different from the wild race who once inhabited it. The most splendid inland city of the West fills the valley and crowns the bluffs overlooking the falls. Hills are no longer covered with wild Indian ponies, and peppered with arrow heads, but in their stead are miles upon miles of fruitful orchards and willowy grain, with herds of cattle and sheep and the whole domain so covered with other thriving cities and villages, with steam and electric communications, that distances are obliterated and there is no more country.

The beautiful Falls of the Palouse

It may seem strange that so little has been said in all these adventures about the most important of Pard's missions. His confidential arrangement to carefully examine various routes and regions with reference to railway extensions and possible tonnage was a most laborious task. It was a matter of vast concern during the many years covered by this narrative. Most of the work was veiled under the popular guise of the hunt for statistics to induce immigration. Few knew with what zeal and care the railroad builders of our day have every possible factor examined, sifted, checked, and weighed often before even an engineer or right-of-way man is consulted. While Pard's usual work never ceased other things were doing, and some of the best known and most profitable railway lines in the West were hatched during those long tedious trips across the frontier. It was a great secret then and the whole West has learned in later years that Pard can keep a secret so well that he has become popularly known as "the railroad sphinx."

The awe-inspiring canyon of the Palouse on the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation line

It is no breach of confidence to tell of one bit of the work that meant so much to the Northwest. It was a matter of great study in the early '80's whether the Oregon Short Line en route to Portland should follow the water grade of Snake River around by Lewiston, go across central Oregon to the head of the Willamette Valley, and down that water grade, or take the short cut across the Blue Mountains through Baker City, La Grande, and Pendleton. Pard's report was wholly in favor of the Blue Mountain route which was finally adopted, and its justification has been that for thirty years no other route has had any serious consideration.

CHAPTER XXVII

DOWN THE COLUMBIA WITH ITS MANY PORTAGES

"Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!"

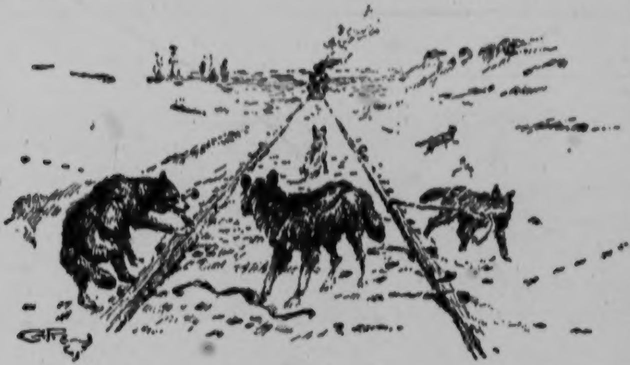
WINTER was indeed at hand and Jack Frost had already peeped in at the windows and left his congealed breath on the glass. It was no longer safe to tarry in Walla Walla; navigation might close and hold us there for the winter, or send us again eastward over the same tedious way that we had come with winter's hardships added to the ordeal.

The grain stubble in the vast wheat fields stretching away to the horizon told of the wealth of the valley lands, and in the many parts of eastern Washington and along the upper Columbia, where basaltic rocks had not been ground in time's crucible, there were many fissures where the rich and succulent grass grew abundantly for the great herds of cattle and sheep.

There had been a wheat transaction between Portland and Walla Walla amounting to $116,000, and it was considered a marvellous thing, but to-day it requires more than $3,000,000 to handle that rich valley product. The promise of the land was marvellous beyond conception, with its black, rich loam more than fifty feet deep.

How gloriously good it would seem to roll along on rails again and realize the cherished desire of a trip to the sea on the famous old Columbia River.

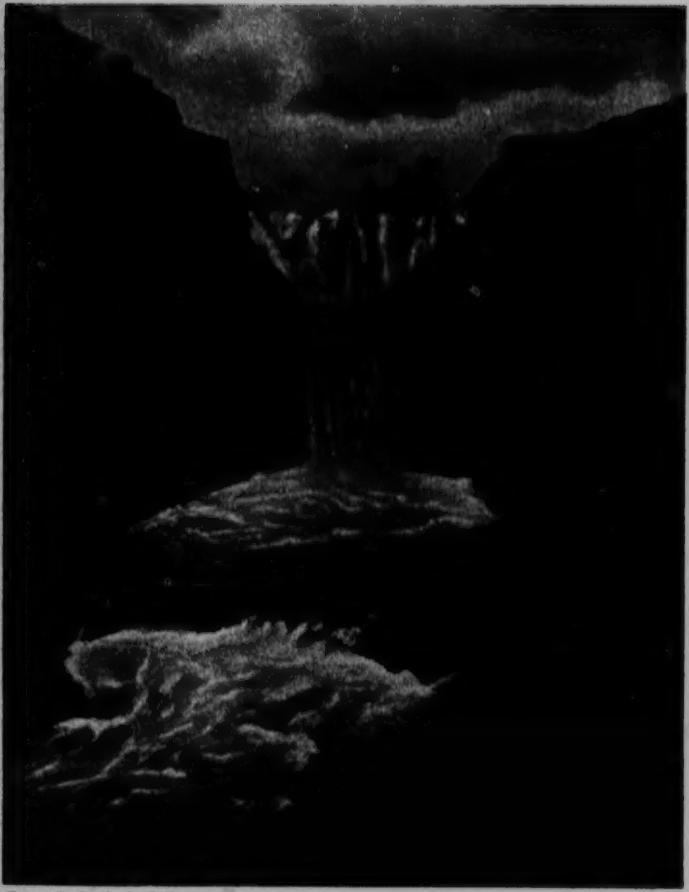
Pard's philosophy is, to want anything very much is the biggest half of getting it, for if the desire is strong enough, one will work with a will to gratify it. So at last we moved on to that old historic railroad, which had been so long the connecting link between Walla Walla and its natural market on the west coast. The company which built the road was incorporated in 1868, and with S. D. Baker as a leading spirit, the line was in operation between Wallula and Walla Walla in 1873. The first ten miles of the road was built entirely of wood, fir stringers four by six being used for rails. Later, a piece of strap iron was put on the face of the stringer and a few years after a twenty-six-pound rail was laid the entire distance.



"The cowhide on the rails smelled good to the famished wolves"

Before strap iron was put on the stringers, Mr. Baker tried the experiment of putting down strips of cowhide. The country was ransacked for hides, and for ten miles the leather was nailed on the stringers. The experiment seemed to be working all right until the following winter, which was unusually severe. The cold weather and scarcity of food drove the coyotes out into the clearings along the railroad. The cowhide on the rails smelled good to the famished wolves, and they proceeded to eat up Mr. Baker's railroad.

However, it was a money maker from the start. A rate of



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White River Falls near The Dalles, Oregon

$4.50 per ton was charged for carrying freight the distance of thirty-one miles. The little engine that hauled the half dozen cars over the line was capable of making only ten miles an hour. Part of the country between Walla Walla and Wallula was devoted to raising cattle. For fear some of the cattle should get on the tracks and be run over and cause damage suits, Mr. Baker bought half a dozen dogs, which were sent ahead of the "fast freight" to keep the cattle off the right-of-way.

The road was still the dinky little narrow gauge, but it was too great an improvement over the stage-coach to complain about. Mr. Baker's road was turned over to the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company in 1882, and was then made standard gauge to grapple with the rapidly increasing traffic, and to harmonize with the rest of the road that was that year being built through from Portland to Huntington, where it would lock hands with the oncoming Oregon Short Line of the Union Pacific.

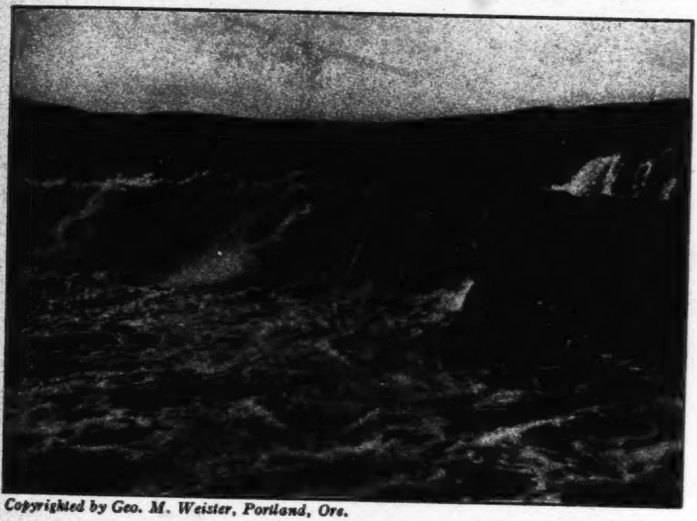
It was a cold December day for our coveted trip down the Columbia; it was a bitter disappointment to find the morning dimmed by a robe of heavy mist and fog; but how good it was to be on wheels that did not incessantly fall in a chuck-hole or make the brain reel with fear of upsetting over some precipitous declivity, to lean one's head on the casing for a little easement of mind and eyes without being hurled across the vehicle to bump one's cranium on whatever might come in the way!

The settlers also appreciated this railroad, rude as it was, for the wagon road to Wallula from Walla Walla was a volcanic ash mixed with alkali, like the roads are through southern Idaho, and the wagons would sink to the hubs in the soft road-bed. Freighting was expensive over such roads. It cost from ten to twenty dollars a ton to haul freight this thirty-one miles by teams and six dollars down the river, and still an additional charge for the two portages of Celilo Rapids and the Cascades. However, in these later days they are complaining at a charge of $2.75 per ton on their wheat from Walla Walla clear through to Portland!

The Columbia River rises in the Rocky Mountains of British Columbia and Montana, and flows northwest and then south through eastern Washington, and when it reaches the Oregon line it turns abruptly west and marks the boundaries of the two

States in its final northwesterly course to where all waters lose their identity in the western sea.

Steamboating on the upper Columbia and its tributaries is a revelation to those accustomed to the peaceful rivers of the East. The Columbia drains an empire 400,000 square miles in extent, from whose snow fields scores of rivers combine to quickly make it at times the equal of the Mississippi at its best. The variation between high and low water is almost incredible. A distinguished engineer estimates that for days at a time the increase in its volume each twenty-four hours is equal to the entire average flow of the Hudson. What a current to breast with ordinary craft and what ups and downs of its fickle bosom as it rapidly changes from highest to lowest stage! On no other inland water is a steamer's log so quickly filled with the romance of navigation. Near one of the rapids we found the *City of Ellensburgh* at anchor while her carpenters were giving her wheel a sprinkling of new paddles, the old ones having been knocked off the night before on a lava reef in mid-river. The powerful engines of this steamer were twenty-five years ago doing service in the famous old *Aunt Betsey* on Lake Michigan, which vessel later



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Celilo Falls, the great barrier to navigation at The Dalles, Oregon

came through Fox River and Beef Slough to the Mississippi and sunk in collision on Lake Pepin. The wreck was raised and her engines transferred to the *City of Ellensburgh* with her chief engineer, B. R. Rice, who has stuck by those engines ever since and he said they would be in use after he is dead.

The Columbia was then navigable for more than two hundred miles from its mouth for ocean vessels, and millions of dollars have since been invested in improving the channel. Many hundreds of miles of its tributaries are navigable beyond the borders of Washington and Oregon. Captain Gray, now mayor of Pasco, navigated the first boat on the river in British Columbia. For forty-five years he operated steamers on the Columbia and many times ran the gauntlet of hostile Indians on the banks. Captain White, who was another pioneer commander on the upper Columbia, repeatedly fought his way on *The Forty-Nine* through all the rapids up to Revelstoke and beyond.

The great Columbia waterway between Lewiston and Portland

One cannot imagine the grandeur of a trip on the Columbia River beginning a hundred miles from our own border line away up in the Canadian Rockies whose summits are held in great glaciers. The slowly melting icebergs send down their powerful arms that open vast fissures and make the great waterways of the world. The panoramic views of these great headlands of ice and snow and the deep canyons and dense forestry of the lower watercourses on the Canadian side beggars description. From Revelstoke the river widens into the beautiful Arrow Lakes then it narrows as it flows to the southwest through the Chelan country in Washington, which is now famous the world over for its grand scenic effects. Lake Chelan's surroundings are but a shade less grand than those of the far North. It occupies a fissure unfathomed, but known to be 1000 ft. below sea-level. The vast summits and wooded slopes are reflected so perfectly in the smooth waters that an unpractised eye fears a collision with vast bulkheads mirrored so delusively. From canyons and rocky defiles the river runs into the more open country around Priest Rapids until reaching the great sand dunes of Snake River. After these waters unite the Columbia becomes more turbulent and treacherous with falls and cascades, jutting lava rocks, and tide currents that tend to make navigation more difficult and they are obstacles that only locks and canals can obviate.

A block house overlooking the Columbia River

Umatilla was only a small village of two or three hundred people, but it was full of promise for a commercial centre in those early days. It has been a disappointment, and is almost as little known to-day as it was in the early '80's. The ground around the town was covered with small beautifully tinted shells, washed up by the high tides, and Indian arrow heads were found in large numbers. As this was the end of the historic railroad, the change from the cars to the steamer was soon made, and we went sailing down the Columbia. The scenery of this portion of the river is not the most picturesque; basaltic rocks rise bold and bare on either side, with scarcely a tree to break the monotonous landscape. Dinner was served on the steamer, and at 3 o'clock P.M. we were again in the cars, and portaged to The Dalles, thus avoiding another dangerous part of the river.

"Picturesque Indian camps of the Umatillas"

The whole country from Pendleton, Oregon, to Umatilla, and on down the Columbia River, was dotted with picturesque Indian camps of the Umatillas and many roving tribes.

The Dalles was an important business centre, with a population of about 5000 people. The O. R. & N. Co. had extensive machine shops there, and even manufactured its own cars. At that point, too, the river channel was narrowed by projecting basaltic banks into a space of a hundred yards, with depth unknown, for no line yet dropped had found a resting place.

When we arrived at The Dalles it was snowing furiously, with a strong wind blowing; it seemed as if we had been floating backwards into the land of blizzards instead of approaching the soft air of the Pacific. The train was late and everybody was ravenously hungry, but on board the steamer the supper hour was over, and coaxing for even a sandwich was without avail; finally, with judicious oiling, the steward was persuaded to give me a lunch on the pantry shelf, but Pard could not get a morsel for himself. He had to go out in that blinding storm to the hospitable old Umatilla House, which had apparently already fed more than its dinner quota. He was first seated at a table that had been used to the limit, and the linen was too much soiled for endurance. The head waiter responded courteously to the request for something better, and seated Pard again, on the opposite side of the room, where there were two ladies at the table. The linen was of spotless and inviting whiteness. But alas for his pride! when his supper was served, his sleeve caught the end of a table spoon in a tureen of stewed tomatoes, and splashed out a fiery spurt of the liquid that spread a roseate glow from the roots of his hair to the very plates of the ladies. He said he never knew that one tureen could hold so much trouble, and he was not long in making an exit to cool his humiliation in the wintry blasts

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Castle Rock on the Columbia

outside. The snow was so blinding he could scarcely see his way to the steamer, and our long coveted trip seemed hovering in clouds of disappointment.

The steamboat as the forerunner of the railroad is an important factor in the development of a country, but it has never held its prestige after railroads were built; yet it was the profits made in the golden age of steamboating that furnished the first money used in the railroad building contiguous to the Columbia. It was the wonderfully rich traffic which appeared with the discovery of the Salmon River mines that enabled the steamboats on the Lewiston–Celilo run to make records for money-making that have never been equalled. The steamer *Tenino* on a single trip from Celilo to Lewiston in May, 1862, collected $18,000 for freight, fares, meals, and berths.

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The rocky abutment of the Bridge of the Gods

With completion of the rail lines to Wallula it was found impossible for the steamboats to compete with the railroads in the carrying trade. Although the fleet then in service between Celilo and Lewiston included much finer and larger steamers than any that have since appeared on that route, and represented an investment of several hundred thousand dollars, they were practically abandoned, and most of them were taken down to the lower river.

Whatever regret there may be in substituting the steam trains, the commercial fact stands out in bold relief that the difference in cost is too great. A single engine with sixty cars and a train crew of five men can make the round trip from Portland to Lewiston and return with 1800 tons of wheat in less than two days. To move a similar amount by the largest size carriers that could be operated on the water route would require a boat carrying a crew of twenty men more than two weeks.

It is unfortunate and although we may say that freight-boats and stage-coaches are things of the past, let us hope for the day when tourist travel will demand the restoration of steamers in Oriental splendor on the great waterways of the Columbia and Snake rivers.

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Gigantic balustrades of lava along the Columbia

There is an old Indian legend that the Columbia River once flowed through a hole in the mountains at The Dalles, with a great natural bridge of wooded land above called the Bridge of the Gods. An old Indian tells the legend of his grandfather passing through there in a canoe, and that the way was very, very long and dark. Then there came a battle of the mountains and fire and water, which is believed to have been an earthquake, and broke asunder the natural bridge, leaving the water full of massive rocks and forming an impassable barrier to navigation.

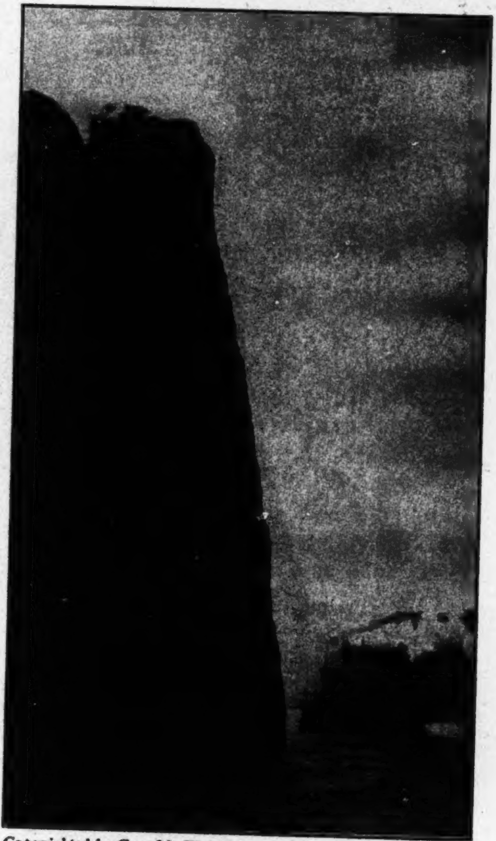
" La Tourelle Falls leap four hundred feet in a graceful curve "

The broken mountain range on either side of the river carries convincing proof that such a condition must have existed. The precipitous banks and detached rocks on both sides carry out the theory, but how many hundreds or thousands of years ago that was no one can tell. Vast quantities of molten lava were poured out over the lands, destroying the forests of the mountains and leaving the great black masses piled in hideous array on both sides of the river.

The bridge with its forest of trees was destroyed and the banks of the river caved in, which accounts for the many dead tree trunks strewing the river bed from the little town of Mosier, Oregon, to the Cascade Locks, which, although submerged, still stand like gravestones telling the tale of a dead and forgotten past.

Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams, both of volcanic origin, and the pride and joy of Oregon, may at one time have been more closely interlocked than they are now and such a union is indicated by the deep canyons and high waterlines far above those of the present day.

From The Dalles we had only dim views of the grandeur that we knew was on either bank, for the storm continued without cessation. However, the rocky pinnacles were clothed in the living green of the stately pines, and diversions of Nature's foliage, and the emerald islands and graceful curves of the river held us in a worshipful admiration. At 10 o'clock we made a third portage of a few miles around the roaring, wild cascades, and boarded the princely steamer *Wild West.*



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Rounding Cape Horn

It is two hundred and fifty miles from Walla Walla to Portland and sixty miles from the Cascades. The river forces its way through the Cascade range, leaving walls of 3500 feet in proof of its erosive power. Two miles below the Cascades "Castle Rock" rears its beautiful head which can be seen for fifty miles down the river. It stands alone at the water's edge and rises abruptly to a height of a thousand feet. It covers an area at its base of fifteen acres, while the apex is a level circle of several acres.

There were numberless waterfalls leaping down among the rocks, but "Multnomah" and the "La Tourelle" are those of greatest fame. The Multnomah Falls are seven hundred feet high and are divided into two leaps. The first one falls into a receptacle of its own carving and in this rocky basin, twenty feet in diameter, are myriads of mountain trout; from this granite enclosure Multnomah makes her second leap, with beauty and grandeur so appalling that one is frightened at the echo of his own voice as it rebounds from cliff to cliff.

La Tourelle Falls are possessed of a very novel feature. They are four hundred feet high and the ledge or shelf from which the water leaps projects out from the main wall some seventy feet; the water falls with a graceful curve that is almost half a circle, leaving ample room for a driveway behind the grand colossal water column.

Away to the left a rift in the storm clouds revealed the white head of Mt. Hood, the landmark of ages. Its altitude is about 11,000 feet, rising almost alone from the sea-level. Its pyramidal beauty and magnificence is that of which Oregonians are justly proud. No picture of Oregon, of pen or brush, seems complete without Mt. Hood's hoary head as it stands in untiring, faithful guardianship.

Farther down the river the tall concrete minarets proved the nearness of Cape Horn, but increasing storm gradually hid it from view; at last even the shores were lost in the fog, and the constant shriek of the whistles gave warning of a dangerous way.

We stopped for a few moments at Vancouver, Washington Territory (as it was then known), which was and still is a government reservation. It is one of the spots earliest inhabited by white men on the North Pacific coast. It was largely of military population, and so far as we could see from the liner it was one of the prettiest towns in the West. Its population was then about 2000.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PORTLAND AND PUGET SOUND

WE were two hours or more sailing up the Willamette River after turning from the Columbia, before we landed at the Portland wharf. I smiled at my own ignorance in having believed that Portland was on the Columbia River and near the ocean instead of being on a crossroad a hundred and twenty miles from the drunken liquid of the Columbia Bar.

When the gangplank was flung out and the passengers began wending their way to carriage and omnibus, it was gratefully amusing to hear the hotel runners singing their calls in musical rhythm, instead of shouting in the usual harsh, stentorian way and it deprived the heraldry of its unpleasant features and gave one a happy impression of Portland at the very start. All the omnibuses were free to the hotel, but when one left town he was surprised to find a collector at the door as he landed at the depot to collect a dollar fare.

Providence was indeed kind to guide us down the river in the very nick of time, for the freezing storm had closed in behind us, blocking navigation for the winter, severing all communication with the upriver country until spring, save as an occasional mail bearer could flounder through the snow-locked passes on horseback or snowshoes.

Sleighbells jingled merrily in a way to surprise the natives of that choleric clime, for snow enough for sleighing was an unheard-of occurrence. It was amusing and, in a way, pitiful to see the helplessness of the people under the burden of snow. The walks were not cleaned anywhere and merchants let people get into their stores as best they could. There were all kinds of improvised sleds, from a drygoods box to a rocking-chair, and all kinds of bells, from sleighbells, cowbells, and teabells to Portland belles, making a conglomerate of tones hard to describe; but it was withal a very merry time for the usually rain-laden Coasters.

Portland, Oregon, of to-day

The St. Charles was a pretty fine place in '80 and we folded our weatherbeaten, stage-worn selves away there in dreams of luxury not enjoyed for many a day. The luxury, however, was all in the rooms, for the table, as described in my notes and letters home in a way more forcible than elegant, was not far from detestable, and we had to search elsewhere for viands palatable.

I rang the bell in our room for some service without getting any response, so again and again I pushed the button and heard the tinkle way off somewhere, so it was surely in working order.

Nearly an hour passed before a great, fat, 250-pound darky came shuffling, flapperty-flap, down the hall to our number and knocked. I opened the door with a measure of impatience, to find him standing there with a broad grin on his big, black face that revealed every tooth in his head. With eyeballs bulging he wiped the moisture from his brow with his much soiled sleeve and said: "I guess you thinks I 'se awfully slow, Missus, but when you all 's been heah six months yous' 'll be just as lazy ez anybody." The impertinence was inexcusable, but slowness of movement and thought was in reality a strong characteristic of that semi-tropical climate, and he was but a fair sample of his colaborers.

Courtesy of Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Ore.

A native belle of Oregon

There were three railroads, seven steamboat lines on the rivers, and three ocean steamship lines for passenger and freight traffic that centred in Portland, and it was an open question whether these companies were to make this the strong commercial centre of the Northwest, or whether it would be changed to some more accessible seaport. Its business blocks, although not of huge dimensions, were models of architectural beauty; in fact, it was the best built town of 20,000 people anywhere west of the Mississippi River. The old residents were wealthy and had a good degree of enterprise, which promised to hold Portland's supremacy.

The *Oregonian*, the pioneer paper, had reached the mature age of thirty years, and was a sheet of thirty-two columns, issued daily. This makes the *Oregonian* now a stately matron of more than sixty years, and we hope that she may keep the bloom of youth for aye, but wish she would please tell us where to find the fountain of that elixir that we may keep apace.

The entire products of the State and largely of Washington were first turned into the storehouses of Portland by rail or river boats before being loaded upon the ocean steamers that sailed at stated intervals to California, the far East or across the big pond.

The bright sunny days in which we had taken so much pride and pleasure in our frontier travels were now of the past, and encased in rubber coats and boots we wandered up and down the country quite disconsolate. Morning, noon, and night the patter or steady pour of rain constituted the chief music of the outside, while comments on the unending shower filled the atmosphere within doors. Residents, however, were quite delighted; they were happier wading around in the mud and water than when they received God's smile through a bright radiant sun, for the long summers were so dust laden that life was one constant wrestle against a sandy covering.

In a driving rain and several inches of melting snow, we were carried through the streets of Portland at seven o'clock one morning to the ferry which crossed the Willamette River, then waded ankle deep in the slush a couple of blocks to the train of the Oregon and California Railway Company, which was to take us through the Willamette valley to Roseburg. For eight years Roseburg had been the terminus of the Oregon and California road, and there also the stages started for California to cover a gap of 250 miles to California rails. Roseburg is two hundred miles from Portland, in a southwesterly direction, and only seventy-five miles inland from the coast.

The Willamette valley, fifty miles wide, was as charming a landscape as ever eye dwelt upon. It was justly called the garden of Oregon, and contained at least half the population of the State. Little villages and sprightly towns dotted the way from four to eight miles apart. The clouds broke away for a little while and revealed deep forests, rich meadows, and groves of moss-covered drooping oaks; pleasant homes embowered in living green, and the sparkling rivers bordered with slender birch and more stately trees. Orchards had been so full of fruit that the market was depressed, and bushels, yes, carloads, of apples still clung to the mother limbs or clustered on the ground without value enough to be gathered.

Nearly all the farm homes were well improved and betokened a good degree of prosperity. Some of the best farming land in the valley was cleared timber land, which in the virgin state was sometimes so dense that the eye could not penetrate it; then again there was the gently rolling uplands, and near the middle of the valley it was as level as a marble slab.

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In the shadow of the pines in Central Oregon

At Oregon City the famous woollen mills were doing business just as they are now, making some of the best woollen goods in the United States, and just above the town were the picturesque winding falls of the Willamette River, which have made the country famous.

At Salem we caught a glimpse of the State House, university, and many fine homes. The State university was still further south at Eugene, the prettiest town in the valley. The day had become so mild and pleasant that students were out playing ball without hats or coats.

The Cascade Range of mountains form the eastern and the Coast Range the western boundary line of the Willamette valley, and where these unite at the southern end of the valley they are called the Callapoia mountains. Between the Willamette river and the summit of the Callapoia mountains, where the road crossed into Umpqua valley, was the only untenanted tract of land. It was very rich, but land speculators had taken possession of it and held it then at fifty dollars an acre in its rough and unimproved state. The Umpqua valley contained about 2,500,000 acres. Thunderstorms were almost unknown, and hailstorms and hurricanes were phenomena of which the people were ignorant.

The combination of mountain and valley, woodland and prairie, and river and sea, is beautiful indeed in this locality. Stretching at the foot of snowy mountain ranges were broad expanses of green swards and running waters, while the spruce, cedar, oak, pine, fir, different kinds of ash, maple, balm, larch, and laurel, with many other trees of the forest, dotted the valleys and hillsides until the picture was complete.

It was interesting and amusing to see the dense growth of moss on the housetops. No matter whether the roof was new or old, unless it was painted, a warm rain would bring out an astonishing growth of rich green moss. Should such a thing occur in the East, it would be ascribed either to the age of the town, or to the slow, lazy laggard, who took no pride in his home; but here every board and shingle, wherever it might be, had to be scraped every few years to keep it from decay, because of this moss growth.

Roseburg had a population of about two thousand people, and had the trade of the rich farming country for over a hundred miles inland and far to the south. It had been our intention to take the stage here for Redding, the terminal point of the Central Pacific road, which came from Sacramento River, but hearing the mud was bottomless, and being tired of that sort of thing, we preferred to feed the fishes all the way from Portland to the Golden Gate to so soon renewing the hardships of stage travel, and so went back to Portland. Our time had been well spent in getting that double view of Willamette valley in its glory, for from 1882 to 1897 that valley sent out more people than came in, because of the high price of lands as held by speculators, and people went to the country contiguous to the Palouse and Yakima, where the wilderness of Government lands was made fruitful in a year's time.

We had some personal experiences in Portland that were quite new and interesting, if they were not pleasant. In fact, it was our first acquaintance with the Pacific Coast flea, and we were not at all pleased with its familiarity. Life became almost unendurable in the indescribable misery of that association. It was far worse than all the bumps in the stage-coach, or sleeping on rocks under the open canopy of heaven. We could not liberate ourselves from them and, furthermore, soon learned that they were not confined to Portland but that the Puget Sound country, the steamships, and all California would hold out the same health-giving exponent to every arrival. I say "health-giving" because with all my later experiences in California I was led to believe that the activity required to rid oneself of the vicious marauders was what produced such a new and active circulation of the blood as would expurge from the system the most virulent disease and, therefore, through its fleas

On the top of the world

California has become a wonderful cure-all. Disbelievers should try it. The California flea is an electrical vibrator that should be given its full commercial value.

There was much cause for alarm at the great prevalence of smallpox which was raging up and down the coast. Every one had to pass under the rod of the law and be vaccinated. It did no good to be angry; one might as well smile and put up his arm at two dollars per. The surgeon amused himself jabbing the needle deep in the flesh and telling about the real bovine virus which he used, and which was so hard to get. But the virus was good enough not to work out its mission with us, although it made showing enough to let us get through the lines when we tried to pass quarantine.

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A crevasse in the glacier of Mount Hood

Pard was very proud of his dainty "Burnsides" in our early pioneer days, although they were but little tufts to relieve the slenderness of his classical features. He went into a barber shop in Portland where the tonsorial artist had such a bad eye that he shaved off one side and not the other, and it was not noticed until he came back to the hotel. When "the man with the hoe" was assailed for his carelessness, he declared that they were so small he had not seen them, and that the mistake was in not taking them off on both sides, which he proceeded to do. Pard wanted to hibernate and nurse them back again, but instead it was a final farewell to whiskers. Tonsorial experiences were manifold on the frontier, and Montana was not without its episodes in that line. In Virginia City it cost two dollars for a hair cut and a shave.

That Oregon is a progressive State is due to a number of its enterprising men, who resorted to a little scheme of enticing fair maidens to come West, in the days when women were scarce. They sent a young man of large acquaintance back to his New England home, with instructions to select and escort back to Oregon one hundred young women, guaranteeing every one of them a year's employment. The active agent was a fine-looking young man, quite capable of executing such a mission, and he id accomplish it in about two months' time. On the way West e himself courted one of the girls, and by the time they had anded in Portland she had promised to be his wife. Of course he other men in the scheme thought he had not played quite quare with them by taking the first pick, but there was a fine ot of marriageable material left, and in less than three years they ere all married, some of them being to-day leading society adies of the State.

The young man who did so much for Oregon in his youth was ater sent for two terms to the U. S. Senate, and his wife has ever een one of the honored ones of his home town.

Oregon is a great State of plenty now, and beautiful women are onsidered one of its strongest attractions. They have grown ore beautiful as generations pass, because of the luxurious and ealthful foods that the State produces, and the influence of the oft, balmy atmosphere. Providence has been generous to all ho will lend a willing hand to gather the substance of Oregon.

I think it was about the spring of 1885 that a stage-coach was verturned in a creek in southern Oregon by a rush of salmon. he salmon crowded the river from bank to bank in a school over mile long. Hundreds of them jumped out on the bank and riggled around until they died. Farmers fed their hogs on fish, mall boys gathered them in their arms, and their elders speared the larger ones for the sport of it. Since those days the canneries have been established and the fish are no longer abused and wasted when they seek the spawning grounds, as they were on that memorable occasion.

In later years it has been discovered that large areas of desert land in Oregon were taken up under the Swamp Land Act, landgrabbers swearing they had ridden all over the lands in boats. Their statements were true in the sense that they were carried in a boat, but they neglected to state that the boat was loaded on a wagon and pulled about by horses over the coveted area, and thus they secured their holdings.

At the ferry crossing of the Columbia

Twenty-five miles by boat was the only way to reach the little narrow gauge road of the Northern Pacific on the Washington shore of the Columbia, where the route lay to Puget Sound. It was not yet six o'clock in the morning when the *Emma Haywood* pulled her nose out of the Portland dock and turned it down stream to the mouth of the Willamette, then across the Columbia River to the little junction point of Kalama on the Washington Territory side. There was a drizzling rain when the little boat started and it enveloped everybody in clouds of irritability as well as water; everything was water soaked and promised a dismal day, but, happily, it was not long before the storm abated and sank quietly away; the stars twinkled down, gladdening all hearts with a new hope for clear skies, and soon the winter morning sun merged from the mist, lighted the horizon with its rays of red and gold, and brought Mt. Hood out in bold relief against a roseate sky. The quiet beauty of the morning seemed to make all nature glad, and even the mighty river sang to the ebb and flow of the sea. Ten o'clock came only too soon, and the clang, clang of the bell in the engine room was the signal to turn off the steam, and anchor at Kalama, an important point only as a landing for the southern terminus of the railroad.

The rock of ages

Northern Pacific Railway cars were ready to start out for the Sound soon after we arrived. The passengers did the usual scrambling for the best seats, but there was little choice. There was not sufficient business to warrant anything but mixed trains of passenger and freight cars. The cars were peculiar to the section of the country; the frames of the seats were of light-colored wood, covered with black leather and gilt tacks. They were very narrow, and every jerk of the engine afforded amusement for the passengers, as they were hurled from the little slippery seats repeatedly, then hastily glanced around to see how their neighbors fared. The backs of the seats were not more than half high enough, and the natural inclination was to slide down until the shoulder blades hooked over the top of the slippery slabs behind, while one's feet searched in vain for a brace below.

The windows were so arranged that they suited any one else better than the ones for whom they were intended, and in consequence of this, to enjoy the scenery I found that I must recline my head on the shoulder in front of me, or thrust my hat in the face of the stranger behind me.

A moderately tall man would need to discard both hat and boots to walk erect through the car without scraping the ceiling, and nearly every one had to bend his head to get through the door; in fact, the car was so small that it only needed my little dishes and doll to believe myself in an old-time playhouse. But we made excellent time and were so handsomely treated by the officials and employes of the road that we soon forgot the quaint cars and little discomforts and thought only good things of the narrow gauge and the great power the corporation might some day sway in Washington.

"The oldest bell tower in the world"

The headquarters of the Northern Pacific Company were then at New Tacoma. The narrow iron arms were rapidly folding the Territory in their embrace as they reached on eastward to clasp the brotherly hand of the division coming westward from Bismarck.

Short feeders were being constructed to penetrate many desirable portions of the far Northwest, and with the $40,000,000, then subscribed for its use, it compelled the railroad world to admit it as a peer. The branch from Kalama spanned many a stream, penetrated deep forests, and crossed the great Chehalis farming lands.

New Tacoma residents thought the name of their little hamlet was [illegible] every Eastern tongue, so great were their hopes and strong their belief in future greatness. The population was a little over a thousand, as it had doubled in a year. Some very good residences had been finished, and the bluff just back of the town overlooking the sound was dotted with pleasant homes.

The principal sources of revenue aside from the railroad were, just as they are to-day, coal mines, lumber, hops, and fish. The coal mines were being rapidly developed, and hundreds of men were employed whose trade was thrown into the hands of New Tacoma merchants. The principal part of the lumber traffic was carried on at Old Tacoma, a mile distant, but virtually it was a part of the same place.

The bell tower of St. Peter's Church in Old Tacoma was then as now one of the interesting features for sightseers, for it is one of the oldest bell towers in the world—it is the remains of a giant cedar, many centuries old, and overgrown with ivy. The tones of the ringing bell float from its hidden top, where fancy makes music for the soul and imagination thrills the mind.

It did not, however, interest me as much as the Baptist Church that stands in the city of Santa Rosa, Cal., which enjoys the distinction of having been constructed entirely from a single tree. The tree from which the timbers, lumber, and shingles were cut was a giant California redwood, and a considerable quantity of the timber was left over after the church building was completed. It has a spire seventy feet high, an auditorium seating five hundred, a parlor seating eighty, a pastor's study, and a large vestibule. There are not many buildings in the world in which all the timbers, including its finishings, have been obtained from a single tree.

The hop culture in the Puyallup valley near New Tacoma was a subject of great interest and value. Great difficulty had been experienced in years gone to secure the requisite help in the hop-picking season, and that, with want of proper knowledge of the culture, had been a source of loss, but the year 1880 had been one of great success.

At least 2000 Indians were attracted thither in that year from beyond the Cascade Mountains, from around the sound, and even as far north as Sitka, for the sole purpose of picking hops and fishing. For the first few days of the season Tacoma Bay was covered with canoes of all sizes, laden with Indians, their camping outfits and dogs, the dogs and children faring alike and together. Besides the Indians there were many whites in the fields, but at least half of both classes were of a kind to make the city tremble with their wickedness when the day's work was done.

Hop vines grew to great size, and the fields were like shaded arbors, the merry pickers dodged among the trellised vines, while nimble fingers gathered the harvest, each trying to outdo the other in the day's work.

The *Geo. E. Starr*, on which we journeyed around the sound, was considered a veritable floating palace, and it was the little steamer that President Hayes chartered for his trip around Puget Sound. Human mind can scarcely conceive a body of water more beautiful than this inland sea, with its 2500 miles of shore line bending in and out to make its myriads of bays and trysting places for the ships of commerce and the joys of seafaring.

The straits of San Juan de Fuca is the ninety-five mile neck of water connecting the sound and the sea, and although its thirteen miles in average width narrows down to only eight miles at its mouth, there is no treacherous bar of sand and rocks as there is at the mouth of the Columbia. Neither are there hidden rocks or shoals where danger lurks unseen. The rise and fall of the tide is about eighteen feet, and the water of the sound is deep to the very shore line, making it possible for deep sea vessels to go to shore at will. Evergreen islands lift their emerald heads at frequent intervals in contrast to the distant setting of the snowy Olympics and the stately Mt. Rainier, Mt. Baker, and other silver peaks that crown the wooded shore line.

It seemed incredulous that any one could be hopelessly lost in a thicket within ten feet of the water, but it would be true if one had not the knowledge that the water must be *down* the slope. So dense is the growth of vines and shrubs, so luxuriant and yet so tall that one must mark his way by cutting a passage or blazing the trees if he would return again to the same starting-point.

Wild berries grew in profusion—blackberries as large as our eastern wild plum, and hazelnuts actually grew on trees. There were a lot of hazel burrs on the ground, and looking for their source we discovered ourselves standing under a hazelnut tree not less than fifty feet high, and myriads of the burrs were clinging to the branches way beyond the hope of getting them.

The first steam sawmill built on the sound was in Seattle, in 1853, by H. L. Yesler, and had a capacity of 15,000 feet per day, a marked contrast to a mill's capacity for 1911, but there was small demand for lumber in Mr. Yesler's earlier years of pioneering. The greatest manufactory that Seattle had in 1880 was for the making of barrels, and the tall cottonwood trees were sliced, moulded, and bent into two thousand barrels a day.

The county jail had its quota of inmates but they were dry shod, while people on the outside waded about ankle deep in mud, climbed slippery hills and absorbed climate until man and the native elements of soil and water were so mingled in personality that it was hard to distinguish one from the other, to say nothing of separating them. It was a place for an optimist to dream of maritime power, to peer into the future and build great commercial docks, and hold the key of the great Northwest for both Orient and Occident. To dream—yes, then, but now to

Growing hops and hop-pickers

realize—to see the miles of paved streets, miles of warehouses, miles of docks, miles of ships, and miles of steam cars, and miles of electric motors, is a dream come true beyond the hope of man in 1880.

Chief Seattle for whom the city of Seattle was named

The city of Seattle was named after the Indian Chief Seattle, who with his daughter, Princess Angeline, were noted characters for many years and were known by all the residents of the upper Sound country.

The sound cities did not have the thrill of energetic forces brought in by the ox teams or mule teams, with their covered wagons and loads of merchandise and bedraggled appendages, but they watched the sea craft throw out their *mal de mer* humanity to lose itself in the forests, to come out again loyal devotees of the place of their adoption. Perchance one might stand veiled in his own wrath and be stuck in the mud until the blue air about his head and the clinging mass about his feet fairly won his affection by their very tenacity and kept him there even when the streets were paved under him.

Many a man of the interior who has led civilization will take up his belongings and move on to a new wilderness when the iron horse invades his solitude and brings its commercial and social changes and responsibilities. He loves the wild free life of the Bohemian and follows in its quest. The man by the sea is differently constituted; there is an odor of the sea that holds him enthralled; he loves the swish and roar of the water; he loves the mist, the rain, and the mud. The ceaseless motion of the ocean waves quiets his own overcharged, restless body and mind, and he finds a content that commerce and civilization cannot change.

The first shipment of lumber from the sound consisted of a cargo of piles in 1851, by one Lafayette Balch, for which he paid eight cents per running foot, delivered to the vessel, and which brought him one dollar per running foot. The first sawed lumber was shipped by James McAllister and sold in San Francisco for fifty dollars per thousand feet. In 1880 there were 125,000,000 feet of lumber shipped from the sound.

The trees grew so tall, so straight, and stately that it was a sacrilege to nature to hew them with an ax or saw; it seemed like striking down our own great people in the very hour of perfection. There is no other place in the world where so many trees are transported for shipmasts, unless it may be far away Norway. And now steamers, barks, schooners, great warships, and many other kinds of water craft are made and completed here of such strength and texture as has long since proved the value of the woods of the great Northwest.

Across the sound from Seattle, Port Townsend reminded one of Mackinaw, away off in northern Michigan. The sleepy villagers, the occasional squaw and papoose, the military fort perched on a cliff, and the long stairway leading to the best residential portion were novel features of the home beside the sea. From the heights one could look down upon the commercial part of the town and across to the opposite bluff, where the "boys in blue" stood at duty's call, and then the gaze floated across to the British lands.

The incoming Victoria steamer had such a furious wind to battle against the day we were in Port Townsend that she called to our boat to come out to sea for her cargo, and together they went about eight miles into a sheltered cove to exchange their mails and freight.

A few hours later, when the wind had somewhat abated, we boarded the old *Eliza Ann* and started across the straits to Victoria, but when about a third of the way over the captain would not take the risk of getting the old boat safely through the storm, and he turned back to anchor again at Townsend. To Laconner and Whatcom there was a mail boat once in two weeks, but in the few years intervening Whatcom has lost its identity in the rhythmic melody of Bellingham, and has its scores of daily steamers tooting in the harbor oblivious of the ages of silence that were broken only by the booming waves upon the shore.

Princess Angeline, a daughter of Chief Seattle

Oysters and clams are plentiful on the sound, but the native oysters, though very good, would make a Baltimorian turn his head to smile, for they are not the fat, plump bivalves of our eastern shores, as they are no larger than a silver dime, and even that size would be a big one. However, in these later days the eastern oyster transplanted to these western inlets results in the most tender and delicious morsel in all oysterdom.

Port Townsend is so situated that it feels the first throb of the commercial life as it comes through the straits of Fuca and it was there where all sea craft must clear and enter. It was the great *entrepôt* of all the Northwest, yet why the town has never risen above its station of those days seems hard to understand. Perhaps it will some day awaken from its Rip Van Winkle sleep and wield the power that is its own by location, but lacks the energy and persistent effort to sustain.

Tucked away down at the southwest end of the sound the territorial capital, Olympia, nestled cosily on the sea-kissed shore. Why the capital of so great a territory should be there I do not think any one could tell then or now. It had some attractive scenic features and was famous for its oysters. The De Chutes river emptied into Budd's inlet, about a mile and a half from town, with a fall of eighty feet in the last half mile of its course, furnishing a thousand horse-power for the mill burrs. These falls were in a picturesque location, embodied now in a glorious city park, the natural beauties of which are unexcelled.

The largest tide-land spruce in the world, nearly 33 feet in circumference

The town had a fine water supply, wooded shores, and pleasant drives, and such few advantages as a capital city offers, but the query still stands: "Why is the capitol of so great a State hidden away in an oyster bed, where ships of sea draft can anchor only at high tide?" But for all its little tuckaway retreat, it was a pretty little town of two thousand people, with aspirations, some of which have since been realized.

The sound fisheries were then as much of an interesting study as they are to-day, though of far less magnitude. The chief fishing was for salmon, but there were cod, herring, sturgeon, flounder, perch, sardines, and many other kinds of sea food. Now also halibut are caught in large numbers.

Drying and mending fish-nets on Puget Sound

The shipments of canned salmon did not exceed six hundred thousand cases in a season, and now one firm alone puts up ten thousand cases daily. A trip on a steam yacht to the traps to see how the fish are caught and then follow them into the can is an educational achievement not to be ignored. At certain seasons there was fine sport trolling from the deck of a steam launch and pulling in the tom-cod, salmon, and other big fish that would weigh as much as the fisherman himself, or at least one seemed that heavy on the end of a line.

We were indebted to Mr. and Mrs. C. X. Larabee for such a treat in a later year. Everybody knows Mr. Larabee from his famous Montana horse ranch and great mining exploits in Montana to his townsite scheme on Bellingham Bay with his stately hotel, and his later exploits in Portland's financial field.

With half a dozen lines trailing behind our gently moving steamer there grew a great rivalry among the fishermen for first place, and the landing of the first fish. But the excitement of first place was all lost in the tension of landing the fish, and I was surprised to be obliged to hand my line to stronger arms to land my ten pound tom-cod and my eleven pound salmon. Pard declined such unsportsmanlike fishing and was the butt of a score of jests because he used only his light trout rod and line from a canoe, and took two hours to land his three ten and twelve pound salmon, which he ultimately did without breaking rod or line.

When our party gathered for the evening to talk over the vents of the day's fishing and compare them with other experiences, every one was surprised at the silence of one member of he party, who was generally in the foremost rank of story tellers, nd when he was summoned to do his share of the entertaining e told a story entitling him to the champion prevaricator's belt.

The old rounder cast a glance around the room to see that he was given the proper attention then said: "Well, friends, I had little experience of my own once that just knocks the color off hese salmon of to-day. I went up Hood's Canal to visit an ld friend. He had often told me of the splendid fishing there, nd I was anxious to try it. It was late in the evening when I got here, and I retired early, so as to be ready for the fun next day. asked how far it was to the creek, and they told me it was only few hundred yards, just beyond the fence. Before light next morning I was up, and, securing a good tackle and a little bait, arted off toward the creek. The fog was heavy, for it was woods urning time and I could not see any distance ahead of me, so roped my way as best I could across the little clearing. Reach- g the fence I climbed over, and picked my way carefully, for I d not want to fall in the creek. I proceeded slowly down the ope until I thought I must be near the water's edge. Baiting y hook I threw it forward, and just about time enough for it to rike the water I felt a pull, and with a jerk I brought in a fine low. For ten minutes I stood there and pulled them in, and en, fearing that I would spoil the day's sport, I regretfully returned and by accident reached the house through the fog. After breakfast the fog lifted and we got ready for a day's enjoyment. You may imagine my surprise when, on going to the place where I had caught so many fish early in the morning, I found that it was a full hundred yards from the bank of the creek. The truth is, I had not touched the water but just stood there and caught them out of the fog."

For an instant or two there was a dead silence, then as the rumble and roar of life began to manifest itself again, our friend slipped out of the door and did not show up again until the next day, when he could feel reasonably safe from lynching.

Mt. Rainier as seen from the waters of the Sound

It was said there were only two seasons on the sound, the wet and the dry, and we surely struck the wet season; yet the days were not full of rain, for there were many rifts in the clouds where the sun came through to gladden our hearts and to encourage us to renewed action.

Washington Territory, with its 60,000 people, was a bud of promise that needed no grafting. It was the best timbered and watered land between the two great seas. Its snowy peaks fed perpetual springs and hid treasures untold; its sunny slopes afforded the finest grazing lands; and its broad valley acres waving in the golden grain nodded joyously to distant lands to hush the cry for bread.

Seattle was a veritable mudhole with its cowpath streets meandering over the hills, and giving but little sign of the commercial metropolis it is to-day. Our feet came out of the mud with a sock-sock-sock that was as ludicrous as it was annoying, and as we steamed out southward again, I sang out to our new-found friends:

> "You may sing your songs of the shells and the sea,
> But the hills and the vales ring their bells for me."

CHAPTER XXIX

A NON-STRIKABLE UNION

THERE were many inducements offered to have us visit Klamath Falls in southwestern Oregon. The beauty and grandeur of the trip were painted in most glowing terms and the temptation seemed almost too great to resist. We could not see, however, that Pard's company interests would be advanced at that time, as there could not be any railroad in that direction for many years, and in spite of the wonderful resources in the locality we decided not to use our time that way. Besides the season was too late.

It was no sooner decided in the negative than our friends began telling some different stories about the country. First and foremost it was the breeding land of snakes. The shiny, crawling reptiles were so numerous they could be taken up by the shovel full, and their little heads would glisten from every crevice. A photograph taken at Klamath in recent years shows a good, steady increase from that time up to the present day, and if the new summer home of the late Mr. Harriman at Pelican Lodge, on Klamath Lake, shares the fate of more humble habitations in that locality its occupant will doubtless some day find snakes wound around the mirrors, adorning the walls, hanging from the chandeliers, and creeping into his own warm bed, to say nothing about clogging the chimneys, raising their families in unused stoves, and vieing with the pet cat for the cushioned chairs.

They may haunt the dreams and clothespress of Mr. Harriman's successor but they have the one great virtue of being harmless for if they are plentiful, they are non-poisonous and playful. He may really become quite attached to the slippery fellows and go back East with his pockets full of them. It may be that the railroad magnates have heard of the great profits in snakes and go into their domain to work up a snake trust. The greatest inducement any one could have in organizing this particular snake trust is that in spite of the great unions among them they never strike.

A happy family near Klamath on a sunny day

This possible solicitude upon the part of captains of industry not to let a good deal even in such livestock as snakes get away was probably suggested by the experience of a local dealer at Klamath who started in, not very long ago, to build up a permanent traffic in this line.

Some firm in St. Paul, hearing of the great abundance of these reptiles at Klamath, and having some special use for snakes by the wholesale, wrote to the local merchant offering to take all the live snakes he could ship, at a price which was very attractive. The Klamath man lost no time in raking up a *ton* of snakes, large, small, and indifferent, and shipping them by express as directed to his correspondent. The snakes were shipped in boxes of convenient size for handling, and seemed to be fairly well content with the rough usage of the wagon haul to the railroad, but, after being disposed of among the many other packages in the warm express car on the Southern Pacific, they limbered up, grew uneasy, and by the time the train had gotten half way across the Continent the smaller ones especially had wriggled themselves out of the boxes all over the car floor, and many of them had crawled into other express packages, so that by the time the miscellaneous consignments were delivered to their respective owners every package which was not air tight and under seal contained anywhere from one to half a dozen good, lively snakes, while the snake shipment itself reached St. Paul minus a goodly portion of the original number.

The Harriman Lodge on Klamath Lake

It is easy to imagine the consternation of the recipients of those express packages and the stream of abuse and complaint which was showered upon the railway and express officials, as well as the dissatisfaction of the St. Paul people at receiving such short measure.

The upshot of this snake deal was that no temptation in the way of high express rates, and not even a compulsory order upon the part of the Interstate Commerce Commission could induce the railways to accept any more snakes for shipment.

On Klamath Lake's wooded shores Mr. E. H. Harriman bought a summer home, and he was enchanted with the grandeur of the environment.

Doubtless Mr. Harriman, if he had lived, with his long experience in circumventing business situations even far more refractory, would have been enabled to turn this superfluous supply of reptiles to a good purpose. It might not have been a ten per cent. investment but something that would grow. But as there never can be a successor to that gentleman in business acumen, so it is unlikely that Klamath will realize adequately upon this unique resource for many years to come.

A party of pelicans

Another local resource which will doubtless be brought to the attention of those looking for business openings may call for somewhat greater ingenuity to utilize, but will work in with the snake business. This is the great showers of toads which sometimes descend upon Klamath, and which are swallowed up almost on sight by the snakes.

Of course any financier of acute perception who might wish to combine the snake and toad business would naturally ship his snakes just after the arrival and disposal of the toads by these voracious Klamath enemies of theirs.

Pelicans just dote on snakes and frogs, and from the moment the birds are out of the incubators they could be trained as personal attendants for Klamath visitors who are foolishly sensitive about snake companionship. They could also be trained as house pets to keep snakes out of the bookcases and from under the sofa pillows. They could also patrol the Klamath streets and see to it that the cracks in the board walks are no longer ornamented by protruding heads of the many bodies wriggling underneath as in days of yore.

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An hour of inspiration at Crater Lake

But in all seriousness too much cannot be said of the natural wealth and beauty of the Klamath country or the glories of Crater Lake. With its better railway facilities recently afforded by the completion of the Southern Pacific road through Klamath Falls, the great government projects in the way of irrigation and drainage of vast areas will soon make Klamath one of the most important agricultural regions in the whole West and with development of local water-power, Klamath Falls bids fair to be the Spokane of Oregon. The railway extension referred to and the co-operation of Uncle Sam in rendering the wonders of Crater

Lake National Park more accessible will quickly conspire to send thousands of tourists to enjoy that unique wonderland of southern Oregon.

And, gentle reader, don't let what I have written about snakes deter you from considering a trip or a permanent location in any part of the West. Civilization and snakes don't go together. The rattlers move on or disappear as they have always done and Klamath snakes are harmless and unsociable.

It is in southeastern Oregon where Crater Lake lends inimitable charm to the State's attractions. Its mirrored reflections, its phantom ship rising two hundred feet above its midwater surface, its caves in the shore line, and its grand abutments are a combination that holds the eye entranced. But it has a rival for mysterious depths and chemical actions in the great ice cave of a central Oregon mountain. When it was discovered men were let down into the cavernous depths with ropes and found a large body of ice. In the course of time means were provided to get the ice out for use as it was far from any running streams and where the climate was too mild the year around to make ice. It is a better investment than a gold mine, for now the ice is exhausted in the cave every day, but it renews itself every twenty-four hours, much to the consternation of the chemists and other wise men who have studied the peculiar phenomenon.

Crater Lake's phantom ship rises two hundred feet from the surface

It is a most fortunate dispensation of Providence that the snakes in south Oregon are so harmless, for it is not the case in most parts of Oregon. On Snake and Columbia rivers the snakes are rattlers, and one has small desire to be caught out on a warm night with a rock for a bed, without a hair rope, else that peculiar buz-z-z-z might warn him against turning over or stretching himself too suddenly.

Ice Cave near Bend, Oregon. Ice is cut every day. It freezes over night and next day there is the same amount of ice left

Rattlers have great fear of one another, and a small one will always run from a large one, but when they get into mortal combat their fighting is terrific; they wind around one another until they can wind no more, and squeeze one another to the limit of their strength.

The snakes of Arizona and most of the southern countries are poisonous, and the rattler is the most prevalent, as in parts of Montana and along the great rivers. In the rattler's country one's ear is always attuned to catch the warning "buzz" for they never strike without giving notice of their intent if given any opportunity to do so. They love the expansive wastes and deserts and the desolate rocky fastnesses. Along the coulées of the Mississippi and the upper Missouri, across the Mojave and the Colorado deserts, across the bad lands of Montana, and through the great wheat fields of Washington and Oregon, and along the Snake and Columbia river lava cliffs, they live and multiply and fight for freedom from the on-moving civilization. Rattlesnake dens are all over the great stretches of lava beds, and one man declared that he saw one coil of rattlers as large as a ten gallon keg. We did not learn his Kentucky brand.

In going through a section of Montana between Helena and old Fort Benton I heard so many snake stories that I expected every revolution of the old stage wheels to throw snakes in upon us, and I was glad when I was offered a chance to ride on the top boot and be out of range. Bunches of them would coil in the warm sand in the middle of the road, causing the untamed bronchos to buck and jump clear off the road in one wild plunge. The driver was one who had pulled the ribbons for forty years, and he was an adept in telling impossible things. He thought the time propitious for telling of the time when he tried to drive over a bunch of snakes and after he had been past them a spell his wagon tongue began to swell; he had to stop and get another and leave "that there one" behind and it just kept on a swelling until it was sent to a sawmill where it was sawed up into lumber which made over one thousand feet of fine hickory.

Many pioneers are obliged to get their living off the country through which they pass, as well as the place wherein they drive their home stakes. First and foremost comes the sturdy little sagebrush that kindles into a hot, quick fire. It burns rapidly and completely but it engenders a fierce hot flame that gives much warmth and hurries the wayside meal. The streams have multitudes of the finny tribe, the foothills are filled with antelope and deer, and the lakes are covered with feathered game in the great unfrequented trails; but on the open stretch of arid land the buffalo and the rattlesnake have been the saviours of many lives. It would seem to one unaccustomed to hardships that to eat snakes would be the ditch of last resort, but through necessity it became a custom that has prevailed down to the present day.

The hunter for the rattlers for food must catch them unawares, which is usually done with a forked stick fastened down quickly over the head, for when a rattler is cornered and has to fight for its life it will quickly commit suicide by piercing its own body with its poisonous fangs, and will soon die. There is no poison in the snake flesh unless the reptile is allowed to bite itself and then it is destroyed for food purposes. For roasting they are skinned and cut into small pieces and held over the campfire until they are crispy brown, then seasoned with salt and pepper. If there are more conveniences for preparing them they can be baked with butter, pepper, and salt, or fried in a skillet.

Ready for business

The snake meat is white and tender and Mrs. Frederick Burbidge now of Spokane, when entertaining a party from New York in her Montana home, served them a rattlesnake salad. She had the kindness to tell her guests what it was that they might refuse it if they desired. It certainly was a novelty that they will never forget.

Indians will eat snakes, coyotes, grasshoppers, dogs, crickets, and lice, all of which I have seen them do.

First post-office west of the Rockies, built at Astoria in 1847

CHAPTER XXX

FROM THE FROZEN NORTH TO THE SUNNY SOUTH

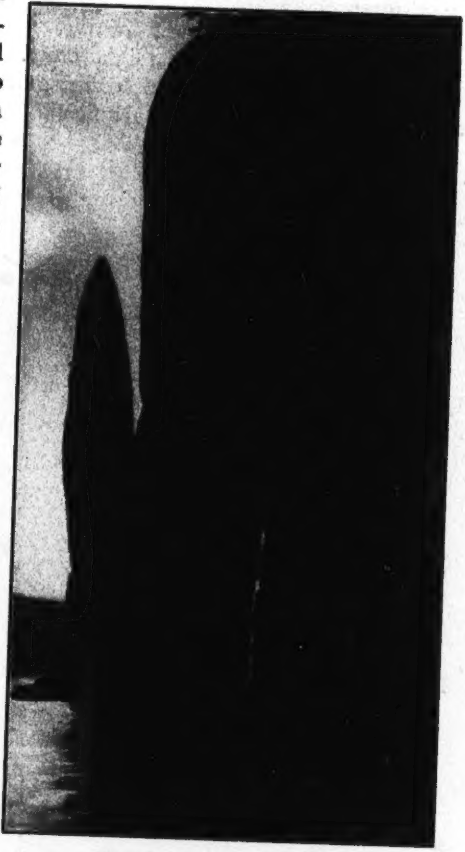
Tillamook Rock, the graveyard of the Pacific

THE steamer *State of California* of the Pacific Steamship Company, lying lazily at the Portland dock, rocked gently in rhythm to the wheeling of trucks that rolled on freight and baggage for the San Francisco voyage. The old *California* was a floating palace for the Pacific, with its 340 feet of length and 38-foot beams. We felt like lovers in a story book, starting out for Fairyland, when we were snugly settled in our stateroom.

The wharf was crowded to its limit with curious spectators to say good-bye to departing ones—some laughing, some crying, some with quivering voices and cheery smiles, and many with an air of curious indifference who railed and jeered, or stood with stolid gaze. The whistle of warning sent visitors quickly ashore, the gangplank was withdrawn, and with the brusque command "Let go the stern line" we glided gently out to midstream amidst loud shouts and waving hands and handkerchiefs. Our flag was unfurled to the breeze and steadily and merrily we sailed away on our first steamship voyage and first journeys are full of joys that pale with repetition.

Down the Willamette River for twenty miles, then out into the broad Columbia the sturdy engine puffed and steamed down to the ancient town of Astoria, where we anchored for the high tide of the morrow to cross the treacherous Columbia bar. Astoria is not ancient in the ense that Rome s ancient, but for ur own West it s old and dates ack to 1811, hen John Jacob stor established trading post ere and named for himself.

Along the water ont the build- gs stood rched on long les in the deep ater that the rgest ships ight anchor ar them for car- es. We took aboard two thousand cases of canned salmon the San Francisco market, and in those days that was con- ered a mammoth shipment. The very first export of the cific Coast was from Astoria, being a consignment of stur- on eggs to Germany for making caviare.



Cigar Rock, Columbia River

It was through Astoria that one reached the great summer resort of Oregon, the envy of Californians, Clatsop Beach, with its twenty miles of shore line and its background of green meadows; with wooded mountains sloping to the sea and its singing waterfalls dancing in delight at the plunge into old ocean, it made a resort that any State might envy.

While lying at anchor in midstream, waiting for the propitious hour to cross the bar, a sharp, quick bell started officers and men from the breakfast table, and blanched faces and terror-stricken passengers went searching for cause of the emergency call. A dense fog filled the morning air, and through the heavy cloud we saw a darker line moving across our bow, and with bated breath we waited for its clearance. It was a Government boat loaded with dynamite and nitroglycerine, and it crossed with only three inches between us and eternity. It was the nearest approach to oblivion that the *California* ever had. The passengers and crew were nearly dumb with fear when the dark streak had moved on into the low-lying clouds, and it was several minutes

Movable fish wheel on the Columbia

before the hum of talk and laughter was again heard on the decks.

Few ever cross the Columbia bar without mixed feelings of anxiety and fear and after the episode of the passing ship all the tales of horror were told that any one could recall. It had not been very long since the *Lupala* had been wrecked in crossing the bar and the place was pointed out near Tillamook Head where twelve bodies from the ill-fated ship had been found. Tall masts of sunken crafts marked the resting place of other ships until one could well believe that the treacherous spot could truly be called the graveyard of ships.

The fog lifted a little as our steamer began tossing in the twisted currents of the river and the sea, and as far as the eye could reach there was only the great white mass swirling like the wings of a cyclone. The waters were whipped into walls of foam that swept over every part of the vessel with demoniacal fury and tossed it like a toy. The bow would spring up in midair, wheel about, and tip straight for the bottom of the sea. Our good commander told us it was as bad or worse than any passage he had ever had.

With the first reel of the ship Pard darted past me with his hands pressed tightly to his breast, as if the "Spartan Fox" were clawing at his vitals. With the aid of the deck man and railings I followed him to the stateroom and found that he had a sudden call to "New York" as Mark Twain would express it, and from that hour he was confined to his bunk for the whole stormy voyage. Our sturdy boat safely over the bar at last, turned into the trough of the sea with an increasing storm. In the midst of the southward journey blades of the propeller were broken and, fearful of being blown into shore on the rocks, the commander headed his ship for midocean. Five days passed before we sighted the Golden Gate, when the course should have been covered in two days. The staunch old *California* had been given up for lost and rescuing boats had been out for two days searching for tidings of her whereabouts when we sailed into port.

The hotel runners at wharves and trains were the worst lot of roughs who were ever allowed at large. Pard staggered through the line so weakened by his continued illness that he could hardly walk. Half a dozen of those runners would grab the baggage at one time and it required strenuous work to throw them off and get what one wanted. Pard made all kinds of threats, although he could not have hurt a fly. It was a state of affairs afterwards rectified by law, much to the credit of San Francisco.

The city of the Golden Gate had much to be proud of, even away back in 1880. The Palace Hotel and the Baldwin were world famous. The Palace was said to be the largest hotel in the world at that time. Woodward's Gardens, with its large collection of animals alive and dead, its aquarium, museum, and amusements, were gotten together with great labor and almost endless expense.

The old Cliff House and a glimpse of the Golden Gate

The United States mint at Fifth Street was then the largest one in the world, and its machinery was the most efficient. It was a fascinating process to watch the gold turned through its many stages into coins of the various denominations, and it was the more interesting because of our having seen the gold first taken from the earth as ore and refined into the bricks, or as nuggets washed out of some creek bed.

In the exhibition room were many rare coins and curios. One piece was coined a thousand years B.C. One bore the date of the time of Christ, with beautiful engraving representing the marriage feast at Cana, in Galilee. There was a silver dollar of Charles III that lay at the bottom of the sea for seventy years. There was also one of the twelve silver dollars that was coined in 1804 that had been sold five different times and the last price paid for it was $1400. There was a gold spoon taken from Solomon's Temple, and a multitude of other interesting things.

Nearly all of San Francisco's buildings were of wood, because they were considered safer in times of earthquakes, and they little thought such dire disaster would ever fold the boasted city in flames and wipe it from the earth.

The Golden Gate Park, made over the sand dunes of ages, will ever be the pride and joy of Californians. The Cliff House and the rocks with their barking seals stretching themselves in the sun, or dropping like lead in the deep; the long sandy beaches and sea island views; the cradled waters of the bay and its railroad arteries teeming with life, all now play their part in the fascination to build again a greater city than ever on the restless foundation at the great western gate.

The city hall was a combination of architectural oddities, as if four or five architects, each with a pet plan, had built a portion of it, and then united the whole with passageways. It stood upon a triangular lot, and on the Market Street side were the famous sand lots of the loud talking Kearneyites.

San Francisco has never been a city of homes, and it was the only city in the world that had as many restaurants as it had saloons. It was no wonder that it had such a hoodlum population to take hold of its city and its city affairs; they were of a class who had been raised in the streets from infancy and grappled at any straw that stirred in the breeze for excitement and change and those who were staunch and true to right principles and the higher life were made to feel their exclusiveness.

We cruised around San Francisco Bay in the little steamer *McPherson*, just as tourists do at this later day. The strongly fortified Alcatraz, with the black bodied cannons upon every eminence, Goat Island with its military reservation, and Angel Island, with its sloping green swards, were the pride of California. Angel Island's summit, with its seven hundred and seventy feet above the tide, held for the "boys in blue" a charming retreat in its sheltered fortress. The islands are still the stronghold of defence for our western coast with the more modern equipment in sunken guns and electric appliances. But one does not need to go to the islands to see the wonderful mechanism of modern warfare, for the Presidio, with its long vista enveloping the Golden Gate, and its full equipment of Khaki boys armed with death-dealing implements, is enough to impress any one with the magnitude of Uncle Sam's great defences.

Del Monte—"The old gnarled sycamores and live-oak trees are the crowning glory of it all"

To reach Monterey the Central Pacific Company had built what was then only a branch road from San Francisco through the beautiful Santa Clara valley. This road took one through San Bueno famous hunting grounds; Milbrae, the home of D. O. Mills; San Mateo, which had the military school for boys, the Laurel Institute for young ladies, and many elegant homes with well-kept grounds. Fair Oaks was a region divided into parks, gardens, and orchards of rich fruits and named from the number of live-oak trees of great grandeur that fill the locality. Then came Menlo Park, where President Hayes and General Grant's parties were so becomingly and generously received. Then came Santa Clara and San José, the twin cities of the Santa Clara valley embowered in shrubbery of luxuriant growth, where sweeping branches interlocked overhead, leaving long archways beneath for drives and strolls of pleasure or traffic. San José was the much larger town because of the mines near it and perhaps, too, because it was the county seat and had several collegiate institutions.

The glimmering rails twined in and out among the hills and vales for a hundred and twenty-five miles to reach the languorous labyrinths of Monterey's dreamland and Del Monte.

> "Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers
> And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers."

The Del Monte Hotel and grounds were then owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and it spared no pains to induce the travelling public to frequent the sequestered spot, which has grown in popularity without a peer in all our land. The hotel stands in the midst of a hundred acres of trees, foliage, and flowers, and far-reaching lawns. White oak, cedar, pine, and cypress, and above all the old gnarled sycamores and live-oak trees, that are the crowning grandeur of it all, stretch their sheltering arms over vast areas and make one wonder if Paradise can be more beautiful to the eye.

The town of Monterey with its quaint history is ever an interesting place. I love every old ramble shack in the town and I am not a bit glad to see the modern city rising in its stead. It possesses a romantic history that is not surpassed by any city in the United States. The soil was taken possession of by the King of Spain in 1602, but it was nearly one hundred and seventy-five years later that a permanent white settlement was first established. It has passed under three governments, and has been the scene of many struggles in the various transitions.

In Monterey the first newspaper in the State was published, the first jury impaneled, the first sawed lumber house built, and the first brick house, and it had the first United States post-office in California. Here the old customs house was started in 1814 by the Spaniards, and completed by the Americans; here was the first capital of California and here the first constitutional convention met. Here, too, one of the earliest Missions was established and landmarks and records of all these interesting events still survive.

The first missionaries landed in 1773 and the Franciscan Missions mark the great highway from San Francisco down into Mexico. The old monasteries stand just a day's travel apart and the road is marked by posts bearing mission bells on pillared supports all along the highway.

The first theatre in the State was also built in Monterey and with its crumbling adobe walls, its simple one story, with doors and windows modelled more like an old Morman house with a door for each wife, is a strong contrast to the magnificent playhouses of the present day that are glittering with gold and electrical scintillations. It shows the mark of progress that has swept over the State, and even Jenny Lind with her birdlike voice who graced this old theatre might find herself mastered by stage fright on a modern platform.

"The sweet face of Senorita Bonifacio still beams under the rose tree"

The coast line of California is the longest of any State in the Union and its two mountain chains run nearly the whole length of the State. On the highest peaks there are perpetual snows whose melting supplies the thousands of streams and lakes that teem with fish, while on the mountainsides the heavy timber furnishes a covert for both large and small game.

There is no equal area in the world that contains so great a variety of mineral waters as California. They are strung from the northern to the southern border, and their curative properties attract thousands of visitors from every country. But all of the State's attractions are capped by the old town of Monterey which holds the key to the State's history.

The San Carmel Mission is always open to visitors. Its two great towers lend dignity to the structure, and the walls slope from the ground to the roof in resemblance of the Syrian Mount Carmel. Its surroundings are enchanting, with water-carved rocks, and long coast rifts, with aged trees and tottering towers, while beyond are the broad acres and distant hills that once resounded to the priestly voices that ruled among them and now echo only in the sea wind as it moans on the sands.

In its churchyard are the graves of fifteen California governors, and there also is the tomb of Juniper Seres, the first missionary, who died in 1784. The records of this Mission, as of all Missions along the coast line, are of great value to the State.

In the cemetery of the Santa Barbara Mission

The sweet face of Senorita Bonifacio still beams under the rose tree that she and Gen. W. T. Sherman, when a young lieutenant, planted when they plighted their troth—he to forget and she to live alone, forgotten, but loving still and cherishing the memory of her unfaithful troth.

Monterey was the home of Robert Louis Stevenson for two years while engaged on some of his memorable works way back in 1876–77.

When our stay was ended at Del Monte there were yet a few hours before train time and we went down to dip our hands in the Pacific waters and test its temperature. Our baggage had gone on a previous train and our hand-bags were left for the porter to take to the station.

The day was ideal for playing in the sand and hunting treasures along the tide-washed beach. Pard warned me repeatedly not to go nearer the water than the wet line on the sand and I finally knelt in impatience at the water line and reached out toward each delusive wave. I began to wonder if I might not venture just a little nearer when old Neptune decided for me by rolling in a whopper of a wave that lifted me off the ground and dropped me down again *ker sock* with the water up to my shoulders, and my feet were buffeted about as if they did not belong to me at all. Pard was some distance back and by the time we had given some lusty yells the water had receded and he ran down to lift me up. The wave had rolled in at least fifteen feet farther up on the beach and left me half buried in sand. My weight was doubled and tripled with sand, water, and salt, and as Pard hurried me to my feet he solicitously but ironically asked if I was satisfied with the temperature of the water. If our baggage had not gone I would have held him there for the next wave to pay him for his sarcasm, but I was distressed enough about my own plight. I could not go before the guests of the hotel; we had no baggage, and the train due to leave in one hour. We struggled along through the heavy sand to a little knoll where I took off my silk coat and hung it in the breeze. Fortunately my dress was also of

Hotel Del Coronado

silk and was readily relieved of sand and salt by generous switching and then I walked along the hilltop in the sun whirling my skirts as best I could to dry them. By train time my appearance was quite respectable on the outside, but underneath, oh, oh, my feelings were not a bit respectable, my feet were sopping in my shoes, my clothing clung to me like a poultice, and I was in a sea of torment for the six hours we were en route to 'Frisco before I could change my clothing.

An important engagement hurried us out from the hotel as soon as I was dressed, but strange to say the salt saved me as not even a cold followed the baptism, and I can justly say that the temperature of the Pacific is erratic but mild.

The hue and cry about the increased rates of living in later days seems to be quite out of place in view of an old '49 menu card of the Ward House—a fashionable resort in San Francisco in that memorable year—which quoted oxtail soup, $1; roast beef, $1; lamb, $1.25; ranch eggs, $1 each; roast curlew, $3; mashed potatoes, 50 cents; apple pie, 75 cents; rum omelette, $2, and other items in proportion.

We took our places in the Silver Palace sleeping car of the Southern Pacific road at Oakland for southern California. How delightful it was to glide over the rails with such rhythmic motion, to nestle among soft cushions and have real pillows to support the head, to have conveniences to comb one's hair and brush the teeth, if one has any, and to sleep in a comfortable bunk without fear of bumping over rocks or being thrown from an easy position.

It was a joyous change from the discomforts of a stage-coach or even a plunging vessel, and it was worth the several thousand miles of stage travel to elevate one to an appreciation of such luxury. The little stiff day-coaches of Oregon and Washington were a comfort not to be maligned in comparison to the stage-coach, but here was luxury unalloyed.

I was just floating away in a stupor of content when in bustled a short woman with a tall voice. She was clothed in mourning garb, her long, black veil gracefully clinging to a rich, heavy cloak. Her companion was a slender youth upon whom she began to bestow a volley of messages such as, "Oh, tell Mrs. Smith I got here with my head on." "Oh, tell Mrs. Smith I am most dead." "Oh, tell Mrs. Smith I will be glad to get out of this horrid country." "Oh, dear, oh, dear." "Well, good-bye, don't forget to tell her I'm most dead." Her voice was pitched as high as possible and as soon as the cars began to move she began to call the porter whom she named George. "Oh, George, can't you get me a toddy, I am so weak I'm afraid I'll die." And poor George was called every five minutes to make the car lighter, or warmer, or cooler, then she added, "And do they try to starve people and never stop for supper?"

Los Angeles' China Town

When we had been out three or four hours she turned and asked me if I was not all tired out. I replied that I should be sorry to be tired out so early in the journey. "Oh, well," said she, "if you had travelled as far as I have and feel as I do, you would not be so composed. Why, I have come all the way from Portland, in Oregon, on the steamer *California*, and I was sick all the way. Oh, dear me!" I smiled to myself but did not tell her that we were on the same steamer. No one in the car was spared her sallies and it was generally decided that she was having the first trip of her life.

At last she began to call for ice; she must have some ice or she would die. "George" repeatedly told her there was not a bit of ice on the train, but that only made her want it the more. An accommodating passenger finally assured her by saying he would get some for her the first time the train stopped and from that time on he was kept hunting for ice at every station. Where he got it no one knew. At last even the accommodating passenger said he could not get any more, but as night came on and she still kept up her cry for ice the gracious gallant grew impatient at her demands and ingratitude and told her that he did not dare to bring any more for fear the *body would not keep* to the end of the journey. She turned her great big eyes upon him with a look of horror, then she gave one big scream and settled down into her seat wholly subdued for the rest of the evening and the ice man made no more trips to the baggage car. The train had stopped for a late supper at Lathrop and soon after that we were all tucked away for the night with only an occasional plaintive cry for "George" to disturb our slumbers.

The Oriental costumes were novel and the wearers were complacent

In the early morning we took seats on the rear platform of the end sleeper to watch the winding of the road among the foothills and after passing through the seventeenth tunnel we reached Tehachapi Pass which made a strange winding and doubling of tracks. First we saw the road-bed nearly a hundred feet above us, then with a sudden whirling about we saw the glinting rails as far below. The wheels creaked and groaned as we rounded the loop and found ourselves on the top of a mountain four thousand feet above sea-level. The surrounding mountains were wild and broken with dwarf trees and grassy slopes, but we descended into the Mojave Desert, a barren waste that stretched far to the horizon and dispelled the dreams of tropical foliage which we had been longing to see.

From the Mojave breakfast station south there was a scattering of cacti and plenty of greasewood and sand. Mexican huts were sprinkled here and there on the bluffs and as the cliffs grew more imposing they seemed the fitting abode of renegades, and the locality was best known by the name of Robbers' Roost.

The little town of Lang marks the spot where the last spikes were driven that opened an all rail route from Los Angeles to the outside world, in 1876, making the road then just four years old.

The San Fernando Mountains rose like a vast barrier before us, through which we knew the long black tunnel lay with its quicksand bottom. This tunnel is a mile and a quarter in length, and two or three men were kept walking through it to watch the movements of the treacherous sand, and many a stronger heart than mine has shuddered and gazed eagerly at the blue sky, as if it might be a last glimpse when he is hurled into the blackness of night and held with a strange fear that the whole train may be swallowed in one greedy gulp.

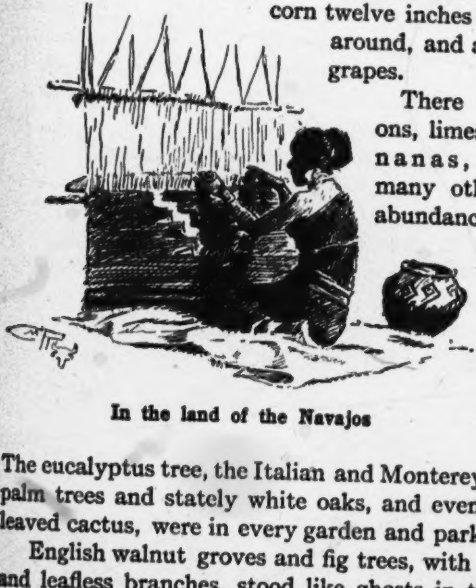
An old gentleman occupied a section just back of ours. He seemed quite ignorant of the existence of the tunnel and was passing the time in reading a newspaper. As we plunged into the black depths we heard his arms fall as he crunched the paper in his hands and in a loud voice exclaimed: "O my God, I am blind." His pitiful groans continued until rays of light began to penetrate the car again and when we were in the full glory of the day he gave a strong deep sigh of joy and a "thanks be to God" that came from the innermost depths of his soul.

From the moment we emerged from that subterranean pass through the dividing mountains we were in a new world. The earth and trees were in midsummer dress and birds were singing in the summery air. "The City of the Angels," was at hand—

the land where nature never sleeps the long cold sleep of winter, never clothes herself in frigid robes of icy crystal; but where only summery months with wreaths of flowers, and bright mossy carpets ever hold sway. The babbling brook is never chained with arctic fetters, and every sun shows new fruits upon the trees.

Los Angeles then had but 20,000 people but all the coaxing elements were there to lure the invalid, the tourist, and the homeseeker. The soil was rich and fertile and when rains were plentiful products were phenomenally large. We saw a pumpkin that measured seven feet and four inches in circumference; an ear of corn twelve inches long and nine inches around, and a six pound bunch of grapes.

There were oranges, lemons, limes, pears, apples, bananas, strawberries, and many other fruits in great abundance. It was a city of gardens and groves; the pepper tree with its long fern-like leaves and curving branches, forms a cool shady arbor within its circle. The eucalyptus tree, the Italian and Monterey cypress, the large palm trees and stately white oaks, and even the stately broad-leaved cactus, were in every garden and park.



In the land of the Navajos

English walnut groves and fig trees, with their round, blunt, and leafless branches, stood like ghosts in their encasings. A peculiar fact of the fig tree is that the blossom is never seen, but wherever a leaf grows, from the root of the stem a fig also bursts into existence.

The Cosmopolitan Hotel was then the best in the city, and as hotels were in that day it was a fine one. Chinatown, near by, was a small but interesting edition of San Francisco's Chinese quarter.

The most cultivated grounds and most elegant home were those of J. E. Hollenbeck, a Los Angeles banker. His house stood on an eminence overlooking the city, surrounded by sloping grounds that were ornamented by trees and flowers from many a foreign land. The orchards and vineyards were wonderful to see, the flowers and shrubs were still more so. Walks and drives were bordered with blooming carnations, mignonette, heliotrope, dark velvety roses, and richly shaded foliage plants, with settings of calla lilies, geraniums, and many plants of the tropics. Palm, rubber, and banana trees were cautiously interspersed, and in the midst of all was a clear, sparkling fountain. Geraniums and fuchsias scrambled toward the second story, and ivies and honeysuckles spread far over the roof. Mr. Hollenbeck's wife who has survived him has built the home for the aged in Los Angeles, and at the cost of her own fortune keeps up the expenses which the home cannot meet. As it takes in both husbands and wives, it is a happy home which is a joy for any one to visit.

After briefly absorbing the glories of the city of the angels, we made a hurried side trip to San Diego, and the wondrous peninsula of Coronado, then so little frequented, but whose eternal summer and now far-famed hostelry have evolved the most unique resort on our southern coast.

CHAPTER XXXI

TO OLD TUCSON

IT was with great reluctance that we left beautiful Los Angeles for the cheerless wastes of Arizona. We crossed the Los Angeles River and for a few miles rode through a gently rolling country to San Gabriel, where stands the old Mission church of the Spaniards. Its dilapidated condition told plainly its growing age of a hundred years, but the old bells that chimed the call to devotions still hung in place, and the very hush of material things seemed to intensify the sacred relic.

The Mission orange orchard, was the first planted in the State. Another orchard near the Mission covered five hundred acres, and oranges, lemons, English walnuts, almonds, and pomegranates grew to perfection.

Nearby the Sierra Madre Villa nestled at the foot of the mountains and from its elevation one could look down upon thousands of acres of fruit trees in all stages of bearing, from blossoms to the ripened fruit.

Close along the track was a huge growth of cactus, the giant prickly pear, its great leaves growing ten inches wide and fifteen to twenty inches long. These pads bore fruit the shape of an egg and two thirds as large, of a dark, dingy red color. From five to eight of these cactus apples grow around the edge of each pad, and they are greatly valued by Mexicans and Indians for food. Mr. S. H. H. Clark, the Vice-President of the Union Pacific Railway Co., was at Sierra Madre Villa enjoying a quail hunt and the beauties of the climate and surroundings. When darkness began to hide the country from view, it brought no regrets, for we knew too well what a long desert lay before us. In the morning we stopped at what General Crook's soldier boys called the hottest place on earth, namely, Yuma. The town stands on the bank of the fitful Colorado River, and as soon as the train stopped swarms of Indians began to gather around the cars and passengers. It was difficult to believe that some of them were not somnambulists, judging from their scanty apparel. One dusky maiden was running through the streets with no waist on, and with her bare feet played football with a lemon, giving a fiendish yell at every successful toss. Yuma was certainly the worst looking, most squalid town one could imagine and the river was more unwholesome than the "Big Muddy." It gave us the shudders to think we must drink its waters or go dry for the next five hundred miles.

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The San Juan Capistrano Mission

From Yuma eastward to Tucson there was not a town of over a dozen houses, and they were occupied by section men with their families. To be sure this road did not have the snowbanks of the North to encounter, but the sand drifts were far more troublesome. It was like butting against a stone wall when an engine struck one of those sand piles. Men were kept on the road constantly shovelling, but it was impossible for trains to make time against such odds. The dust was also insufferable, causing a continual sense of suffocation.

Water for the stations and men was hauled in huge reservoirs on cars made for that purpose, covering a distance of five hundred miles.

Cacti of various kinds, sands and bold mountains bearing legends of starving colonies, were all there seemed to be in this great desert. In the summer time there is a little change, for then the sands are alive with rattle-snakes and centipedes, tarantulas and a few other creeping things that afford pastime to one interested in cultivating the study of creeping nature. The only birds that inhabit this section are crows that come only in winter and the woodpeckers that build their nests in the tall club cactus away from intrusion, and stay there the year around.

There was no local travel along the road, and could not be unless there was a change in Nature's distribution of her elements. The transcontinental railway line across the Territory was obliged to seek routes which missed the most inviting sections. The long stretch of desert between El Paso and Tucson, so trying to the tourist, was bordered on both sides by mountain ranges where rich mines and inviting camps abounded, but all of Arizona's noted mining towns were then reached only by stage.

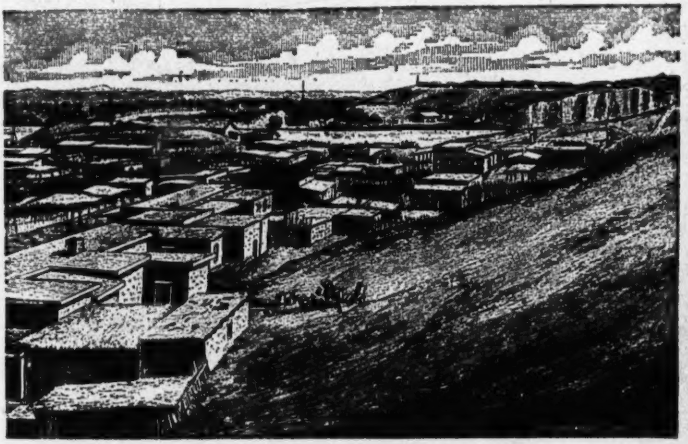
One of the novel sensations of the trip across Arizona was where the road-bed ran down hundreds of feet below the ocean level. At La Veta, in Colorado, we were two miles above the sea, and it gave one a curious feeling to be thus going to the other extreme. Involuntarily I glanced upward at the great bushy clouds to see if the ocean waves were coming over, and felt a sense of relief in seeing the hazy mass moving off in the clear blue vault of space.

Altitudes along through the great Southwest vary from 17,000 feet above the sea-level to 1000 below, and there are some striking contrasts of the largest and most beautiful trees in the world with the driest areas of desert plains and the feeblest growth of the struggling thornbush.

There are more than a million square miles in the United States that are nearly or quite destitute of water. The rainfall at Yuma is the smallest of any place in the United States. Three eighths of our mountain ranges are well forested, one eighth is plateau, and the other half is mountain and valley desert, yet they yield our richest mines.

There are 550,000 square miles of desert in this portion of the United States and 500,000 more square miles reaching on into Mexico, making a total of more than a million square miles, yet large as it is, it measures but a third the size of the Great Sahara Desert.

Barren and stony ranges are separated by barren and thirsty plains. Torrents of water may start down the mountainside and be absorbed by the hot soil or evaporated on the hot rocks before it reaches the desert plain.



The mud-baked city of Yuma

Absence of moisture makes absence of clinging vines and twining roots, and whatever growth there is partakes of the nature of the country in being tough, fibrous, and thorny. Yet here again is God's manna in the tunas, the fruit of the prickly pear cactus, and for moisture the leaves of the dominant greasewood and the barrel cactus.

Out on the desert our guide cut the top from a cactus plant about five feet high and with a blunt stake of palo verde pounded to a pulp the upper six or eight inches of white flesh in the standing trunks. From this, handful by handful, he squeezed the water into the bowl he had made in the top of the trunk, throwing the discarded pulp on the ground.

By this process he secured two or three quarts of clear water, slightly salty and slightly bitter to the taste, but of far better quality than some of the water a desert traveller is occasionally compelled to use. The Papago, dipping this water up in his hands, drank it with evident pleasure and said that his people were accustomed not only to secure their drinking water in this way in times of extreme drouth, but that they used it also to mix their meal preparatory to cooking it into bread.

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Yuma John and his squaw. His foot was shot off over a hundred years ago

Every desert stretch has its own name and its own distinctive characteristics differing in some peculiarity from any other.

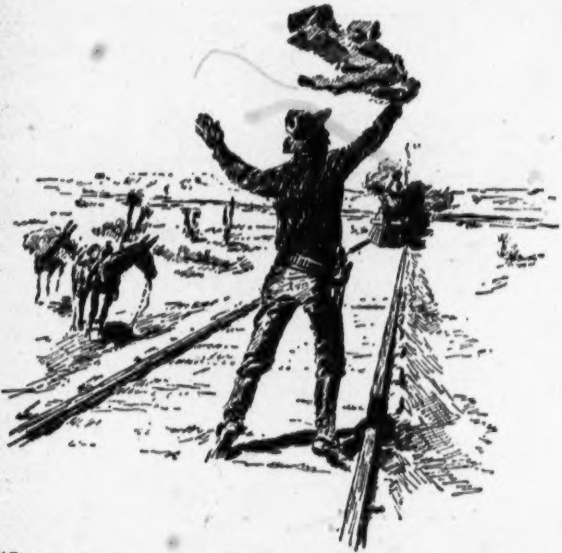
Death Valley Desert lies near the east line of California, north of Yuma. It is only about fifty miles long by thirty-five in width, and derived its name from the death of a party of eighteen out of thirty adventurers who had dared its dangers unprepared. It is surrounded by volcanic ranges, having various and decided colorings of red and yellow and again black minarets of lava.

The Amargosa River dies away when it enters the great sink of the valley, and from the mountain tops there is the long white treeless, trackless waste. There is no valley more desolate and barren and none more treacherous and deceptive. The spectral cities, fields, rivers, and lakes hang in the sky, seeming so near yet, alas, so far away. A low ruin will seem a hundred feet high and birds on the ground in the distance look like men. A constant delusion beckons the weary wayfarer and it takes a steady hand and a clear head to withstand the witchery of that strange atmosphere.

The proud mother at her adobe hut

Sand augurs rise in slender stems for a thousand feet into the burning air and terminate in bushy clouds to fall again in blinding storms and hide all marks of guidance that had been left for those who were now lost in the maze.

But with all the terrors of this Death Valley lying four hundred feet below the sea, it contains immense deposits of that witch of minerals—borax. It was in the year of 1880, when we were making our first explorations in that region, that a company was formed to brave all obstacles and bring out that helpful household mineral. The nearest base of supplies was two hundred and fifty miles from Death Valley, across that dreary and dreadful Mojave Desert and over the precipitous and dangerous mountain range of the Panamint to San Bernardino. It required ten spans of mules to carry out two wagon loads of ten tons each, to which was added an immense water wagon, but it was a wondrously successful venture both for the investors and for every family in America. Happily, this valley is losing its terrors. The scene of so many tragedies and dastardly crimes has been invaded by the Clark railroad, and this Devil's Garden will soon be but a memory—a tale to tell, that will no longer have existing counterpart.



"It was the first time our fellow passengers had been held up by a mule"

Another desert plain is a vast area of alkali, defying all vegetation until the poison ash can be thoroughly drained from the soil. Its air is full of the fine dust, stifling with its poison and making human flesh raw and sore. Still another maddening valley is made up of the brown adobe clay, where the feet cling in the wet soil as if held by magnetic powers.

In New Mexico there is a vast gypsum desert called Tularosa Valley, and it is most wonderful to look upon. One thinks only of a great white sea of snow, wind ribbed with billowy troughs. But instead of a cool snow air, this great white gypsum sea creates a heat and thirst greater than man can describe. The wind ever blows and the sands of the air never rest; they pelt and cover the earth, and all thereon, with cutting, smarting molecules, leaving no moment of peace for him who must endure.

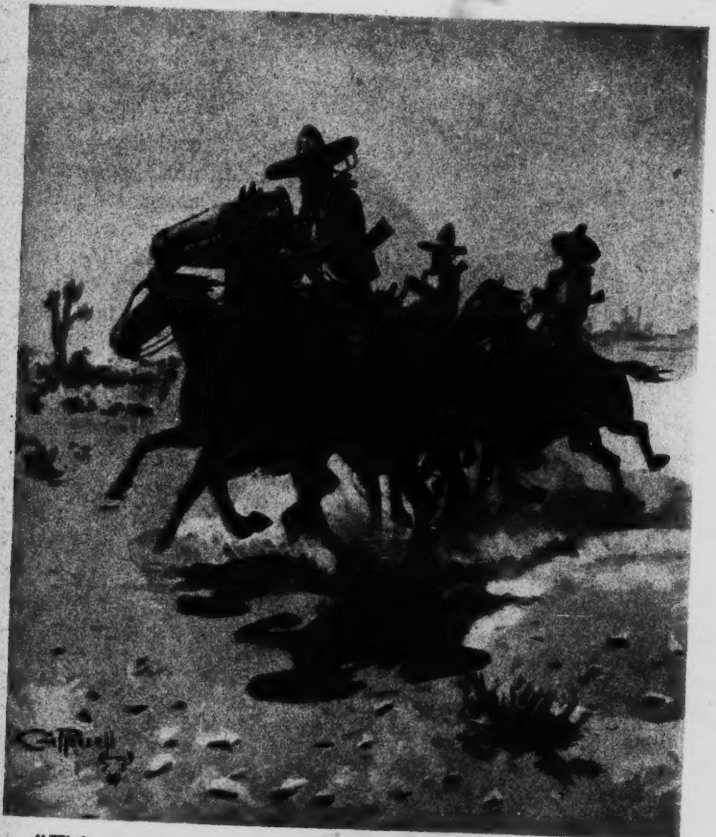
Again, another arid area has great sand dunes, higher and larger than any American building, dunes that rise and fall in a day in the ceaseless motion of whirling winds.

The flour dust of another desert stretch, and others with black lava ghoulish minarets all tell the story of the diversity of these waterless domains, and the struggle for life when one dares enter such craters of trackless desolation.

The railroad company did a marvellous work to open an avenue of communication between the East and West, where not a herd of cattle or sheep, not a modern home, not a farm or a mine was to be seen its entire length until settlers followed in the wake of steam. Since that time the Great American Desert has yielded over one hundred million dollars in precious metals and many beautiful homes have been built in centres where water has been made to flow.

With all the aridity and cheerless lengths of waste there is no more beautiful sight than the blossoming of a desert after a rain. All the earth responds quickly; leaves burst out and flowers bloom in great resplendence, having a fragrance unknown in other lands.

The train was suddenly halted in the midst of the great desert; windows went up and heads went out to learn the cause for delay in such a place. The first thought with every one was, "a hold-up," women became hysterical and men used language not fitting to repeat here; but it was only an old prospector flagging the train with desperate gestures, as if some great danger were impending. It was soon learned that the holdup man only wanted water for himself and his mules. An old Arizona law allows desert travellers in distress to stop trains and demand water, which the crew must provide. The old prospector knew his



"Highwaymen run down a pedestrian only half a block from us"

rights and so did the engineer, but it was the first time our fellow passengers had been held up by a mule.

Tucson was the county seat of Pima County, with a population of ten thousand people, mostly Mexicans and half-breeds.

It resembled Santa Fé in its low one-story adobe huts and stores, although not so Americanized as the latter.

The Mexican merchant could be seen at all times lounging lazily in front of his dirty store, showing just life enough to puff his pipe and give a grunt when a chance customer gave him a nudge. If one of his class was standing on the street, nothing could move him until his own will compelled him. In fact, a stranger would have been quite excusable in taking him for a unique hitching post.

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A prince of the Cactus Land

Walking to the outskirts of town, we were horrified to see a band of mounted highwaymen run down a pedestrian only half a block from us. The horsemen wheeled and turned, brought their horses up on their hind feet, and tried to throw the man under their feet. The footman grabbed the bits and, after an exciting skirmish, succeeded in warding off the intruders. We hastily turned toward town expecting to hear the crack of revolvers, and to be ourselves assaulted. It made us think we were in France, with the apaches of Paris on our tracks, and my heart thumped like an old-fashioned knocker. Such modes of highway attack were quite common within the very shadow of the town at that time, and at any hour of the day.

There was very little of what may be termed a residence portion of Tucson. The adobe stores and dwellings were so intermingled that there was little or no distinction; there were, however, a few American houses. One nearly completed was thirty-six by fifty feet, with a double arched door in front, and a side door entering to the stairway of the observatory, which was three stories high. The main part of the building itself had but two stories, with the middle of the roof flat and enclosed in an artistic iron balustrade for a roof garden or a sleeping garden. The peculiarity of the house was that it contained but four rooms—two parlors and two sleeping rooms, aside from bathroom and closets, while its cost was nearly twenty thousand dollars.

There seemed little that was good in that part of Arizona, and it was dependent upon adjoining countries for its cereals; its mines, however, were a redeeming feature, and it was a rendezvous for stockmen. In these towns the spirit and color of the old days in the Southwest are preserved to a larger degree than elsewhere. The flannel shirt and broad sombrero still predominate in the old towns throughout the Southwest.

The principal mining camp of Tombstone was a hundred miles northeast of Tucson. The daily paper there was appropriately called the *Epitaph*, and, indeed, where is the tombstone without an epitaph? We found one marking the remains of a party to a duel who was a trifle too slow on the draw, as follows: "He done his damdest, angels could do no more."

Tombstone had about five thousand people in the winter of 1881, and more were going there than could find employment. There were a number of excellent mines around the camp, containing large bodies of rich ore. Real estate and mining property were steadily on the increase in value, and the same high excitement that pervades all good camps was not lacking.

Tucson antedates Jamestown and Plymouth, and was first visited in 1540 by Coronado; it saw its first European settlers in 1560, and its first missionaries in 1581. But long before the year 1540 there was an Indian village established on the site of the present city, so that Tucson can, if it pleases, claim an age for its town as great as Santa Fé.

San Xavier is to-day one of the largest, as it is one of the best preserved, of all of the churches built during the years of the Spanish occupancy of the Southwest. It was built in the year 1700 by the Spaniards, who brought so much religion to the people whom they conquered. The style of architecture was Moorish, in the form of a cross, seventy by one hundred fifteen feet, and has a well-formed dome and a balustrade surmounted all the walls. The front was covered with scrollwork, intricate, interesting, and partly decayed, and over the front entrance was a life sized bust of St. Xavier. The interior was literally covered with frescoes and the altar was adorned with gilded scrollwork. The statues were as numerous as the paintings. The tiling on the floor was much defaced and but little good of it left, but the tiled roof was nearly as perfect as when laid, and it is a great pity that its manufacture is one of the lost arts. A chime of four good-sized bells in the tower rang a soft, sweet melody as we ascended to the roof through a narrow stairway in the solid walls. It is marvellous that so long ago, and in such a place, such architecture, ornaments, painting, and sculpture were so well executed. Two Papago seigniors had the care of the church and charged an admisson fee to see the whole in-

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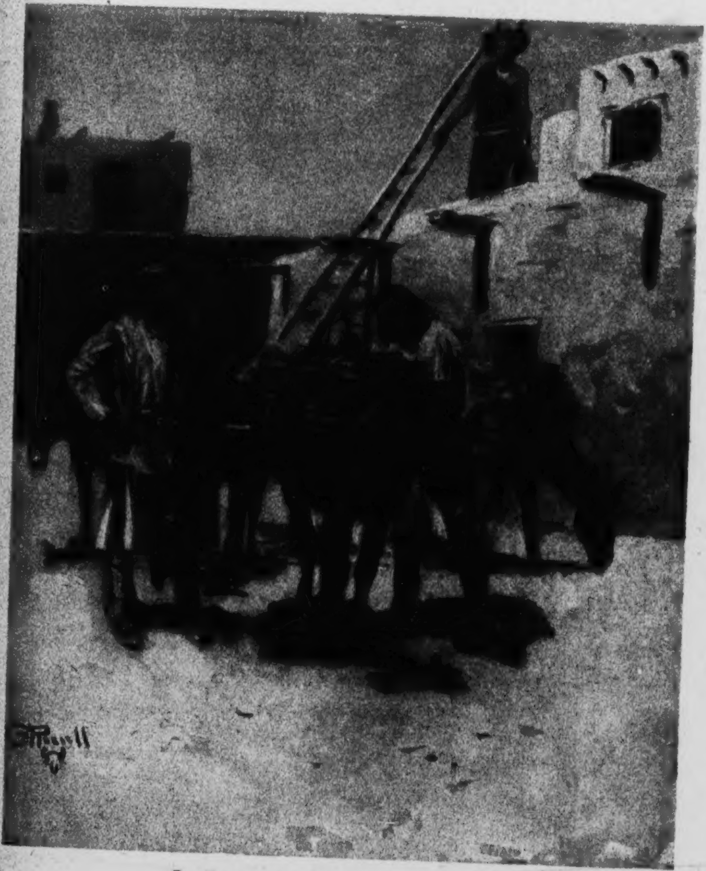
The entrance to San Xavier in Tucson

terior and hear them tell of the dead who lie sealed within its walls.

Riding from Tucson up the valley of the Santa Cruz River,



In the court of a wood merchant

one had glimpses from time to time through the groves of olive, oak, and mesquite trees, of the white walls and graceful towers of the church as they stood clearly outlined against the sky beyond. It was through this valley of the Santa Cruz, which is to-day attracting so much attention as an agricultural section, that Coronado marched on his way from Old Mexico.

Arizona was so unlike any of our well-watered countries of the North that we should not have been surprised at any kind of a story attributed to it, but there was one good one told of a wayfarer travelling through the Santa Cruz valley, who was overcome with heat and fatigue and had dropped down under some chaparral to rest during the noonday heat, after he had first buried the treasure he was conveying, that he might rest without fear of robbers. He was awakened from a sound sleep by a sharp and unmistakable rattle. Not daring to move more than to open his eyes, he saw the reptile uncoiling itself as it crawled across his feet, and, horror of horrors, the rattler began crawling up inside his trouser leg. With stealthy movement the frightened man took a knife from his belt and carefully drawing out his trouser pocket he cut it off, and made an avenue of escape for his snakeship, then waited in breathless suspense. Just at that critical moment another man came along and saw the motionless man fast asleep, as he believed. The newcomer saw the chance

Within the walls of a pueblo

of his life to rob the sleeping victim lying so quietly in the shade. He crept carefully up to the gaping opening and stealthily put his hand deep into the pocketless trouser, where it was quickly clinched by the intruding rattler coming up from the other way; he jerked his hand out quickly, bringing the snake out at the same time, with its fangs still imbedded in the flesh. With a string of oaths and yell of horror he flung the snake off, while the happy sleeper jumped to his feet and thanked his rescuer; then he unearthed his valuables and hurried away, leaving the holdup man to enjoy or destroy his spoils and suck the poison from his hand.

Altogether this was a most picturesque country. In spite of the vast arid waste there were many things of interest between Los Angeles and the Texas line, in the heat, the lack of water, the great sand dunes, and the mighty cactus where every plant had a thorn and every insect and creeping thing a sting. The mountain views were more like a mirage with their needle points silhouetted in the clear sky. The natives themselves were curious to look upon, as they were of Indian, Spanish, and Mexican origin, or a mixture of the three, with a sprinkling of Americano. It was a time when the country abounded in men girdled with cartridge belts, guns, and knives. The slouch hat and flowing mustache were the great achievements in man's dress and they summed his ambition second only to his dextrous shooting and hunt for wealth.

The life studies were as unique as the country on which the life was sustained. It was the land where the American frontiersman had more suffering in realizing his ambitious dreams than anywhere else in America. The shades of night sent good people under cover, and made them glad when the sun came again.

Many of the stage lines penetrated sections noted for their scenic beauty. The old line from Globe to Kelvin, in southern Arizona, was through rugged mountain passes made famous as the pathway of Geronimo and his band a few years before. The route from Baranca to Ojo Caliente in northern New Mexico passed through a succession of wild mountain gorges, at times dipping close to the raging mountain torrent and again climbing up the steep ledges which line the canyon walls. The view along this route was unexcelled by any of the famous gorges of the

Northwest, but timid travellers lost its grandeur in watching the stage-coach safely pass the dangerous places, for one is apt to lose æsthetic influences with a yawning abyss waiting for a misstep of horses or pedestrians.

Tucson was a sleepy old town in spite of the entrance of the railroad, and its hotels were not examples of north home comforts. Business was forced upon them and they only took it at the highest prices. We were given a room just vacated by a party taking the same train which brought us in, and the bed had been made up without changing. It was midnight, and the ungracious attendant said we could take it as it was or leave it, as it was too late to have it changed. We therefore spread our own blankets on top of the bed and made the best of a bad situation.

Mexican bake ovens used in Tucson

The night of our departure our train was due to leave at one o'clock, and unless we vacated the room immediately after dinner we would be charged for another twenty-four hours, including board. We refused to be so imposed upon, and sat in the parlor to await the hour of departure. We kept up a big fire, with wood at ten dollars a cord, and burned plenty of their good oil at two dollars a gallon. We had some companions who were equally indignant at the Greaser treatment, and we shared our books and stories until the time came for our train.

It was a common agreement that if Tucson only improves with age, or becomes as good as she is old, much may be expected of the place. The night was dark and the roads were bad; the weather was worse and it was an interminable distance from the town to the railroad station. Our new-found friends suffered in silence. Not so a drummer, who was also a fellow passenger. He indulged in a steady monologue of complaint and grumble, and finally burst out with:

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Zuni war dance

"What on earth 'd they put the deepo down here for, a mile from the town?"

The driver deliberately shifted his quid, and replied, with exasperating coolness: "Why, I reckon it was to get nearer the railroad."

The Navajo Indian reservation covers ten million acres of land in Arizona and Utah. Then there are the Moqui, Papago, and White Mountain Indian reservations that occupy huge tracts of Arizona lands. All have the same legends and indulge in practically the same work of making pottery, baskets and blankets, and caring for their ponies, cattle, and sheep. They have made their homes in the Territory for two hundred years. Wars have driven them back and forth; the Government divided families by taking them to different localities making them justly angry and revengeful, but they gradually became peaceful as their wealth increased.

The Cliff Dwellers were called White Indians, who came from the other side of the big water; they claimed to have crossed the northern straits when the narrow passage was frozen over and had thus escaped a death penalty upon them for their religious belief. They always feared the arrival of an enemy, hence they built their homes as high in the cliffs as possible. The men were warriors bold, and acquired great wealth, filling their homes with beautiful and costly furnishings. They prospered wondrously until they began fighting and quarrelling among themselves. Then the native Indians lost their reverence for them, and declared war, not desisting until all were dead or driven out.

Mountains and valleys, forests and plains were famous for narratives of weird events in the lives of native tribes now extinct. Wherever the Indian has trodden the earth there is romance and adventure woven in the pages of history by written characters on the stones and in the canyons of the ages. Its many legends date back centuries before the coming of the white man and indicate the existence of superior families in the formation of western America. The hidden caverns of wealth show that gold and silver mines had been operated for hundreds of years. The buried canals demonstrate that irrigation was a science which enabled agriculturists to reap rich harvests from the fields by cultivation. The unearthing of pottery and edged tools tells of an intelligent people who made homes in the country which our pioneers discovered to be a dreary desert filled with coyotes and rattlesnakes.

It was past Christmas Day when we went rolling back to the green fields of Los Angeles, and as we neared the City of the

Angels we summed up our travels since breaking up our Omaha home on June first, six months previous, and the results were somewhat startling. It was more than twenty-five thousand miles by steamboat, rail, and horseback, and three thousand miles by stage. Some Eastern papers commented on the trip as being the most remarkable one in any woman's history, and the end was not yet.

Our stay in the Golden State, after our return from Tucson, was brief. A day was pleasantly spent in Oakland, walking and riding through the long shady avenues of evergreen oaks, pines, and cypress trees, and watching the ferry boats plying between the two cities every half hour. They were met at the wharf by steam cars, which then carried passengers free around the city.

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Cliff-dwellers' palace in Arizona

Although incorporated as a city, Oakland was quite rural in appearance. Its population numbered nearly fifty thousand, with more than twenty churches. Oakland is the Brooklyn of San Francisco and its surroundings are hardly second in picturesque beauty to its twin Eastern city.

The Central Pacific road wound around the city, then turned to the northeast. The ride was uneventful until we reached Vallejo Junction, and ferried to Benicia. The *Selano* was the largest steam ferry boat in the world with two engines, capable of exerting three thousand horse-power. The train moved slowly onto the ferry, with its creaking timbers, and we were soon across the Strait of Carquinez, as that arm of San Francisco Bay is called. The famous old *Selano* is still on duty at the ferry, just as it was thirty years ago.

A rocky pass in the Arizona Mountains

Benicia was noted for its arsenal and barracks and for having the only law school in the State. The train ran through orchards, vineyards, pretty little towns, rich farms, and endless wheat fields, until the great round dome of the State Capitol building heralded our approach to Sacramento. The location of the city was on a wide-reaching flat. The town is built on made ground the most of it having been filled in eight or ten feet. Unlike the bay city of San Francisco, its stores were nearly all of brick or stone, although the residences were mostly frame buildings. The State Capitol had its approaches on terraced grounds, with broad pavements decorated with statuary. The building itself impressed the beholder with a sense of the beautiful and the massive in artistic combination.

As we started up the steps of the Capitol, a voice called out to Pard in such a familiar way that he turned quickly and saw his old friend Joseph Wasson, a co-worker in the field of correspondence for the Sioux war. Mr. Wasson had been a correspondent for the New York *Tribune*, and since then had struck it rich in the mines, and was then serving his second term in the California Legislature. He joined our excursion through the building and then conducted us to Governor Perkins's elegant apartments, where we were cordially made welcome. The Governor was also President of the Pacific Steamship Company, and a gentleman of rare talents and social ability. It has been ever a source of regret that we were not able to accept an offer from Governor Perkins to "do" Japan, as we had been doing the great Northwest. It was a most flattering offer and we longed for the study of the Orient, but Pard could not consistently cancel his engagement with the Union Pacific Company, and we had to let that rare opportunity slip away.

The Central Pacific Railway gave employment to a thousand men locally, and that was only one of a half-dozen roads that centred in Sacramento.

When we took up our line of march eastward again, we shuddered as the snow-clad mountains began to loom up before us. Perpetual summer fast faded from view, and when the curtains were drawn for the night they were drawn over green fields and flowers that only the summer months would reveal again in the far East.

The sky was cloudless and as we began climbing the Sierras the moon lifted its head, to our great joy, and when we rounded Cape Horn the scenery was more mysteriously grand than if daylight had revealed it. The slender rails clung to the cliff, and the engine puffed and groaned as she climbed along, while far, far below, more than two thousand feet down a precipitous mountainside, in the soft moonlight flowed the American River, whose limpid depths alone would catch us were the train to lose its hold of the rails.

The railroad in that section was a great achievement, embracing skill, genius, and courage, even to daring, for the workmen had to be let down from the overhanging cliffs with ropes to blast the roadway.

The burden bearer.

With the morning sun we opened our eyes on the great Humboldt district, and through the whole day we traversed its desert waste until nearing Ogden, when real growing trees again began to dot the way.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE STARTING OF HAILEY

PARD'S publications were augmented by many letters to various newspapers in the East, and I had myself more than forty-five columns in the Omaha *Republican* in one summer. With the railroad following so rapidly the publication of the great advantages of the vast Northwest, people of the East began to gather their resources and start for the new land of promise.

The Oregon Short Line was creeping along between Pocatello and Portland, and there arose the necessity for commercial centres and for divisional points for the railroad company, also for revision of counties and new county seats, for methods of getting water on to arid lands, for some concerted plan of colonization, and numerous other enterprises that must be fostered and promoted in the land where homes had been unknown. The greatest difficulty in watering the lands has been to get it on the surface. Most of the Snake River lies down deep between towering battlements of rock or sand, and the water had to be carried from many, many miles nearer the river's source to get it out on the vast plateau of arid lands where it is most needed.

Idaho has waited many years for the gigantic effort that the Government is now making to cause the land to blossom. Many lesser streams have been diverted for small areas but the expense was too great for individual effort to cover vast domains; hence the formation by Col. W. G. Case of Pennsylvania and ex-United States Senator Alexander Caldwell of Kansas, with the assistance of Pard and several others, of a development company, soon well known as the Idaho and Oregon Land Improvement Company. Among its enterprises was especially the irrigation of lands and starting of colonies. Towns were started early in the progress of the railroad westward, and included Shoshone, Hailey, Mountain Home, Caldwell, Ontario, Payette, and New Weiser. Shoshone was a division point from which a branch road was built to Hailey and ultimately on to Ketchum.

In March, 1881, when the first meeting and ultimate decision was reached to vote for a change in the location of the Alturas county seat from its mountain eyrie at Rocky Bar down to a point in the Wood River valley, there was no thought but that Bellevue would win the prize. Bellevue was first called Biddyville, but its name was changed when it began its political aspirations with a fine and hopeful population of one thousand people. It was Biddyville that had first agitated the movement of the county seat, and there was no possibility of a rival for its possession.

There was no thought of a new town. There was not a stake or a tent as yet on the location at the foot of Croy Gulch, where Hailey is now transfixed. Before election came, four months later, Hailey sprang up like a summer breeze and reached out her hand for the persimmon with a long pole. The county seat prize was contested for by Bellevue, Ketchum, Rocky Bar, and Hailey, and it was a fight to the red hot finish. The political pot boiled with every available ingredient. It drew everybody into its heated cauldron with the grip of an octopus, and no one could remain neutral.

It simply became a question of which town could put up the biggest fight. It was said that Bellevue took complete lists of hotel registrations in Salt Lake and embodied them in its list of local voters on election day, but for all that Hailey had fourteen votes in excess of *all voters* in the county. Perhaps Hailey used a San Francisco register. No one who knew would tell.

The returns from Indian Creek were stolen in transit, which gave the prize first to Bellevue, but Hailey objected and took the matter into court and won out. We attended several sessions of the contest and fairly gasped at some of the statements made on both sides. One lady of our party sketched the positions of the two leading attorneys, which were not in keeping with the appearance of these men in social affairs. One of them had his legs so wound around the back legs of his chair that it was a query how he could ever disentangle them without breaking his neck. The legal battle ended in favor of Hailey, and court convened there Monday, October 10, 1881, with Judge Prickett in the chair, twenty-two lawyers present, and forty cases on the calendar.

When another appeal was threatened to change the county seat, the judge said that any further attempt to remove the county seat from Hailey would be at the expense of the County

The first cabin in the woods by the river

Commissioners, and the matter was therefore settled. Alturas County was then larger than the State of Ohio, and since that exciting episode it has been divided into three counties.

Before our company was ready to locate the town of Hailey, a few Boise City men meddled in the pie and their interests had to be bought out before Hailey could be legally adopted into our townsite fold. This brought about many complications that were long and bitterly fought in the courts. The success of the county-seat fight had so imbued some of the attorneys with the success of underhand work that they carried it into civil practice. It was like choosing death between fire and water, for if those tricky attorneys did any work for you, they kept all they made by having a bill large enough to absorb all the moneys involved, and if you hired an honest lawyer he never did any work, or pushed matters to a crisis, so results were very much the same.

One who has never had the experience of locating or acquiring a townsite and then creating conditions to convince the dear people of the advantages in migrating to such a spot has lost a lot of excitement, joy, and trouble, that rolls from the end of a pen with far greater smoothness than the living incidents rolled from the backs of the village-makers.

Hailey was named for the Hon. John Hailey, who first filed a desert land claim on the section used for the townsite, and he was the most conspicuous figure in Idaho history. His word was as good as his bond, and he was never known to do a dishonorable act. He owned and operated many of the earliest stage lines in Idaho, and had occupied positions of trust from the humblest to that of member of Congress. His life was full of strenuous action, and his namesake town seemed to inherit the same spirited life, although its people were not all on the square like old Uncle John.

At the time of the county seat trouble W. T. Riley was manager for the Boise company that owned the location. He was very anxious to impress Pard with the value of the townsite and told him to pick out any lot he wanted and it should be his. Pard selected a fine corner on the main street where the road came in through Croy Gulch from the Hot Springs. Mr. Riley told Pard to write his initials on the lot on his map and he would give the deed as soon as a title was established. The town grew rapidly and friend Riley saw the wisdom of Pard's selection, insomuch that he immediately put a fine store building on it for himself, and when questioned about it later he said that R.E.S. meant "reserved" and nothing more.

A year or two later they were in some little affairs together when friend Riley failed to come to time on some money that was aggravatingly overdue; some rather strong words were used, and Riley, getting more rily, said, "Well, damn it, Strahorn, why don't you sue it?" And he was not a little surprised when that same afternoon papers were served on him, and to avoid a suit he paid up. It was really a laughable incident for a man to sue his partner, but it cleared the atmosphere between them and made them friends ever after.

In May, 1881, H. Z. Burkhart opened a stationery store in the new town of Hailey. It was opened in a tent made of two bolts of muslin, one bolt from Bellevue and one from Ketchum, and the tent made on a sewing machine in Ketchum. After opening up his first box of goods he sold the box to Frank Harding, editor of the *Hailey Miner*, to make a bedstead. Mr. Burkhart was the first express and stage agent and the first justice of the peace, and also the first postmaster. He was twice burned out of business after several seasons of prosperity and later absented himself for two years, when he returned again to Hailey and became the most extensive lumber merchant on Wood River.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fox were the second arrivals for business. Mr. Fox was always noted for his sagacious business methods, and when he opened his little grocery store, his wife opened a boarding tent, with a dirt floor. The sagacious Fox made Mistress Fox pay full price for her groceries at his store and board him free of charge! They both prospered, until he owned a fine brick building with the finest stock of goods in Idaho, and his wife retired from business to a beautiful home.

Mrs. Burkhart, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Frank Harding, Mrs. Geo. Parsons, and Mrs. W. T. Riley were the pioneer women who lived in homes without roofs, or, at best, log crosspieces and canvas over them for the best part of a year with only tallow dips for illumination. It is a pleasure to add that days of affluence followed for all of them, and they prize this experience on Wood River for the days of happiness if they were mingled with hardships.

We spent some weeks on Wood River gathering statistics which Pard wove into entertaining narrative, clothing it in attractive garb that it might coquette with restless spirits in the far East who were waiting for an enchantress to lure them to the great mysterious West.

The manuscript from my own pen flowed more in humorous vein, showing a search for romantic history, social status, pastimes, and conditions of the people already in the new land, weaving together the ludicrous and amusing episodes, and describing the grandeur of the scenery; mine to be soon forgotten by those who read to be amused, and Pard's to live always in the great sea of commercial figures.

He has ever been a heroic, philosophic, never-tiring sphinx in rising from disasters and disappointments, but it has required a deal of help from Mrs. Spookendike to make him see the humorous side of life.

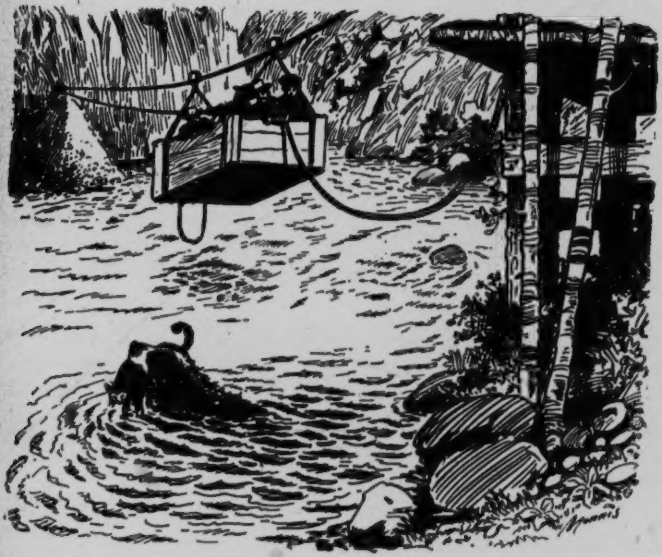
The first year in Hailey when the ladies gathered for an afternoon tea each one would carry her own plate, knife, fork, and spoon, and often her chair. Such conditions were hidden from visitors at first, but when they learned how much of camp life the newcomer had experienced, she was let into such secrets and shared the same.

The Grand Central Hotel was built in 1882. It was a joy to have at least a high-sounding name, if there was nothing grand about the building. It was kept by a German woman, Mrs. Miller by name, and her daughter, Katie Cornwald. The walls and ceilings were only single boards covered tightly with cloth or paper, making a veritable sounding-board for every side of the room. I can never forget the first sensation of seeing the ceiling swaying up and down like the waves of the sea, and there seemed to be no mistake about either an earthquake swaying the house or that I was losing my mind. I was lying in bed rather late in the morning, and Pard had already gone out to his duties, when I lifted my eyes to the undulating ceiling and momentarily expected to be crushed by a crumbling house and I was as seasick as if I had been on the briny deep.

Hotel chairs were scarce and there was but one chair in a bedroom, so a guest going to the parlor in the evening, or to sit down in the more sociable company on the sidewalk, would carry his own chair along with him. The chair brigade began to move soon after dinner, and it was a novel sight to see so many silently stealing in with four legs up and two legs down when the time came to retire. As Mrs. Miller was truly German she had her four o'clock coffee every afternoon, made by herself, and which she kindly shared with me. It was so good that it brought forgiveness to her for many other delinquencies on the regular table.

One bright day there was a picnic party at the Emily mine, a mile down on Wood River. The camp was on one side of the river and the opening to the tunnel was in the face of a perpendicular bluff on the opposite side. There was an improvised tramway, made of a drygoods box and some ropes, to carry any one across the river who preferred that way rather than to use the leaky boat in the swift stream. There really was not much choice, as an icy ducking was imminent either way, except that the tram saved a dangerous climb by going straight to the tunnel entrance.

While crossing in the box the party was much amused to see the dog of the camp carrying a cat in his mouth back and forth across the stream. He had a firm hold on the struggling cat, and when he neared shore he would wheel around and go back again. It was a daily custom of his to give the cat this bath whenever he felt like it, and he always grabbed her when she least expected it and started for the river. He made the trip with the cat every time the tram crossed the river, as if it were a necessary part of the gearage, and he never let go of her until he knew the tram was not to cross again. He also had a frog to tease when the cat was out of sight. When the frog came up in the water he would grab it and toss it about and let it fall in the water again, only to dive to the bottom and get Mr. Frog whenever it tried to get away. The dog was truly a royal entertainer.



A box party on Wood River, watching the star actors

The mountain in which the Emily mine was located reared its head high above all the surrounding hills, and was named Della Mountain when the town was first started. I felt that I would have to grow some to meet the dignity of such a namesake. On its surface were found many specimens, rich and poor, but the mountain made a precipitous frontage on the river that was impossible to climb without the aid of ropes. A tunnel was started in the face of the perpendicular wall, in the hope of striking the vein at a given angle. For hundreds of feet the tunnel followed the delusive dip of the vein in the hope of wealth and fortune, but the poor fellows working the mine never knew how to spell, and every month they wrote "Pay o'er" until all hope fled for pay ore.

The picnickers formed the first excursion party to the sylvan retreat under the swaying willows and tall cottonwoods. It was the first time that ladies had been on the grounds to enliven and cheer the bachelor life and spread out the goodies "like Mother used to make," and many an eye was dimmed with tears of gratitude for the happy hours.

It was not a good day for fishing. Any amount of coaxing would not lure the finny tribe to take either fly or bait. A few days later, however, they got hungry, and the boys at the mine sent us such creels of speckled beauties that they were passed around the hotel office for inspection before they were sent out to be prepared for the evening meal.

There was a man named Fisher at the hotel, from San Francisco, a mining man with more money than manners, who insisted on having the fish for some lady friends whom he had invited there for dinner. He did not care whose they were or what they cost, they were to be served for his dinner. He made some very loud boasting talk in the office that he was too great a man to be thwarted in any such thing as the possession of a string of fish, and I am sure he would not want to see in print what else he said.

When we went into the dining-room he was already there, demanding the fish for his party. Poor Katie came with tears streaming down her cheeks and trembling with excitement to ask me what she should do. I told her there was but one thing she could do, to bring the fish to our table, and from there they were distributed among our various friends in the dining-room, sending

Katie to nearly every table except the one occupied by the Fisher party. He was livid with rage, and left the dining-room to give vent to his anger. Pard sent word to him that if he had been gentlemanly enough to ask for the fish he might have had them and welcome, but that his bombastic demand for them had placed him in the humiliating position enjoyed by those who witnessed it, and which was what he had deserved.

"The boys at the Emily mine sent us creels of speckled beauties"

Hailey was at first the most orderly mining town imaginable, and its citizens were largely a class superior to those of frontier settlements. After the first year or two of joining hands with everybody in a social way there was a secret meeting of some of the elite to separate the gambling and saloon element from social functions. Every circular sent out, and invitations also, were signed "By Order of the Committee," so no one knew who was at the bottom of the movement, but from that time on parties were as select as anywhere in the United States, and no gentleman appeared at a dinner or other social affair except in the conventional dress suit.

From the time social lines were thus drawn the town developed rapidly, but had many reverses. Twice Hailey was swept out by fire, and yet it rose again like a mermaid from the sea, and each time with renewed charms and finer dress.

The Hailey *Times*, which was started by T. E. Picotte in May of 1881, was first issued in a tent, then in a log cabin with a dirt floor, and two additions of logs were added to that before the present frame building was erected. The *Times* was the first daily paper to be published in Idaho; its dispatches were wired to Blackfoot, then sent a hundred and seventy-five miles by stage to the Hailey office. The flooring for the office was hauled a hundred and fifty miles and cost $125 per thousand feet. The degrees of the newspaper prosperity are all in evidence to this day except the tent.

After the railroad was finished to Shoshone and the Hailey branch started north, confidence in its completion became so assured that three stage loads of people came into the Wood River town daily, and the first train into Hailey was on May 23, 1883. Hon. A. Caldwell, Mr. Fred Willard of the St. Louis *Times*, Miss Louise Skinner of Denver, Pard and I were of the party on the first train. It was met with a brass band and all the enthusiasm of a Fourth of July. The telegraph was finished at the same time, and Hailey had won a place on the map. The county court house was built in 1883, and Hailey's most disastrous fire was in the same year.

Telephones were put into use in Hailey September 17, 1883, and the following year when they were installed in Caldwell we paid fifteen dollars per month for one phone in our Caldwell home.

The Merchants Hotel, with its thirty-four rooms, was built complete and occupied in thirty-seven days from the day the lots were bought; then that was burned, and the second Merchants Hotel was built and burned before the fine brick hotel was built by a company composed of A. Caldwell, Robt. E. Strahorn, H. Z. Burkhart, and other Haileyites, and was later bought by Andrew Mellon, the famous banker of Pittsburg.

Without intention of introducing politics, I can hardly forego some political reminiscences of these pioneer localities. When the Hon. T. F. Singiser made Hailey a visit there were many things brought to mind of how even for the very high office of Congressman there are ways of reaching the goal that are not down on the schedule. The Singiser election was a good illustration of the rough-and-ready, free-and-easy politics of those pioneer days. Over at Ross Fork Agency, near Blackfoot, it was thought necessary to vote the Indians for Singiser, and this could only be done by enabling them to show tax receipts. The campaign fund provided one thousand tax receipts for twenty-five cents each, and these did double duty, for quite a lot of the Indians voted their tax reciepts instead of ballots, but they were counted just the same. However, the Democrats scented the scheme in time, and under like conditions went the Republicans nearly one hundred better by voting eleven hundred Indians at a neighboring agency. T. T. Danielson, an old Blackfoot pioneer, now of Spokane, who was one of the election judges, kept the ballot box, which was a cigar box, for many years contaning these peculiar souvenirs of the campaign. The fact that

It took a herd of oxen to haul the gigantic boiler to the mines

Mr. Danielson's striving to retain his position as postmaster did not disqualify him as judge of the election is another illustration of the liberal way they did those things on the frontier in the early eighties. This reminds me that the Postmaster-General, with whom charges had been filed against Danielson for selling whiskey in the postoffice at Blackfoot, came along one of those hot summers with a party of other officials, who with their wives were on a combined inspection and pleasure tour. The sun was fairly withering the sage-brush and broiling the alkali out of the earth, and the dust was choking the little party of o'er thirsty notables as they trudged up the street to the postoffice. There, in the middle of a well sprinkled floor, their eyes rested upon an enormous tub, with a great cake of ice in the centre, around which were ranged flasks of whiskey, bottles of beer, pitchers of punch and lemonade, and still around these were other chunks of ice that looked cool enough to reduce the temperature of old Sol himself. After all parties had enjoyed favorite beverages and brands and had noted the immaculate neatness and good order of the place, the aforesaid Postmaster-General turned to his secretary and dictated a telegram which settled for some four years at least the incumbency of the Blackfoot postoffice, and it was not in favor of the man who was after Danielson's scalp, either.

Some time later, however, when it was settled that Danielson better go out of the whiskey business, in order to peacefully keep the postoffice, the cowboys from far and near rode in and shot up the town. Danielson's whiskey bottles were ranged on the top shelves running around the store, and the boys rode through the store on their ponies and shot the top off every bottle. Whereat Danielson goodnaturedly set up the cigars and next day the boys returned and bought the entire stock of goods which remained. It must be said in favor of the cowboys that whenever they did a lot of mischief like that in the store they always came back and made up the loss to him in some way if he let them alone.

The Hon. Singiser made history fast for Idaho, and it is well that he is out of the dragnet of the present day. One day in Hailey he received a letter from the Postmaster-General with an enclosure from the postmaster of Vienna, Idaho, up in the Sawtooth country, and it ran as follows:

"To the Postmaster-General,
"Washington, D. C.

"Dear Sir:

"I am in receipt of your favor in reply to my communication of ——, in which you refuse to pay me the nine dollars and forty-five cents which you owe me. I notice that you are mighty particular if every cent due you is not turned in on time, but I see you are not so blank[illegible]blank particular about paying your own debts. Now you can pay me that $9.45 which you owe me or take your —— postoffice and go to —— with it.

"(Signed) A. W. Moore,
"Vienna, Idaho."

The Hon. Singiser not only saved the office and the nine dollars and forty-five cents to the writer of the letter, but he also made a staunch advocate for himself.

Colonel Creighton had been brought out to Hailey from the East to act as attorney for the Land Company. The Colonel was a bright, companionable man, and aside from being an over-ambitious man he stood his transfer from Eastern soil remarkably well. One day he came in much under the influence of liquor, and I was astounded at such an unusual occurrence. The day was cold, and as he snuggled up to the hot stove he said he had just come in from the funeral of a miner who had died at the hospital, and whose body was brought down to the town cemetery. He sat for some minutes by the fire in absolute silence, then continued: "Oh, yes, I want to tell you about the funeral." I knew it must be something unusual and that it must be the cause of his condition, so I urged him on to his story.

The colonel was a good Catholic like most of the others at the funeral, but a man of more than ordinary strength of mind and character. He said everything went all right coming through the gulch until they reached the top of the hill, when the horses on the hearse became frightened and ran away; at a sharp curve the hearse ran off the edge and rolled down into the ravine, taking the horses and driver, and losing the body not only out of the hearse, but the fall broke the coffin open, and the body rolled down by itself. It was a terrible incident, and from fright and superstition no one would touch the body to restore it to the case, until finally he himself had to go down and put it back in the coffin, and even then he had difficulty in getting help enough to carry the coffin back up the hill. New horses were put on the hearse and the cortege moved on into town, but instead of going to the cemetery most of the followers had piloted themselves straight for "good spirits" to drive away bad ones, and that was why he was so overcharged. The funny part of the matter was that as soon as he was through relating the story he would fall into a pensive mood for a few moments, then begin at the very beginning, as if it were the first time, and tell it all over again. He told the story three times over and started it again, when Pard said they had better go out and see if any one else was hurt, and he took the colonel by the arm and led him out into the open air.

Joe Morrell, who owned the hearse, had other troubles with this battered funeral wagon. Shortly after these mishaps, he discovered half a dozen of Hailey's lively young men clandestinely making off with the gruesome carriage to attend a ball in a neighboring town. It was the Christmas ball at Bellevue, and all other vehicles had long since been engaged. There was such animated rivalry for favor with some of the belles of the lower town that an effort had been made to keep these particular gentlemen away from that ball, and it required more than ordinary persuasion to induce even easy Joe to let the boys go on to the festivities in such a scandalous way.

The fight over the county seat was but an incident in history, and so was lot jumping. There are always plenty of degenerates who follow in the trail of explorers and restless homeseekers and watch for opportunities to take advantage of every unprotected interest. While titles were still unsettled in Hailey, there were attempts at lot jumping that had all the elements of a tragedy, and only a kind Providence prevented such an ending.

There was a conspiracy among the said enterprising trouble makers to jump a number of the Hailey town lots and hold them by force of bullying and show of arms. The plot became rumored about the town and word was brought to Pard, who at that time was the general manager of the Town Company. If the move should be successful, it would mean that no one's title would be safe from such an attack.

The lot jumpers put up a colored barber by the name of Walker to make the first attempt. Some lots near the centre of the town that Walker had long had his eye on were selected and which he now openly declared that Satan himself could not keep him from possessing.

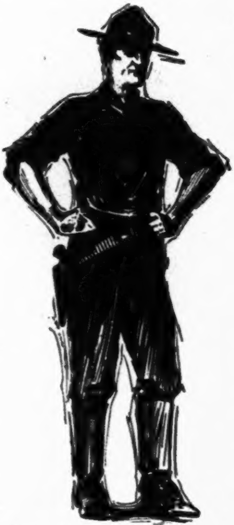
When full of liquor he was a dangerous man and few there were who felt like interfering with his desire. Defying all law and all places above or below, he ordered the fence posts and lumber carried onto the ground to fence in the lots of which he was to take forcible possession. The hour was a critical one and brooked no delay. If they were successful, half the town of Hailey would be jumped within twenty-four hours, and years of litigation would follow. Worse than that, there would be riot and bloodshed that would be difficult to check.

Packtrain headed for a new camp

Pard came from the street and hustled about our tiny apartment in rather a restless way. I was busy writing at an improvised table, piled with various papers and manuscripts. My back was toward him, so I did not see what he was doing until suddenly he put his arm around my neck and gave me an earnest kiss, saying, "Now, don't work too hard, but just keep busy enough not to be lonesome, for I am going to be busy outside the rest of the day." The circumstance was not so unusual that any surprise or suspicion of trouble was aroused, and my letter for the Eastern press went on growing without any knowledge of what was going on downtown.

With the first rumor of trouble a courier had been dispatched to the county seat at Rocky Bar, a distance of seventy-five miles, for an officer and the proper papers to restrain the invaders, but that meant a terrific ride over mountain trails and long hours of waiting.

The barber set his henchmen at work digging postholes, then followed the post setters, and the men to nail on the rails of the fence. Whiskey in plentiful supply was handed out to his workmen, and he stayed on the ground and gave orders in loud, boisterous tones, as if the world was his to command.



A typical trouble maker

It was when they were well on in their nefarious work that Pard had come in to get his revolver, not knowing what use he might have for it, or if he himself would ever come back. He knew what distress I would be in with the anxiety and suspense, and he could not put his thoughts into words, so hoping for the best he went away without warning me. Two or three brave and true men with axes went with him to the scene of action, where he ordered the intruders from the grounds, only to be jeered at and cursed and bullied while they went on with their work.

Without saying anything more to them, Pard ordered his own men to pull up every fence post as fast as it was set, cut it into kindling wood, and throw it into the street. This was met with a shower of curses and threats and another round of drinks by the mob. But the battle went on while waiting for the law to come to the rescue.

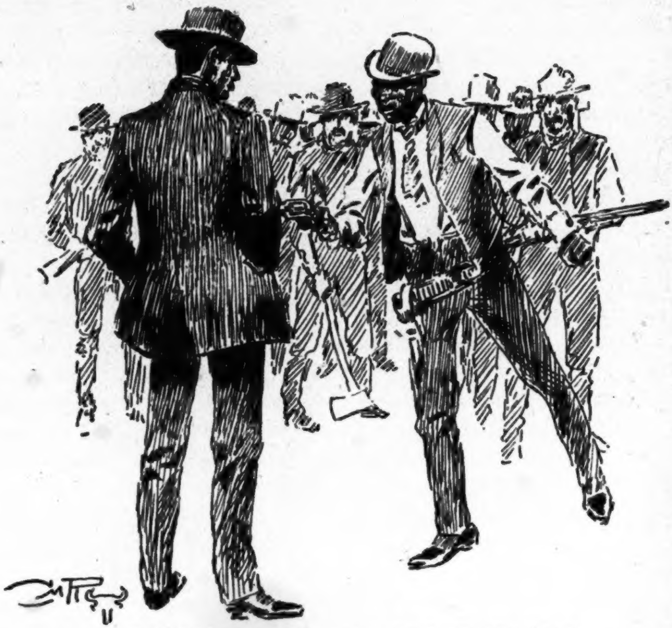
The excitement grew to a tragedic point and the better element of the town was nearing its limit of patience and endurance. The fear of bloodshed became momentarily more imminent, timid ones scurried for their homes and safety, while the element that had made America stood by and watched for the moment when they must act in the cause of right and justice.

The hours of the day and long into the night dragged on, and some of Walker's men were carried from the place too drunk to longer be of use; others were just fighting drunk, and still others just drunk enough to want to win at any cost. They had their rifles on the ground beside them, their revolvers hung in their belts, with the ugly cartridges shining in the rims of the magazines, proving that they needed but the crucial moment to precipitate bloody warfare.

Pard went about giving his orders to his men with an air of authority and coolness that astonished his adversary and touched the chord of chivalry in the barber's makeup, for he knew he would be lynched if he shot an unarmed man, not knowing that Pard's right hand grasped a gun in his coat pocket. Walker busied himself in hurling vile epithets at him, and in trying in every possible way to intimidate him. Several times he threatened and cursed, as he held his revolver pressed into Pard's side, and everybody who saw marvelled at the cool, determined manner in which Pard continued to command his faithful men against such odds.

Late in the afternoon the father of my good Pard came in and told me all sorts of fairy stories to amuse me and prevent me from going out on the street or learning of the alarming condition of affairs. Not knowing his instructions to keep me indoors, I proposed a stroll to get out of the stuffy rooms for some fresh air, but he was very tired and wanted to rest awhile. He looked fatigued and worried, so I said that I would read him a funny story that I had found in a late paper and he should just rest as long as he liked. How little I knew the anxiety that was in his heart as I prattled on with small talk until he should be in the mood to tell me what worried him. He often came to me to straighten out little worries for him, so I bided my time, but the hours went on; we had dinner together, and still Pard did not come, only an occasional message telling me whom he was with, and that it would be late before he could come. Of course he gave me the names of some of our best friends who were helping him, but not a word of the trouble they were trying to avert.

Late in the evening the Presbyterian minister called and stayed for two or three hours. I could but wonder why he so prolonged his call. At last, a little before twelve, as he was going down the stairway, there was great shouting in the street, and mad yells of rage and triumph filled the air. 'I then heard Pard's voice and rushed out to meet him, but I was stunned by the tired, haggard look he wore. Yet he smiled with it all, in his same old cheering way. For the first time I then learned of the danger he had been in and the awful excitement and suspense in which everybody had shared but myself. The officers of the law had arrived and papers were quickly served on the disturbing parties, creating a panic of rage on one side and of joy for the law-abiding citizens who were helping to defend the titles to their homes. For twenty-four hours the battle had been kept up, and for fifteen hours Pard had stood in the midst of the conflict, and only the joy of the timely arrival of the law prevented his total collapse.



"He held his revolver pressed into Pard's side"

The day that settled in unforgettable gloom in the Hailey experience was the one that shed its sunlight on the first legal and public hanging in the town. It was no doubt a just punishment for a wilful murder, but the court house was just across the street from our home, and it was impossible to shut out all the sights and sounds of the frightfully repellent event that made one's flesh creep.

People multiplied so fast on the streets that they seemed to come from the bowels of the earth and drop down from the sky, and indeed so they did come; for mines closed down for the day to allow the masses of humanity to satisfy their morbid curiosity to see a man hanged by a rope until he was dead. Down from the hills came the trooping miners, and up from the valleys came the ranchers and the cowboys. Yet the crowd of such great magnitude kept a silence that was appalling.

The wheels of vehicles crunched noisily on the gravelly roads and the clicking of horses' feet echoed strangely with the rolling wheels and stealthy tramp of men. We were spending the summer in Hailey, and our house stood out even with the street. On its shady side, toward the court house, men were banked in expectancy, waiting for the procession to file out. I closed the doors and windows, drew down the heavy shades and tried to close my mind to the terrible ordeal, but I felt more fear and awe than when the great eclipse of the sun had cast its ghoulish gloom of night about us in Estes Park. Perhaps I was cowardly; I never analyzed my feelings very closely, for I was too anxious to turn myself into a happier lane.

At last a murmur arose on the air that grew like a great storm, and when the man was brought from the jail, the pall of silence and oppression was succeeded by a series of groans and moans that swelled into frantic and unnatural shouts of the multitude until the procession moved on down the valley to the gallows of death, followed by thousands of curious and ghoulish people.

The echoing footsteps died away at last; the house was thrown open to the sunshine and a rush made into the open air for relief from the depression. For a time the same silence prevailed, but when the ordeal was over and the crowds came back into town, the overstrained nerves of most of the witnesses headed for substantial spirits at the groggeries, and they held a night carnival almost as repulsive as the day had been, but wondrously free of crime.

CHAPTER XXXIII

SHOSHONE, A DISAPPOINTED RAILROAD CENTRE. SHOSHONE FALLS

THE Boise men who got possession of the Shoshone townsite, made an agreement in which for a substantial consideration they were to divide their interests with Pard's Land Company but they suddenly decided to dispossess the Land Company from its rightful share of the property. The railroad shops and a large roundhouse were being built and hundreds of men were already at work. The town was thriving as a junction point, but this complication of titles and ownership would seriously retard the railroad work. Pard threatened to do his utmost to stop every wheel if the Boise men did not honestly fulfil their agreement, and when they still refused the crucial moment came with the order to discharge all the men at work there. It was an unexpected blow, and the Boise men were then willing to keep their agreements, but there arose dissensions and changes at the Union Pacific headquarters, and Shoshone forever lost the prestige that would have been hers had it not been for that effort of unlawful usurpation.

The Oregon Short Line reached Shoshone on February 7, 1883, and that day also the telegraph line was put into operation, but the first passenger train did not reach Shoshone until March 7, just a month later. From that time on for nearly a year mixed trains were run on the road and travel was smoother, but only a little less tedious than by stage.

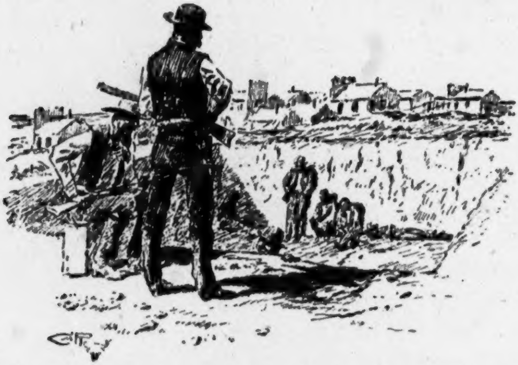
I do not know whether there ever was a worse terminal town than Shoshone. It seemed to call the roughest and toughest elements that it had been my lot to see, and I was ever in terror when any time had to be spent there. Ten and fifteen arrests per day were common, and there was no other jail but a hole in the ground, with guards placed around the hole. There was a fight on the streets almost every hour of the day and night. Lot jumpers were numerous, bad whiskey was unlimited, dance halls were on every corner, guns were fired at all hours, and the loud time from the gambling dens was ever vibrating through the air.

It was my misfortune to arrive alone in Shoshone one day soon after the line was opened. The telegram telling Pard of my coming had miscarried and he was at Hailey. It was a matter of most serious moment what I should do for a night's shelter, and there could not have been a gloomier prospect. I am willing to pass it by. Shots were singing through the air, drunken brawlers were yelling and swearing, and even our engine seemed to join in the debauch with its hissing steam, as it throbbed its life out on the track by the station.

There was no respectable hotel in the place, and what rude shacks there were about the town were given up to saloons and dance halls. Hardened, weather-beaten, dissipated countenances glowered from under every hat brim in sight. I sat down on a rude bench in the depot to think over my situation and get up courage to ask if I might spend the night in the passenger car there by the station, and thus wait for the next morning's stage for Hailey.

Then the ticket man slammed his window, and a feeling of desolation and abhorrence was creeping over me, when a man came in and pounded on the ticket window, which was quickly thrown open again, and I heard him ask if Mrs. Strahorn had arrived on that train. Well, he just looked like an angel from heaven to me when he made known his errand and said Pard had told him to look out for me on every train, and he added that Shoshone was a tough place for a lady, but he would do the best he could for me. He put me at ease by showing me Pard's letter, and I obediently followed him.

That branch of the railroad was built by the Kilpatrick Bros., and my saviour was their bookkeeper and store keeper, Mr. William Hazlett. He said there was really no place fit for me to go to and that I should have his room, which was in an individual building, close by the store. I was amazed at its tidiness. There were two bunks in the room, with snowy linen, and even ruffles on the pillow cases. A good fire, plenty of wood piled close beside the stove, a good oil lamp, a table with writing materials and some late periodicals, made me foresee a night of ease and comfort for myself, while my benefactor was confined to such comfort or discomfort as he could conjure in some corner of the store.



"There was no other jail but a hole in the ground with guards over it"

It was like an awakening from a bad dream to find one's self in such a dainty boudoir. Unhappiness and fear took wings as I considered Pard's thoughtfulness in thus forestalling my arrival.

Mr. Hazlett called for me to go to supper, and I was nearly starved after the day of fasting, but the look of gloom that settled on his face when I accepted the invitation with such alacrity caused me to make some inquiries, which were not resultant of much anticipation for the evening meal.

Arriving at the Hotel de Spencer we found about forty good, bad, and indifferent men seated on benches on either side of several long tables, eating their supper with coats off and hats on, uncombed, unshaven, some drunk, some sober, some of the toughest specimens of the town, yet a sprinkling of knighthood was there that saved me from abject fear.

When I appeared, one after another, in recognition and respect for petticoat intrusion, jerked off his hat and thrust it under the table, or under himself, until every head was uncovered and bowed low over his plate in abject devotion to the duty before him. Then laying his knife, that had done him such good service on the much abused red table-cloth that had been in use the whole season without the aid of a laundry, he departed in silence.

The tables were mussy, the dishes were thick and clumsy and sticky, the paper-covered condiment bottles were specked and soiled and further disgraced by greasy hands, and, hungry as I thought I was, I had a sudden aversion to food.

My attendant was of such courtly manner that I no longer marvelled at the exquisite neatness of his room, and I was grateful for a guidance of Fate into such manly care. He was not surprised that I did not eat, and when he went back to the store he sent me a box of sardines, some crackers and cheese and fruit, which he hoped I might enjoy.

When I again took possession of the bachelor apartment, I felt a strange thrill pass over me as I stepped inside, for the room seemed full of voices and of language such as I had never heard before. The bright Rochester lamp had been lighted in my absence, and it sent penetrating rays into every corner of the room and I could see no living being. I even mustered up courage to look under the bunks, and while there was most everything else under there, there surely was no talking machine, human or mechanical. I then made sure of the matches, tested them, and turned down the light to see if those voices would continue in the dark. I expected an apparition of some kind, and I had it, for all about me the single board walls of the cabin were shrunk apart, in some cases a full inch, and the broad glare of lights from the streets and dance halls flooded the room through the open spaces. The spirits were not in the air, but in the stomachs of the populace. I did not relight the lamp, for the anticipated happy evening had taken wings, and I crept away to bed after again trying the bolt on the door. I wondered which bunk would be the most quiet and the safest, for frequently there was the crack of a pistol in the air and the shots grew more frequent as the night advanced. Once in the night the pillows made a good bed on the floor between the bunks, where it was a little more quiet, with some added security. One does not like to acknowledge being a coward, but some of our bravest soldiers have said that their knees shook when they went into battle, and they wanted to run away, but in this case there was no place to run to.

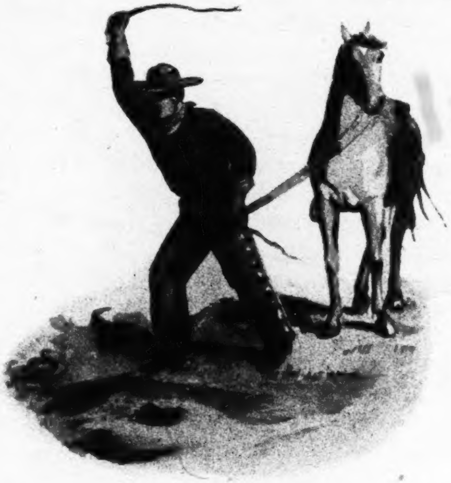
The clanging of the musical instruments rang out incessantly —the stamping of many feet, the loud laughter and boisterous voices in drunken brawls were a combination of exciting noises, whose intensity is found greatest at a new railway terminal on the frontier.

With the first light of day the atmosphere became subdued, and a troubled sleep was just lulling me to unconsciousness when there was a dull thud against the side of the building. It was two drunks helping each other along, and they had not seen the miniature palace which I inhabited until they fell against it. I held my breath in anticipation of their next move, when I heard them say. "Good night, Jim." "Good night, where are you goin'?" "Goin' home, Mike—good night, good night, see you in the mornin'." Then one went on his way, while the other one dropped down in his tracks, and soon the whole locality was ringing with his resonant snore as the sun climbed up the ladder of the new day.

I dressed myself early and ate my breakfast from the supplies which had reached me after my light was out the night before, and I waited anxiously for the time to get aboard the Hailey stage. I examined my little house more minutely by the light of the new day. It was built of just rough boards, with a canvas roof, and was mounted on wheels, so whenever the camp was moved the little house was rolled onto a flat car or trundled along over the wagon road to the next place of vantage.

A man named Burch was the ticket agent for the Wood River stage line, and he was a loyal subject of Bellevue, endeavoring in every way to induce people to stop there instead of the upriver towns of Hailey or Ketchum. Every ticket he read aloud as he inspected the pasteboard, and thereon was Hailey, Hailey, Hailey, Hailey, without once finding a passenger for his favorite town. Finally after repeating the name again and again he quite lost his dignity as a railroad magnate, and said, "Hailey, Hailey, Hailey—Hell—what are you going there for?" and thereafter there was no respect of persons as he let loose a tirade of abuse on Hailey and its promoters. The stage was crowded to its utmost capacity with all kinds of humanity, and I was glad to get the seat with the driver, where I could breathe the pure morning air.

The criminal element following a railroad across a frontier is not the hilarious element of mining towns. It is a more hardened and lawless lot, who care not for life or limb or results of any episode in which they indulge themselves. They want the working-man's money, and they get it.

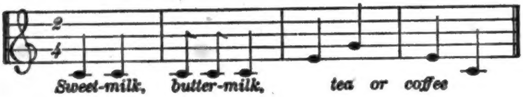


A diversion on a lonely trail of the desert

Most mining men, however rough and uncouth, are gentlemen at heart, and they recognize a lady by affording her every protection from insult or intrusion. I cannot write in too high praise of the courtesy that has been tendered to us in every mining camp we have known in the great Northwest. Those who take chances in new countries must undergo hardships and unpleasant experiences that would be much harder to bear were it not for the ludicrous side of the pioneer experiences.

When the railroad work continued on west from Shoshone it did not renew the town. A pall had been thrown upon it that no effort could throw off, and trains both east and west passed at unseemly hours of the night. They arrived anywhere from midnight to four A.M., and one going or coming to Wood River towns on the day train always had the bad night to experience at Shoshone. The places to sleep and eat were simply atrocious, and if one did go to sleep his landlord or porter might fail to call him, and he would either be left over for twenty-four hours or fly to the train with most of his clothes in his arms.

The dining-room was conducted in a sort of "go as you please" way; the waiters were usually girls. One of them would stand at the end of a table and call off the bill of meats: "Roast beef, roast lamb, kidney stew, and baked heart"; then she would point her finger at each one and say "you" and "you" and if *you* had not been paying attention and she had to repeat the bill of fare she would glower like a thunderstorm, and if that was her only menace you fared well. When the meats were served and you were trying both sides of a knife to find a vulnerable spot in the portion allotted you, she would return to inquire for "drinks." One girl who lent her talents to the old Spencer House used to sing her order:



and the notes rang out through the room as if something good might be coming, but the sweet milk was from a can, the buttermilk was "out" because they never had it, and the coffee would remind one of a story that United States Senator Vest of Missouri used to tell.

It was during one of Senator Vest's campaign tours in the early '90's. It was necessary for him to sojourn over night in the town of St. Charles. The best hostelry the place afforded was poor enough, and at breakfast Senator Vest was especially put out by the stuff that was placed before him for coffee.

After having sampled the beverage, Vest with a frown called for the proprietor and asked, with a wave of his hand toward the offending liquid, smoking innocently before him:

"Sir, what is this stuff?"

"Coffee," meekly replied the proprietor, somewhat taken aback.

"Coffee!" repeated Vest, in fine scorn. "My friend, I could insert a coffee bean in my mouth, dive into the Missouri River, swim to the town of Alton, Ill., and I 'll guarantee that one could bail up much better coffee than this, sir, over the entire route!"

Homer Stull was at one time a prominent attorney of Omaha, and owing to his high capabilities he was sent to Idaho as attorney for the Union Pacific Company, and also for the Land Company. He was a man small in stature, but colossal in mind, and as genial a companion as one could wish to find. His gray hair and boyish face made him a handsome man, but his hypnotic power lay in his smile. When he drew his right hand well up to his chin and thrust his index finger a few inches in your direction, then gave it a quick backward motion, it was a sure indication of a good story coming. One day the finger gave a dive at Pard, and the Squire's smile was like a sunbeam quivering on every nerve. His eyes twinkled with the merriment of something most humorous that must find vent. He said: "I just want to tell you, Strahorn, that you better keep away from Hailey. There is a man waiting for you over there, and I 'll tell you what he said. Before he came to this country he lived in Illenoy, and he knew your name, 'cause you married one of the best girls there was around that part of the State and he thought you must be pretty smart to get *her*, so he sent to Omaha for one of the books you wrote, and he was just gol darned surprised when they did n't ask him nuthin' for the book. He read it several times over, and every time he read it the hankerin' to move just got stronger, until he had to pull up and take his family to the promised land. 'Well,' said I, 'did n't you find it all right—you can't blame the book for the trouble you 're in now.' And the man replied, 'O, I found the book was all right enough; the country is all here, but I thought all I had to do was to come out here and just take what land I wanted for my ranch and it would be mine, and I just settled down on a mighty fine piece of land, but now every d—— feller that comes along wants my property and says I hain't no right on it, and it don't seem to be mine at all by what they say. They send officers to me with some kind of papers a telling me to move on and get off the property. The book don't say nothin' about that; he don't say some other feller owns the land, and I 'll bet the old Doc is mighty sorry such a feller got his girl, and I 'm going to write and tell him that I 'll just camp right here until I find the feller what writ the book and I 'll whale him for the both of us.'"

Shoshone did, however, have the enterprise to make a road to the great Shoshone Falls, and if the falls were properly advertised it would be one of the scenic attractions, as it is one of the scenic wonders of the world. We made three trips over the twenty-five miles of rocky highway, and each time found the falls and the great basaltic environment more enchanting.

In the middle of July, 1881, a merry party arrived in Shoshone to visit this Niagara of the Northwest. The party was composed of the Hon. Alexander Caldwell and wife of Leavenworth, Kansas, Mr. A. W. Mellon of Pittsburg, banker, Dr. Harriet E. Green of Chicago, Pard, and myself. It was not the happiest greeting imaginable when the genial host of the new Dewey House in Shoshone said: "I am very sorry you did not telegraph for rooms; the house is full to overflowing." It would have taken Gabriel's trumpet to call the little party together after it was separated and tucked away in remote corners of the town for the remaining hours of the night. The wild rumors of rough roads on this trip were not altogether a dream, but the little stage rolled along rather smoothly, excepting the last two miles, and there the scenery was so wild and enchanting, with

"Sage-brush is the freighters' salvation from Jack Frost"

vast amphitheatres and curiously shaped lava rocks, that the most critical people would forget the roughness and lose themselves in admiration of nature's freaks.

It was a real Idaho day, full of bright sunshine, with clear, pure air laden with the perfume of the many wildflowers that covered the ground between the tall sage. The sage-brush or sage trees are very abundant throughout Idaho, and wherever sage-brush grows luxuriantly the soil will produce any kind of a crop by irrigation. In fact, the sage-brush was about all the growth there was on the vast open lands of southern Idaho, and the same is true of much of the other Western Territories. Yet the sage tree has been the means of the development of the whole country; it is abundant, burns quickly, and makes a very hot fire. It is the freighter's salvation from Jack Frost. Steeped as a tea, it is an infallible remedy for mountain fever. The poor homesick sufferer drinks the decoction and finds hope renewed in its bitter dregs. Here too the greasewood shrub will give relief from thirst if one will chew the leaves. Thus has kind Providence provided for the wayfarer in this desert land.

Arriving at Snake River the ferry boat was safely tied on the opposite side of the stream. Snake River is the largest of the three important tributaries of the Columbia; it is never smaller than the Connecticut and sometimes it carries half the volume of the Columbia. It takes a long circuitous curve through southern Idaho, then northwest into Oregon and Washington. Its winding course presents many grand features, but the cap sheaf of all is where the mad stream hurls its waters into the air in one mighty, despairing, awful leap of the Shoshone Falls.

Night was upon us and our calls were long and loud for the boatman to come for us. He knew we were to be there and the neglect of our welfare was really criminal. We had no blankets, conveniences, or comforts for a night on the rocks, and there was not one of us who did not take a turn at trying to get notice from the other side of the river.

It did not seem possible that they could leave us over there for the night. At last we took the loose canvas from the stage and spread it down in the road and, using our baggage for pillows, quieted down to the inevitable doom, and tried to get a little rest. We knew the locality to be one of the most prolific for rattlers and the July night on the warm rocks was more their place than ours, and every wink of sleep was but a pretence.

The sun did not get the start of us the next morning, either, for we were up with the day to renew our hallooing. At last a man went leisurely down and unmoored the boat to cross over. It was a happy moment for us, but before he landed we felt less eagerness to cross than before. The "ferry" was only a row boat, with a rope across the water to help hold it in its course. The crossing was so near the falls (only three hundred yards away) that the undercurrent was wondrously strong and there were times when it seemed as if he was not making a bit of headway. He rowed the party across the river two at a trip, and he required the passengers to gaze steadfastly upon his face until the main current was crossed, so they could not see the twisting around of the boat in the whirlpools.

Shoshone Falls from the hotel

It was a thrilling hour for those on the bank to watch others in the swift current, and one boat load had a narrow escape. It was the last of the party and we were jubilant over the successful transfer, when there was a crash and the slender cable flew apart. It was an awful moment, but by miraculous good fortune the boat was just out of the swift current, and by bending wilfully on the oars it was guided into sheltered waters and reached the shore safely. Another coach was to convey the party to the little hotel, but at the summit of the hill leading to the falls we became so eager to see everything that we left the "coach-and-four" and climbed down the rocky way on foot. An impenetrable wall of black lava rose four or five hundred feet upon the left, and upon the right was a nearly perpendicular fall of several hundred feet, with a roadway winding between like a great serpent to the valley below.

Nestling at the foot of the hill was a little house where food and shelter were provided for the tourist, and having gone supperless to our rocky beds, the aroma of coffee was like unto wine in reviving our spirits, and we did ample justice to the breakfast prepared for us. There were all sorts of excuses made for neglecting us the night before, and the chief one was that no one heard us call or saw us. We knew that was untrue, but there were so many evidences of a hilarious night by a hilarious crowd that we knew without words why we had been exposed to a night out of hearing. We were not wanted in the company that was there, and hard as our lot had been on the rocks we had perhaps fared better than if we had crossed over. The other parties left as soon as the cable was repaired. If we had remained there another day *perhaps* we would have done as they did, preferring snakes in our boots and brains to snakes in our beds. Now the falls are not made of snakes, nor did they seem numerous, but they were plentiful enough when they could be found in the woodbox, under the stove, or along on the cleat from which garments were hanging. In fact, there did not seem to be a nook or corner free from reptile intrusion. Not far from the hotel a man had built a little log cabin and had stored away a plentiful supply of provision for his bachelorship, as he prospected for minerals and curios, and studied the great volume of nature that surrounded him. He had been absent nearly a week and on his return found the rats in possession of his cabin, and they did not propose to give it up without a fight. He shot one, but did not kill it, and it escaped through a hole in the floor.

No more of them came back until he was getting his first good sleep of the night, when he was awakened by heavy scratching and lit a candle close by the bed and threw his shoe at the intruders in his larder. But each rat had on his war paint and determined to remain. The fight lasted for several minutes, but some well-aimed blows with sticks of wood finally ended the battle, and with barking breath the man went again to bed and fell into a deep sleep. In the morning he opened his eyes to look on the wreck, and there all cozy and warm was a three-foot rattler coiled up on his trousers, which lay on a keg beside the bed. When we arrived at his cabin he was ready to go out to find some dogs for companions that were also rat and snake killers, or to give up his new-made home.

We engaged a guide and hastened over a rocky trail to the bank overlooking the foamy cataract. These falls have been termed the Niagara of the West, but they are like Niagara only because both are prodigiously great. There is no other similarity between the two. These waters fall not in one broad, smooth sheet, but in a broken, glittering mass of delicate foamy brilliancy, which no pen can picture.

Down into the deep chasm the roaring waters rolled, down, down, down, two hundred and ten feet into the river bed below, and sent back a shiny, silvery cloud that rose a thousand feet upward, then trailed on the breeze like a long, filmy bridal veil.

The volume of water and width of fall is much less than the monarch of the East, but the changing colors and brilliant rainbow hues in the water, the stern and bold promontories of black lava, rising nearly eight hundred feet from the river above the falls, the deep abyss into which the waters fall, the many and curiously water molded islands on the brink, the glassy appearance of the water above, the wild waves below, all tend to make Shoshone Falls a monarch without a peer.

Niagara, the falls of the Yellowstone and Yosemite have their peculiar charms, but Shoshone Falls have charms which the others cannot possess. Niagara has no natural scenery to add to its grandeur. The Yellowstone is confined between walls a mile high, and the falls of the Yosemite are often dry, and the disappointed tourist must content himself looking at high dry marks, where the waters sometimes flow. At Shoshone Falls the water is in endless abundance. Nature has carved the setting in colossal battlements, enchanting curves, pinnacles, and quiet nooks, as well as hewed-out caves, and wild, weird shapes upon all sides.

The views from the south side of the river are far superior to those of the north side. The party climbed down to each out-

Shoshone Falls from below

reaching point and every projection revealed new grandeur. From one point the main fall only could be seen, from another the main fall and the lower falls, away above with the islands; then, again, the main falls would be in plain view, the Rainbow falls and chiselled rocks, with pretty curves, and at all times would the high walls send back a thousand echoes of the wild roar.

To reach the river below the falls there was a hand over hand slide down a rope, a climb across a deep fissure on a fallen tree, then through a thickly wooded ravine into a cave.

This cave was in the centre of a pyramidal mountain, and from the very peak there trickled down a pure stream of water, ice cold, and of sufficient volume to form a lake inside the cave, which must be skirted to reach an opening on the river side. Then by climbing down a rocky stairway, the water's edge is reached, where the waves dash on the bank like a stormy sea and rise into the majesty of ocean swells. The awful grandeur of the scene envelops one in a bewildered, yet enchanting mist of wonderment, with thoughts as deep and vague as the waters' depths. Peals of thunder and drops of rain were truly unwelcome signals that we must turn from this whirlpool of roars and echoes to the calm shelter of a roof, and we made the climb backward reluctantly to the cheery fire in the Dewey House parlor.

Mr. Dewey, who had been a carpet merchant of Omaha, Neb., had built the Dewey House in Shoshone, and also built the little Dewey Hotel at Shoshone Falls, hoping some day to have travel to warrant building a more imposing house. Whether it has been built I do not know. Idaho has been slow in its development, but it has many a hidden wonder besides its mountains of precious metals, lying in the silence of untravelled sections, waiting for the trend of civilization to reveal their marvellous charms.

Idaho has 89,600 square miles. It is larger than the six New England States. It reaches four hundred and eighty-seven miles up into its panhandle, and its southern line is more than three hundred miles wide. In 1880 it had but 32,000 people; it did not triple the number for ten years, but now it has the dignified population of 400,000. Idaho was the forty-fifth star on our flag, but it has the proud distinction of being the second State in the Union to have Woman Suffrage.

When Idaho was first organized as a Territory, it comprised what is now Montana, Dakota, Wyoming, and Idaho. It was considered the most wonderful and mysterious of all the Federal Union, and it stood that way for five years, when the Government subdivided it into the three Territories. Idaho became a State in 1890, with the Hon. Geo. L. Shoup as its first governor.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A HEART-BREAKING TRIP ACROSS THE LAVA STRETCHES OF IDAHO

Mr. W. G. CASE had been a most successful iron master of Pennsylvania, who supposedly had plenty of capital to assist in carrying out the plans of the Land Company, and as a man of large business experience he was made manager of affairs in Idaho. Mr. and Mrs. Case were very much older than ourselves, but we looked forward to the rough, hard trip with joy in their companionship, although we had many misgivings about their endurance, and marvelled at such a venture for them at their advanced ages.

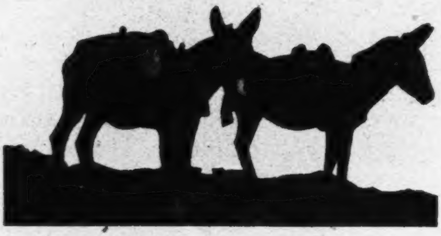
We reached Salt Lake in May, 1882, and were ready to start for the Northwest on the Friday morning following, when much to our surprise our new friends declined to make a move on *Friday.* We told them that Washington, Shakespeare, and Napoleon were born on Friday, Queen Victoria was married on Friday, the Battle of Bunker Hill was on Friday, and our good old Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday, but there was no persuading them from their superstitious fear of the day, and with a feeling of regret we could not conceal we left them to enjoy the day as best they could. They joined us, however, in Ogden on Saturday, only to renew their protestations against being on the road on Sunday, and obliged us to wait there until Monday. Tuesday morning, however, we arrived in Blackfoot, from which point the Oregon Stage line trailed westward.

Thinking the stage trip might be too hard for them, the Land Company had bought a span of horses, with a suitable carriage, that we might drive over the stage road on our own time to Hailey. The horses had not yet arrived, and we had to wait still another day there for them to come. In the meantime Mrs. Case was taken ill and detained us several days longer in Blackfoot, which was far from a comfortable place to put one's time in, even if in good health, and already the outlook for the long trip ahead of us began to look rather blue.

It was a wonderful sight to see the great stacks of freight piled about wherever there was room, waiting to be shipped to the interior. The consignments were not all food stuffs, but they indicated supplies for many commercial enterprises. The mining interest, timber interests, stockraising, and all employments of the land in embryo, were taking on a life and activity that was but the forerunner of to-day's development.

Expecting to live much in the open air while on our way to Hailey and Boise City, we started out with a large hamper of plain edibles and plenty of blankets, but no tents. We hoped to reach a habitable ranch or stage station every night, but an untried carriage and horses might leave us stranded in the middle of the sage-brush desert. It is true there was not a tree for hundreds of miles at a stretch on that lonely drive, but the sturdy dwarf sage-brush was plentiful, and it made a quick, hot fire when it was needed. We also had to carry demijohns of water, for after leaving Blackfoot there was no water for forty or fifty miles, except that hauled by teams to the stage stations. But at last we were on our way, and the first half day's drive was to a station called "Root Hog," so called because the place was so filthy that it was deserving of no other name. It was the same in every respect as it was on our trip of two years previous, and it is beyond me to give a pen picture of the contracted hut, with its low, dirt roof, dirt floor, and dirt everywhere else, and filthy dirt at that. However, we were obliged to stop there to give water and feed to our horses, although our own meal we took from the carriage hamper. It did not seem possible that a human being lived there in such dreary desolation, but his appearance was in pitiable keeping with his surroundings. His swarthy face was covered with an unkempt beard, and his black hair was matted around his head and neck until he looked more like some untamed animal than a man.

His dog was noted for killing more rattlesnakes than any ten men, and in evidence of his ability the glossy, mottled skins of numberless snakes were hanging all over the fence, tacked on the hut, and spread on the roof, while strings of rattles were without number.



Water carriers of the desert

When we had passed this place on a previous trip in the stage-coach, a quick change of horses had been made, and we hurried on, and did not see how awful the place was, and it reflected no credit to a stage company that would allow such a place to exist as a station on its line, but the driver said that no one else would live there.

From Root Hog we made a drive of sixteen miles where we put up for the night. We had a good supper and breakfast, but we slept with *nine persons* in one room. The beds were hard and stuffed with wild hay, and so were the pillows. Around our beds hung narrow strips of white muslin for screens, which Pard thought did about as much good as a pair of pantaloons.

Next morning it was discovered that our back axle was sprung and necessitated a careful drive for the next twenty miles, until we reached a station having the stage company's blacksmith shop, when we stopped for repairs and lunch. The Cases were carrying a very heavy trunk tied on the back of our conveyance, and it made no end of trouble, for the conveyance was not built to carry such a back load. The delay was so long that we could only go fifteen miles more to Champagne, where we put up again for the night. Thus far we had enjoyed excellent roads, smooth and comparatively free from dust. We were, however, warned of bad roads ahead, and were on our way by half past six the next morning. Mrs. Case had stood the trip thus far very well, but such roads as we had that day it was never before my lot to see. We expected rocky roads through the lava beds, but we were not expecting such terrible mudholes. We had made a number of trips over the lava and knew so well that they were without a parallel for roughness and ruts, but, in addition to that, now, though the summer dust was sleeping, the spring mud was bottomless. We needed all the exuberance of youth and the wisdom of age to get us through that day. In going over the road by stage with six or eight fresh horses every few miles, bad roads could be covered without such great difficulty, but our two tired, but faithful, horses hourly drew nearer the limit of their endurance.

The way one feels after several days in a stage coach

I cannot begin to portray the trials of that day on the lava beds. Thousands of acres of black rock, as hard as iron, rose in waves, jagged points, and minarets from a few inches to twenty-five feet. The melting snows dripping into soil-filled crevices had so destroyed what little resistance the earth had given that it was not possible to know what calamity might befall us.

The road skirted the valley and kept close to the foot of the mountains when it was possible to do so, but there were mudholes in which our horses were nearly drowned, and again the conveyance went in so deep that the wagon box dragged in the mire. Once both horses and wagon were in so deep that it seemed as if all the king's oxen could not draw them out. Fortunately for us, at that crisis the daily stage was coming close behind us, and as it was impossible for them to pass us with the coach, their horses were added to ours, and we were rescued from our perilous position without breakage. But Mrs. Case became so excited that she was thrown into a hysterical chill, and required our united efforts to calm her agitation.

We had broken an axle at noon, and when we had been patched up again and reached the end of the drive for the day there was a wonderful sense of relief. The station was called Fish Creek, because the stream was so full of trout at certain seasons of the year. We saw no meat except ham, and its savory ordor was appetizing, but we happened to see the old darky cook drop a slice of it on his boot and, having the good of his employer at heart, he picked up the ham and threw it into the skillet with the rest. Every one was surprised to see the ham pass our end of the table untouched, and I heard some one whisper that we must be Jews.

There were six beds in the dining-room where we had to sleep, and they were all occupied before morning. Mrs. Case was quite ill and went to bed at once and her supper was served to her there. There were no draperies whatever around our bed that night, and the chinks between the boards of the room and the kitchen, and also on the other side into the stage driver's bedroom, were large enough for a cat to crawl through. The doors were on the swing all the time while I was trying to readjust my apparel to get some rest, and people passed through the room as if it were a hallway. The baby of the family, a child of only eighteen months, had a tapeworm, and the poor waif cried nearly all the time, but it ate more than any grown person I ever knew.

We reached Hailey safely about four o'clock in the afternoon, with hearts full of thanksgiving and in fairly good spirits.

Weary and worn, we retired to our respective rooms early, grateful for the privacy from prying eyes, if not from listening ears; happy in the realization of a safe journey, and needing only a little rest to set our brains and bodies in motion again; but how little we know in this changing world what a few hours will bring to us.

About two o'clock the next morning, when in the deepest of good sleep, we heard most distressing shrieks for Mr. Case and for ourselves. Jumping from bed we rushed down the hall and found Mr. Case lost to consciousness in an epileptic fit and Mrs. Case in a frenzy of despair. It seemed as if he would never open his eyes to us again. He was a large man, weighing more than 240 pounds, and, in spite of his white hair, he had been such a picture of vigorous health, that it was now appalling to see him so helpless. When he rallied at last for a moment it was only to relapse into a second attack, and even a third. The doctors worked with him faithfully and long; but, as he regained consciousness he got into such an awful temper that we thought him insane, and the wife grew as distressed for the temper as for the illness of her spouse. The doctors made a blister five or six inches square on the small of his back, and it had to be dressed at least every two hours. We begged them to get a nurse, and could not understand their refusal to do so, but she weepingly begged me to dress his back; she was so nervous that she hurt him and he would then give vent to such a torrent of abuse that her tears would blind her until she could not see what she was doing.

It was impossible to refuse her tearful appeal, and, much against Pard's wishes, I was gradually worked into the complete care of him as well as of Mrs. Case. He rallied in a few days, but whether from good nursing or because he had to curb his temper no one can tell.

She seemed to rally some as he improved, but there was no doubt but we should push on to Boise City as soon as possible where they could get better medical attendance. When he seemed really well enough to travel he was not quite in his right mind, and we had many misgivings about starting out with him. Pard and I heartily wished them back in the States, and tried to persuade them to return by stage and we would go with them, but they were wilfully set on completing the journey to Boise, and, deplorable as it was, they relied upon us to get them there. We left Hailey with strict orders from the physicians to watch Mr. Case every moment, day and night, for in his mental state he was an unsafe companion, and he was as strong as a steam engine.

Mrs. Case began to feel worse as soon as we were out of Hailey and on the long lone highway to Boise City, which meant another hundred and fifty miles to drive. The place where we spent the first night out we could get nothing to eat, but were told that just a few miles further on, at Willow Creek, we could get a good breakfast.

There we found rather an uninviting cabin among the willows, but the buxom hostess looked as if she might set up quite an eatable breakfast. We were resting in the little living-room of the cabin, waiting for the breakfast to be prepared, when she rushed through the room to her bed and drew out a pan of rising bread from under the covers, saying with a smile: "I always put the bread in my bed when I get up in the morning, because it is so nice and warm that it makes it rise quicker." We looked at each other aghast, and smothered an explosion of laughter that nearly choked us before she got out of the room with her dough, and it is needless to say that we wondered why we delayed for a breakfast that no one wanted, and after a pretence of eating we hurried away.

We found rather an uninviting cabin among the willows

Before noon we broke a spring again; it was the heavy trunk that was our hoodoo from the start, and it caused many a weary drag along the road to reach a place for repairs. It was fortunate that we were on the overland stage road where there was an occasional stage company's blacksmith shop to keep us in order, and the smithy's was usually our first objective point as soon as we reached a settlement.

As we stopped for the noonday rest we spread some blankets on the ground and made the sick as comfortable as we could. I read a pleasing story aloud while waiting for the pot to boil over a little campfire, and when they had their tea and a little sleep they felt better and stronger to continue the day's ride.

Just as we were leaving our bivouac, Pard hastily handed over the lines and jumped from the carriage. He did not stop to tell the cause, and of course I tried to stop the horses. He stepped on the moving wheel and was thrown first forward and then backward, his back striking the wheel, and I thought we were going to ride over him, but he made a quick move out of the way and dashed for the horses' heads. Then I saw what he had seen at first—that one line was not hooked to the bit, and disaster was too imminent to wait for explanations. We were on a little knoll where in turning around the carriage would have upset, and we might have met with serious accident, if not death, by being dragged behind an uncontrollable runaway team. It was a fright that had its effect upon all of us, and I knew by Pard's white face that he had hurt his back, although he would not acknowledge it then.

When we arrived at the Jones ranch, in the middle of Camas Prairie, for the night, it was a mournful party. Mrs. Case had such a sick headache that she had to be undressed and put to bed like a child. I gave her a little toast and tea, which I had begged leave to prepare for her myself, and then gave her a headache powder, which I hoped would soon quiet her. She moaned incessantly, as she always did when not feeling well, and she could not be persuaded to stop it. Mr. Case ate his supper in bed while I was caring for his wife, and I had to prepare and apply a fresh poultice for his back, and in time he, too, was tucked away and asleep. Pard and I then sat down to a cold supper and summed up the disasters of the day, longing for the time when we would be in a stage-coach again instead of driving our own team under such conditions.

We were trying to laugh at our misfortune when Pard bit an unexpected bone in his food that broke the filling out of a tooth, and gave him a jumping, roaring toothache. Poor Pard! Poor me! A hot bag of sand for his tooth, another rubbed and bathed back, which was by that time as painful as the tooth, a little hot toddy, and my tired companion was laid out as comfortable as was possible in a bed on the floor in the same room with Mr. and Mrs. Case, the latter still moaning with every breath. In describing the events of that day in a letter to my mother, I said: "Is it any wonder, Mother dear, when I had the other three of our party quiet that I got over next to the wall, covered up my head so no one could hear me, and had a good cry?"

For three days after leaving Hailey we made our average of fifty miles per day with our heroic team, in spite of the two sick people, and many and varied mishaps, but when we drove up in front of the old Overland Hotel, in Boise City, I wanted to shout with joy. We were at last where we could get a physician and nurse for the sick, which both Mr. and Mrs. Case sorely needed. They were too erratic for me to understand. That morning Mrs. Case wanted buttermilk, at the next place she wanted lobbered milk, at noon she wanted tea and lemonade, and on arrival in Boise she insisted on having some vinegar to drink. When once the mind of either of them was set on having something, there was no peace until they had it, and their wishes were often as unreasonable as that for the vinegar.

We were horrified that for two or three days after our arrival in Boise they persisted in their refusal to call a doctor, or have a nurse. Mrs. Case kept her bed with heavy shawls wrapped around her, and two or three blankets over her, weakening herself in hot sweats with the thermometer at 95° in the shade.

It was a gross injustice to themselves and an injustice to us that was problematical until in a business transaction it developed that before they started on this trip they had lost all their money through unwise investments, and although deceiving us from the outset they had hoped to retrieve themselves when once they were in Idaho. It was a hard blow to the Improvement Company, and to us individually. It had been preying on their minds all the time, but we did not even suspect for a moment that it was lack of means that made them fail to provide a nurse and other comforts for themselves. For several days a battle of wrath and sympathy was kept up with first one on top and then the other, but sympathy finally won the day and Colonel Case was allowed to hold his office for a little while in the hope that he might yet be restored to his former mental strength, and his years of business experience be of benefit to himself and the company. Their condition was indeed pitiful, and in spite of the hardships they had imposed on us our hearts were full of pity for them.

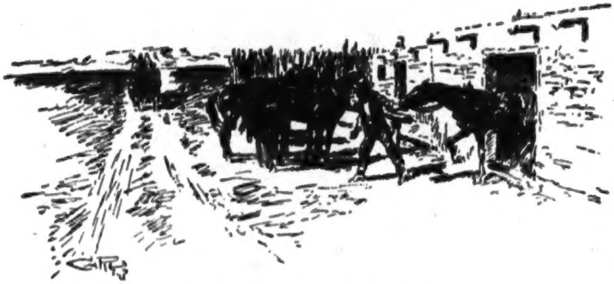
It was a black Friday trip from their first refusal to travel on the Scotchman's lucky day, and it taught us many lessons by which we profited in all our later journeyings. Both Mr. and Mrs. Case came from high Pennsylvania families of the old Quaker type, and were related to some of the best people in the State, but age and adversity melted them into strange moulds, before God finally gathered them in His merciful arms.

The limit of their requirements of me which I did not grant was one night when Pard was to be away down the Boise valley, looking for a location for the townsite now known as Caldwell. The Overland Hotel was a two-story, rambling building on a corner, and it was made up of several buildings which had been connected for hotel purposes. A long hall ran at right angles on the second floor, and our respective apartments were at the extreme ends of the right angle passage. Mrs. Case asked that she might stay with me the night Pard was away, and that I make three or four trips during the night to Mr. Case's room to see whether he was having another fit. It was indeed unfortunate that such helpless creatures ever left their home nests, and their enfeebled condition made their lot really pitiable. As soon as they could fully care for themselves we left them in a private family and returned to Hailey by stage.

Day passed into night and night into day before our horses went prancing up to the Grand Central Hotel in Hailey. It is a noticeable fact that stage horses are always gay, light, and free of foot, with heads high in the air, when the dash is made through a town, but once on the route outside they settle into a steady jog, kept alive only by the crack of the whip, and the driver's persuasive voice, in words commanding if not choice.

The people of Hailey were in high spirits over the promise of the railroad branch from Shoshone, and their courtesies were showered upon us so bountifully that we were overwhelmed. T. E. Picotte, of the *Hailey Times*, announced a reception at the hotel for the following evening, to be held in our honor, and it came off with great credit to the little town among the green hills. The editor himself climbed the mountainsides for armfuls of beautiful Mariposa lilies for decorations, and with the Bellevue Cornet Band to enliven the occasion, the citizens of Hailey filed in in such merry numbers that our hearts warmed to them all, and we forgot the trials of our frontier life for the time at least, and pledged them all the help in our power to promote their interests.

Every one wanted to do something for us; invitations to breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners were frequent, and if they could not entertain at home they sent a cake, fruits, flowers, and even a span of horses and a carriage was placed at our disposal while there. One day when Pard came in I had just finished reading a note which had accompanied several gracious gifts, and my eyes were swimming in tears that I could not hide. Begging to know the cause of them he was at once full of sympathy and anxiety. I only needed a little more tenderness like that to make me boo-hoo in earnest, and I could only manage to say between sobs that I was crying because everybody was so good to us.



Preparing for a quick change of horses

I do not cite these incidents for any other reason than to show what favorable circumstances we were travelling under. It is unfair to have selected any one town as an example. There were no doors closed to us, no favors withheld, no pains spared to make our stay in any locality as bright and pleasing as circumstances would permit. Favors too numerous to mention here were bountifully extended to make our hard experiences as pleasant as possible. The nature of Pard's work was a charm—an "open sesame"—that made the people welcome us as their deliverers from the loneliness and trials of oblivion to the door of affluence and companionship.

It was a joy and a coveted blessing to have the resources of their country, so many miles from railways, written up so extensively and sent broadcast over the world; for the Union Pacific

Company did not confine its generosity to the United States alone, but sent the pamphlets and papers all over Europe.

Pard's monthly publication, *The New West Illustrated*, was bristling with statistics and descriptions of the grand scenery of the great Northwest. He had now revised his book on Wyoming, written one on Montana resources, and also issued the artistic compilation of *Where Rolls the Oregon*. His mission to learn the value of lands and resources of the Northwest, and then prepare and circulate the information everywhere, was the making of history never to be undone. It started a trail of homeseekers, which is now almost beyond the capabilities of many railroads to care for. Whether out in the wilderness or in his office at the Union Pacific headquarters in Omaha or Denver, he was constantly besieged for more information, until he became a walking encyclopædia on the then "Far West."

He spent the most of a night making up titles for his book *To the Rockies and Beyond*, resulting in long hours of thought and a long page of titles to submit to the railroad officials next day for a selection. Thos. L. Kimball, then General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific Company, read the first one and said, "Nothing could be better than *To the Rockies and Beyond*" and drew his pencil across the others without reading them. Poor Pard, exhausted by his lack of sleep, was inclined to be indignant at the slight of the others, but he was immediately compensated when Mr. Kimball said to lose no time in having fifty thousand copies published for their free bureau of information, and those books guided many a restless spirit to home and fortune in the fertile West.

Montana was the first Territory to awaken to the possibilities such an advertising medium would bring about, and it was the genial, honest-hearted Robert Fisk, of the Helena *Herald*, who grew so eloquent in his praise of the work. Wanting some good to come to us out of his land of adoption, he said, when referring to the newspaper work I was just undertaking "that Montana's scenic grandeurs were the charms that broke the chrysalis from Mrs. Strahorn's embryonic literary talent and developed its charming colorings."

His gracefully clothed compliment has ever been like a gay colored butterfly for my peacock book, containing other newspaper encomiums. To be so hospitably received gave us new inspiration for working the pencil, and made all hardships much easier to bear. The courtesies were often bestowed with much embarrassment to ourselves, yet bestowed in a way that could not be declined without offence.

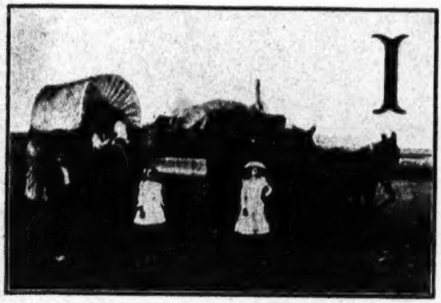
Hailey was made up largely of people from Boise, and as they had already spent years of waiting for a railroad they had now moved a hundred and fifty miles nearer the promised steel ribbons, and were doubly anxious to see them coming. It was not only those who had a personal axe to grind who were generous in their favors, for those were days when public spirit and general good to all was the popular feeling.

Hailey was so located that all commerce in or out of that part of the country must pass through its gates. There were hundreds of miles of radiating trails into the upper Salmon River country, and the Saw Tooth Mountains, as well as the Smoky range and the head waters of Boise River. Miners were drifting into side hills everywhere, and many of them found fabulously rich pockets, which lured the travelling van of gold-seekers in great numbers.

Hailey also had as an attraction some fine hot springs, which alone should have made the town a summer resort of renown, but as yet they were unimproved except for a rough board wall around the hole scooped out in the rock for a plunge bath, which with all its rudeness proved a fountain of youth, utilized by many.

CHAPTER XXXV

IN THE CAMPS OF THE GRADERS



IT is easy to understand what joy there was in seeing the whole Northwest country responding to the magic work of the pen, and in the awakening of slumbering riches for a phenomenal transformation. From season to season, as we crossed again and again the great stretches of sandy lands, there was ever a revelation of progress that made our hearts glad.

The midsummer conference of the Land Company had resulted in a request that our next trip across Idaho's desert lands should be on the line of the new railroad grade, instead of on the regular stage road. The stage line still started from Blackfoot on the Utah & Northern road to go westward to Wood River, Boise, and the Coast, but the Oregon Short Line Railroad, on its triangular course from Green River, was to cross the Utah & Northern Railroad about thirty miles further south than Blackfoot, and they had located a town at the crossing called Pocatello —a location that was the veritable breeding ground for mosquitoes, and employes had to wear nettings around their heads day and night to have any peace.

The party made up for the initial part of this excursion over the grade was Hon. A. Caldwell and wife of Leavenworth, Kansas, and Sam. B. Jones, the genial General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific, who was the funny man of the party, just as he was always the electric needle of the Omaha office, to prick into life any sleeping wit or humor. Then there was Mr. H. T. Brown, editor of the *Butte Miner*, W. P. Emmert, a capitalist of Freeport, Illinois, Charles Crane of the noted elevator company of Chicago, and Pard and myself.

Mr. Crane preceded the company by a few days to Soda Springs in Idaho, and was to join us at the northern border of Utah, but much to our surprise he backed out when within twenty miles of the Springs and returned to Denver, on his way East, horrified at the hardships in store for the party. He little dreamed what the opening of this western chestnut burr meant to the prosperity of his company. We could not induce him to resume the trip, and he took the first train for Chicago.

In Salt Lake City there were some pretty strong rules laid down for the party, for it was a most hazardous venture to go on such a trip with so many untried companions. It surely requires the most delicate judgment to make up a travelling party under the best of circumstances, yet here were nine or ten people, whose endurance was unknown to each other, starting out to face endless inconveniences and hardships. There is not a more severe test of a person's virtues than in constant association through the trials and annoyances of pioneer travelling, and more especially when crude camp life must form a part of the experience.

Bitter enemies and lifelong hatred are often the results of mistaken judgment in selecting companions who cannot be comrades when the hour of trial comes. We had learned to be almost severe in turning from the many who insisted upon joining us in travels, and our trip with Mr. and Mrs. Case had now filled us with forebodings for the hours when trials would come on this trip; yet in looking over the gathering there was joy in the thought that all were in good health, which was a partial assurance of harmony to the end of the trail, and there were enough people in the party to overcome almost any difficulties that might arise.

To guard against even a thought of dissension, Mrs. Caldwell and I went into the Mormon co-operative store in Salt Lake and bought a good strong rope, the especial requirement being that it must be strong enough to hang a man. The clerk looked up in much surprise, and scanned us closely when we assured him that we were in earnest, and only after several had been rejected the good coin was laid down for about twenty feet of three-quarter-inch rope, that seemed equal to any strain we might require of it. It was sent to the hotel in the name of one of the gentlemen of the party, and a messenger was sent from the store to follow us and find out who was preparing for such gruesome episodes. It made much sport for the party because we had detectives on our trail so soon, but the gentlemen hailed the rope with delight, thinking of course that we were planning our own punishment, as we would be the first to complain, and it was at once unanimously agreed upon that the first one who found fault with conditions, food, circumstances, or lack of water, should be lashed for the first offence and hung by the thumbs for the second. Pard and I knew there was not a tree on the whole route but we said nothing. The rope was never to be out of sight, and a little bell was to give the alarm whenever there was cause to be on the alert.

A Mormon family by the wayside

The rope made more sport for us than anything else on the trip. No one dared to insinuate how anything might be improved without first saying that he was not complaining, for he liked things as they were, but for the benefit of the others he would like to make a suggestion.

The morning of the fourteenth of October we were given a little heart chill when we looked out of our windows at the Walker

House in Zion City and saw the valley covered with snow, and the airy flakes quietly falling. It boded well for the use of the rope before we were out of Salt Lake City, but before noon the sun came out warm and clear, and the white mantle was soon melted into trickling streams, thus encouraging us to bid adieu to the City of Saints for the land where saints were few.

A special train carried the party over the narrow gauge Utah & Northern road to Pocatello, which was then the terminus of the road going into Montana, and it was indeed a tent town, with all the activity, wickedness, and glaring freedom of an awakening metropolis.

When the road was first started west from Pocatello it was built narrow gauge the same as the Utah and Northern; it was done simply to facilitate the carrying of supplies into the desert country, and it was just being changed to a broad gauge road; and we were obliged to wait in Pocatello twenty-four hours for the change to be completed to the end of the track. When the time came to widen the gauge of the Utah & Northern road, it was completed its entire length of over three hundred miles in one day, from Ogden to Silver Bow, Montana.

We secured one small tent, large enough to accommodate Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Pard and myself, and the others had to sleep in the railroad company's office tent, where the employes were as thick as grains of sand on the dirt floor. It is a big jump from the tent town of Pocatello to the town of to-day, with its $200,000 pay-roll and its miles of paved streets.

It was a night of carousals around about the settlement, and the morning light was accompanied by a loud voice that betokened a dairy close by. Loud and clear rang the beseeching call of "So bossy, So bossy," and other expressions used to quiet the giver of the prized lacteal fluid. Mrs. Caldwell's musical laugh rang out in gladness over the prospect of her coveted coffee and cream for breakfast, until her attention was called to the suspicious clinking of tin and spoon, while the industrious "milker" was beating the condensed milk and water together, thus deceiving the tenderfoot into the belief that a real live milk cow was nearer than a hundred miles.

One very strange fact about a cattle country is the entire absence of milk, cream, and butter. It is beneath the standard of a cowboy to milk, and with the thousands of cattle in a herd there is no milk except that bearing the condenser's label on a tin can, and stockmen often went without butter entirely. That was an almost universal condition throughout the Northwest at that time, and it has not changed on many cattle ranches to the present day.

Pocatello lies in a beautiful, three-cornered valley of the Bannock Mountains, and it is the only gateway through southern Idaho. The railroad company and its contiguous interests fought long and desperately before they obtained more than a squatter's right on the Indian Reservation. Pocatello was for a time a veritable plague spot, equalled only by Lost River Station, some seventy miles northwest of Pocatello, and there was a lively rivalry for supremacy in the number of annoyances supplied, which was finally ended by giving Lost River the precedence because of its environment of alkali dust and numerous snakes, making the mosquito plague only a crowning touch for one's agony.

A would-be aspirant for glory at Pocatello said he often went to bed after hours of hard work trying to make his tent tight from mosquitoes (it did not take half that long to produce that condition for himself), and added, "I have lain there with my watch under one pillow, my pistol under the other, the axe by my bed, butcher knife under the straw tick, a hoot owl on the roof, coyotes in the sagebrush and bugs in my ears, waiting and listening for mosquitoes, keeping awake far into the night out of sheer dread of the miserable insects. Just last night some got in—great, overgrown fellows, all wings, legs, and spears. They whined and whistled for hours, dragging their big feet over my face and stabbing me repeatedly. I slapped and cuffed at them there in the dark until I was worn out. Then when I had slept a few minutes, daylight began to dawn, whereupon I got up and sat in a chair to rest myself before beginning the labor of the day."

I never was at Pocatello in the mosquito season in those early days but that all the railroad employes and everybody else who had to stay outdoors wore coverings like a scoop-net over their heads and necks. Mosquitoes swarmed like bees about one's head, and it was impossible to fight them off with the hands. The day that we waited there was full of excitement; it was a veritable beehive of activity, whether the incentive was good or bad. It was an initiation into frontier life for Mrs. Caldwell and some of the others who were having a first experience in the far West, that required plenty of good common-sense to grapple and accept.

It was expected that carriages from Hailey, a hundred and seventy-five miles away, would be at the terminus of the railroad to take the party on at once. As we had been delayed a day by the changing of the railroad from the narrow to standard gauge there was no doubt but the conveyances would be waiting our arrival. A special train was made up and the initial trip over the road was made to a point about twenty miles west of American Falls of Snake River.

These falls were a wonderful panacea for eyes filled with dust and grime, and for one's anatomy groaning under distorted nerves and muscles from the two nights spent in Pocatello, and the flying dust clouds of the rough new railroad bed. The great sheeny foam dancing over rocks in the cool deep fissures, the maddened stream

Courtesy Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Ore.

A princess of her tribe

plunging over precipice after precipice, sending its refreshing atmosphere to quiet yet to invigorate our tired minds and bodies, was a palliative that was greatly appreciated. The train stopped for half an hour that we might enjoy the waters to the fullest extent, as it was the last we would see of the coveted running liquid for several days to come.

Then the train creaked slowly along to the end of the track. Our outfit was unloaded on a glaring sand pile, for there was neither platform, station, nor tent to receive anything, but the whole territory of Idaho spread out before us again, which ought to have sufficed, and it did. But the horses and carriages were not there! In vain our eyes scanned the vast arid plains to the west for some signs of our rescuers, but no objects rose in the dim distance, not even a cloud of dust to betray any incoming travellers.

We had been persuaded to bring the one little tent along thus far from Pocatello, for fear of this detention and how thankful we were for it amid such dare-devil surroundings.

The special car, free from its load of humanity, blankets, and edibles, steamed backward, and left us at the mercy of a bad camp. We felt like clinging to it as a friend and saviour from what lay before us, but no one would be first to express a desire for it to stay, because no one wanted to show the white feather and be the butt of ridicule, so backward it flew beyond recall.

This camp was such a terror that the graders themselves called it "Camp Hell." We had official orders to get supplies needed from the grade camps, such as water, hay, teams, or provisions, for now we were off the great highway of the stage line to traverse an unknown and untried route, except as we followed the engineers' or graders' stakes for the oncoming road for several hundred miles.

Water for the graders' camps had to be brought from Snake River, some twenty or more miles away, and the local boss of the graders exacted a promise not to waste a drop of it.

Pard went about the camp to make himself known to the men in charge and see about hay and grain for the expected horses. He showed his papers of authority for obtaining such supplies as needed, and was getting along very well when a blear-eyed tough, already full of bad whiskey, insisted on making Pard's acquaintance, and to that end he wanted to set up the drinks.

When the besotted man's courtesy was refused his wrath knew no bounds. He exhausted his vilest vocabulary, interspersed with oaths and curses, and turning away said he would get his "can-opener" and shoot the heart out of any man who would not take a social drink of whiskey with him. While he was after his gun, Pard hit the high places leading back to our place of refuge, and said we did not need any hay anyway until the horses came.

The supper was cooked over a sage-brush fire as remote from the graders as possible, and the pleasant savory smell quickened the appetite more than any royal banquet ever served. An early breakfast, a day of travel, with a cold lunch, the fatigue and excitement of the day with an excess of ozone, had created appetites that needed no teasers.

Mr. Jones presided as cook that night and as it was his sixth wedding anniversary, he wondered what his dear little wife would say if she knew he was in "23" holding the frying pan over the fire. He regretted that he was so near the genuine Hades that he could not even telegraph her how he was progressing. Everybody wanted to do something, if it was only to tell a good story, for on the end of the ridge pole, in full view, dangled the rope for the grumbler.

With the promise not to waste the water, it could not be used to wash the dishes, and they were taken out to a clean sand pile, and thoroughly scoured, which made them shine like mirrors. One learns many such tricks when adversity is the teacher.

When the night preparations were made, every one seemed anxious to mail a letter from the camp with a fiery name. One used a pillow for a table, one an old pasteboard box, another used a paper-covered book, another the top of the mess box, and all were hovering around a solitary tallow candle that was stuck into a potato to hold it upright. A hush of contentment had fallen upon the party, when whiz, zip, szzz, the bullets began to fly around us, and threw us into spasms of fear. They made holes in the tent, and struck the ground around us, while we made barricades of our baggage and kept close to the ground. The shooting continued at intervals all night, and while it was not aimed at us all the time, it was near enough to indicate the camp was rightly named. I had never been more frightened by Indians than by that indiscriminate shooting of white men; shooting simply because they were drunk and reckless, not caring for results.

Early next morning Pard and Mr. Jones made a second visit to the camp, and made arrangements for a team and wagon to take us out of such an unfortunate position, but before we could get started clouds of dust betrayed the approach of our own rescuing party.

One team was driven by Alene Case, a son of the former General Manager of the Idaho and Oregon Land Improvement Company, who bore many scars resulting from a Heidelberg education, and who was ready at the drop of a hat to put his education into practice. Another team was driven by H. C. Wallace, the secretary of said company, and the third one was a man known to be fond of his cups, and a man who was glad in his later life that he kept sober on that trip, for a couple of years or so later we drew him out of a river more dead than alive; but he had so much whiskey aboard there was not room for water, so he did not drown.

It was necessary to feed and rest the horses before we could get away, and while Mr. Case was taking the harness from one team his revolver dropped from its holster to the ground and was discharged. Pard was indignant beyond control at such carelessness, knowing the nervous tension that was holding the party, and he feared this shot in our own camp might start a fresh fusilade from the gun players of the previous night. He exclaimed with much feeling: "Why, Case, what confounded carelessness; that might have hit a horse." Mr. Case never tires of telling that story, and adding that it would have made no difference whether he himself was shot or not, it was the horse that was needed to get the party away from there, and the matter of leaving him there seemed of no importance whatever.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Case lost no time in having a disagreement, clouds of ill humor began to darken the clear skies of our happiness and reached for us like an arm of an octopus out of camp 23. Each party chose sides, and for a time matters loomed dark, but a truce was finally established, and we all hoped it would not be violated.

Mr. Wallace and Mr. Emmert made a second attempt to visit the enemy's camp and procure some hay, but no one could be found who would carry it to our camp after it was bought. Mr. Wallace refused even to assist in carrying the baled dinner for the tired steeds, and finally Mr. Emmert, whom we all called "Uncle

Billy," picked up the bale of hay, slung it over his shoulders of sixty-five years, and came whistling all the way to camp. It was not the only time that dear "Uncle Billy" put younger men to shame by shouldering loads that were thought too heavy for one to carry.

It was impossible to make the trip equipped with servants and helpers, and the lack of facilities made "haste" the first motto. To make haste the party had to be kept in harmony, and every one had to do his part as it came to hand to do. It is not often one can get a United States Senator, a General Passenger Agent of a transcontinental railroad, an editor of a prominent paper, and the head of a literary bureau of the most important railway company in the West, who would undertake such a trip, knowing that he must take a turn at the frying pan, gathering sticks for a fire, and in doing all the necessary and homely things that arise in an impromptu camp.

"They gambled in the light of the sage-brush fire"

The day wore on with many delays before it was possible to start out on the highway, but there was no stopping for us when once the move began until out of range of bullets from "Skidoo," and the graders' tents were lost in the dusty distance. There are not many who can tell of a trip to Hades with a return ticket, and be able to recount its environments so accurately as we felt qualified to do, although it is likely that no two of us would describe it alike except in name.

The graders' camps were scattered along twelve to twenty miles apart for a hundred or more miles and the only wagon road was that made in bringing in their supplies. Some of the camps were like a peaceful valley in their quiet and orderly conduct and others were nearly as bad as the one at the end of the track.

We were generally able to learn about the camps ahead and avoid the worst ones. The third night we tried to keep away from Smith camp and made a rendezvous among some sheltering rocks. But the night was bitterly cold and the red glow of our campfire ascended skyward in a startling telltale fashion.

Mr. Caldwell and Pard tried to plan a comfortable place for Mrs. Caldwell and myself to sleep; the wagon box was given up as too cold and blankets too few. When Mr. Caldwell gave a lecture in Kansas City after this trip he said that, "At this juncture Mrs. Strahorn suggested sleeping four in a bed." No one claimed the suggestion, but it was carried out and its success was as much in doubt as who made the motion. To put the bedding on one way, it was too narrow and the other way was too short, so it was alternated and umbrellas braced over our heads to keep off the thick white frost and cold wind. The rocks were undulating, hard, and sharp. We were like blades in a jack-knife, and when one turned, all had to turn to keep the covers right. Those in the middle were too warm and those on the outside were too cold and withal it was a wretched night.

To add to our discomfort a party of tough looking, heavily armed men with a big Bannock Indian had evidently come out from the graders' camp and they went into quarters close by us. We were at a loss to know what their intentions were. Our horses were brought in and guarded against a stampede and our party drew in closer together for the night while one was appointed to keep awake and be on guard.

The new party tethered their bronchos in the near sage-brush where we could see them in the clear starlight. One man was kept busy bringing in fuel while the others with the big Indian buck sat in a bunch and gambled in the light of the sage-brush fire regardless of the bitter cold air.

It was a curious proceeding at best and the game was still on when the night was well advanced. Toward morning the guard himself fell asleep and when he awoke the neighboring party had vanished like a bad dream.

We were up with the first red streaks in the eastern sky. Mrs. Caldwell and I made meagre toilets under the extended bows of the umbrellas and were glad enough when our hot coffee and breakfast was served to us. Water had frozen half an inch in the buckets and we marvelled how those men could sit there in the open air and gamble so many hours in such an atmosphere.

The fourth day out we reached Little Wood River and camped where the town of Shoshone was afterward located and the railroad branched off to Hailey. The running water was the first we had seen since leaving American Falls and we were like children in our delight to play in it. Mr. Jones repeatedly filled and emptied a bucket before he would even give any one a drink. We remained on the banks for several hours and after our noonday meal, when settled into a more quiet enjoyment of the singing water, several bullets came whizzing through the air and buried themselves in the earth beside us. It was a special dispensation of Providence that no one was hit. The shots came from across the river in a thicket and we never learned whether it was accident or malice that brought the shots our way.

The Kilpatrick Bros. were the chief contractors for that rail line and their camp was reached for our last night out. Robert Kilpatrick was in charge accompanied by his wife. When she was in the field with him there was never any carousing or boisterousness in the camp. The workmen paid her every possible courtesy and she lived like a Cleopatra.

It is not the men who do the work who make such camps a terror, but it is the gang of thieves, cutthroats and gamblers, who follow along to get the money from the laborers when pay-day comes.

Mrs. Kilpatrick's tent was divided into apartments by oriental hangings and the floors and seats were covered with skins of wild animals such as buffalo, bear, coyote, and others that had frequented the routes of their work in the great West. The lamp shades were made of snake skins and the bed was of deer skins covered with a magnificent bison robe bought from the Indians. She was a beautiful woman in all that the name implies, and much of her time was devoted to the betterment of the men in her husband's employ. It was a joy to meet them again and they joined our cavalcade and journeyed on to Hailey.

The *Hailey Times* devoted nearly a whole issue to possibilities that might accrue to Idaho from the visit of such a party—Mr. Strahorn and Mr. Jones to work up immigration and the railroad business, Mr. Emmert to build a new hotel for the town, Mr. Caldwell—who was turning out eight thousand wagons a year in Kansas—to lay a foundation for his business as well as to promote the townsite schemes of the Idaho and Oregon Land Improvement Company. There was a continual ovation from the hour of our arrival, and at last a grand ball to close the visit.

There were the usual conditions of a new mining town and everybody was at the ball from bartenders and table waiters to miners, merchants, professional men, and ministers of the Gospel with their wives and sweethearts. But even that ball showed a degree of conventionality quite unusual in mining camps, for every man wore a full-dress suit. There were no mishaps or dissensions and harmony reigned supreme throughout the festivities. Hailey was ever an unusual town for its social culture and conventionalities and when the line for the four hundred was drawn, it was so cleverly brought about that no one was offended.

It is an inspiration when one sees a town born and develop into life full of business activity in a few days' or weeks' time. It seemed no longer than a dream since Hailey was a grassy upland without a habitation save for the little log cabin hidden in the willows on the river bank. Everything was happening that always happens in new camps; saloons, dance halls, and gambling dens far outnumbered any other money-making or money-losing enterprises. Miners would dig away with pick and shovel all day and spend their earnings in town at night. Yet with all the wild dissipation one never heard of a woman being insulted or assaulted and those very debauchers would shoot to kill any one who would molest the sacred fair sex.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AGAIN TO THE PACIFIC WITH SENATOR AND MRS. CALDWELL

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EARLY in November Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Pard, and myself left Hailey to continue our trip through to the Pacific Coast on the overland stage. The others of the party had not the time or courage, and turned their faces homeward to firesides and comforts that the oncoming winter made needful to them.

The stage left Hailey for the West at night and to spare ourselves at least one bad night within the narrow confines of the coach, it was arranged that Hugh C. Wallace, the Land Company's secretary, should drive out with a private team, to the place where the stage would stop to give passengers breakfast. We would then have a night's rest before the stage arrived to take us on to Boise City.

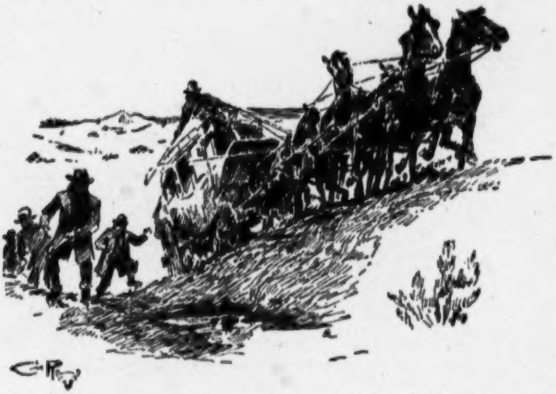
It was the time of the year to expect almost any kind of weather, and our bright morning sun was soon lost in clouds and a blinding snowstorm enveloped us in its bewildering maze. As we advanced our progress grew slower and slower until we could no longer locate the road under its fresh white blanket, and it compelled a stop at Peck's ranch eight miles short of our destination. It was a noted place on that old lonely overland road, but it was not a convenient or desirable place to spend the night except as an alternative to the storm.

The night was bitter cold and the old stove in the dirty cabin was kept at a high temperature. The ranch did not afford any comfort but a shelter and it was difficult to arrange even a place on the floor to rest. The cabin had but three rooms; the front room was a store where a few commodities were kept for the freighters or possible traveller; the middle room was a sort of catchall for everything and the family bedroom; back of that was the kitchen, with a dirt floor, and everything in the kitchen seemed to have taken up a good part of the floor. The contents of our own hamper were far more tempting than anything we could see there, and from it we prepared a most satisfying repast, after which we found our host in amiable mood and ready to entertain us. The store was turned over to us for whatever arrangements we could make for the night. The dirt was an inch or two thick on everything, and the stove was two thirds full of ashes, but there was shelter for us, and that meant a great deal on such a wild night.

Mr. Peck's fame had gone abroad as an entertainer, and we had been told he could preach a sermon, dance a jig, or play the fiddle. He thought some one had a grudge against him if 't was said he could preach, but he produced a violin from one of the mysterious dark corners of the room and began to draw the bow across the strings. The style, dress, and the little wizen face of the old man reminded us of the slender figure of Ole Bull, but his attitudes were more like a gnarled tree bending in the breeze on the tempestuous night.

We danced to the strains of "Old Dan Tucker" and "Money Musk," "Turkey in the Corn" and "Dixie." His wrinkled old face beamed with joy when we encored and urged him on to more revelry to drown the howling winds. The hour was late when we made our beds with blankets on the hard floor, thankful not to be out in the drifting snow.

Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Wallace, and Pard were to take a turn at watching for the stage, as the driver would not be expecting to find us there and would drive by unless he was hailed. The one on watch was also to keep up the fire. Peck had guided Mr. Caldwell to the wood-pile outside, and with a keen eye of discernment it was evident that the pile of *sawed* wood would not last but a few hours. He did not disclose the fact to the rest of the party, but on returning said there was plenty of wood outside, and for Pard to take the first watch, he himself the second, and Mr. Wallace the third, and so it was settled without parley. The second watch ended and Mr. Wallace came out of his blankets in no amiable mood to do his time on the lookout. It was not long before he had to go for wood, and when he reached the pile he found only cordwood lengths, with one stick nicely laid in the sawbuck on which hung an old saw, and everything covered with snow. The atmosphere on that side of the house became sulphurous with strong exclamations of rage and indignation while Mr. Caldwell and Pard listened and chuckled over the fact that for Wallace it was saw wood or freeze, and he had to saw.



"Many times the men had to get out and pick their way around the mud-holes"

Fortunately for him the stage came along about half past three, but in spite of all entreaty the driver whipped up his horses and refused to stop for us, saying that he had a load.

With disappointment and chagrin we hurried up our own team hoping to overtake the stage before it left the breakfast station, but we arrived just twenty minutes too late. The drivers had changed there and the one who passed us declared he did not know we were the ones who were expected to get on the coach at the breakfast station, and that his only passenger was Governor Neil of Idaho who was going home to Boise.

The station was the same Jones ranch where we had such unhappy experiences in the spring with Mr. and Mrs. Case. This time we had to remain there twenty-four hours, and also had to sleep on the floor with six other people in the room, and for such accommodations we had to pay that "Merchant of Venice" four dollars each per day. It was a hold-up to be sure, but we were glad to get away without anything worse happening, although Mrs. Caldwell was very much fatigued.

Cutting, binding, and threshing all at once

Mr. Wallace returned at once to Hailey and we left the Jones ranch the next morning by stage, and consumed all day going twenty-five miles without getting anything to eat until five o'clock in the afternoon. It had stormed continuously and our jehu was a veritable Jezebel. He made himself so obnoxious that it caused his discharge and he made no more trips over the road as a driver.

At midnight there was a halting at a station known as Mountain Home, to wait for the Kelton stage from the Central Pacific Railroad en route to Boise, and when it arrived the two stage loads were combined. The Kelton stage on its arrival already had seven passengers, but there happened to be a driver who knew us, and while it made an eleven passenger coach carry twelve, he said we should indeed go with him into Boise, and he landed us safely at the Overland Hotel.

Our first caller was Governor Neil who seemed to be quite surprised at our delay and wondered where he had passed us en route when we were to take the same coach with him somewhere on the way. We listened incredulously to his story, which he tried to make most impressive. But we knew of the empty bottles found in his coach and of the generous bribe to the driver that he should be undisturbed. Mrs. Neil was one of the most charming of women, who made many warm friends by her genial manners and magnetic presence, and her position was one hard to fill. To be lifted from a sumptuous home in Philadelphia to the embryo life of a Territorial governor's wife was no easy transition in those days. The Territories were never able to understand why an Eastern man was always selected to the position of governor, when he was in absolute ignorance of everything pertaining to Territorial wants and requirements, and must be considered an interloper who had to win a place for himself and his family before he could have more than toleration from the people whom he was supposed to serve.

It was too often true in those Territorial days that some man with a political debt owing to him, could be flattered into a Territorial governorship and shipped off regardless of his qualifications, and the people of the Territories had to suffer for it. There were indeed a few good men who drifted into such a position, but even they were expected to "make good" before being graciously accepted by the populace.

Boise was a city of high prices and one needed a good income to live there, but custom reconciles one to extortion when the salary can meet it. We paid fifty cents for three lemons, and lemons were the cheapest of any imported fruit; local fruit was plentiful and some of the apples measured twelve and fourteen inches in circumference and they were without a blemish.

Mrs. Neil, the governor's wife, told me, in a heart to heart conversation, that she paid a dollar and a half for a flatiron and two dollars and a half for a lap-board. The price of the latter in the East was about twenty-five cents. If one demurred at twenty-five or fifty cents for a paper of needles, he would be promptly informed that it was all because of high freight rates.

I bought a pair of kid gloves for which I paid four dollars and waited for my change from a five-dollar gold-piece; when the money was handed to me it was six dollars instead of one. I immediately called the proprietor's attention to the fact that there was a mistake in the change, and he forthwith stiffened his spine and replied: "Madam, we never make mistakes in change in this store." I walked out with the six dollars and a good pair of four dollar gloves. He refused to go and look at the piece of gold he received and that ended the matter.

Courtesy, Oregon-Washington Railroad and N. Co.

The smooth road one travels now along the Columbia

Mr. Caldwell was taken ill in Boise and in consequence he was fairly wrapped up in poultices of corn meal and mustard and fed on hot lemonade. Subject to attacks of pneumonia this sudden illness was alarming, but such a blanket of mustard would have cured anybody and he will never forget his torturous health-giving treatment.

We did not spend many days in Boise after he was able to transact business. He and Pard started off a day or two in advance of Mrs. Caldwell and myself, and we joined them when their reconnoitring was over at the little town of Weiser. There was so much fruit sent to us for the journey that we were overwhelmed. Mrs. Neil sent at least half a bushel each of pears and apples, and not fewer than half a dozen others sent like amounts. We knew the friends would be on hand to see us off, and every one would know whether we had his package of fruit, and when we learned the stage was not to be crowded we decided to take it *all*. It made fun for everybody when a long string of attendants followed us to the stage bringing the loads of fruit and stowing it away in the various boots and receptacles of the old coach.

From Boise through Weiser, the Huntington ranch, and Baker City, stopping only for meals and to change horses, we arrived at La Grande in Oregon in the afternoon, and as the winter schedule was in vogue on the stage route we had to wait over there until four o'clock the next morning.

The road over the Blue Mountains was in a horrible condition from the fall rains, and the regular stage had to be abandoned for an old dead axle farm wagon, with plain boards across the top of the box for seats. It surely foretold trouble ahead for the next fifty miles to Pendleton. The seven passengers climbed into the wagon only to learn that all baggage except small hand-bags must be left behind. Mrs. Caldwell was too ill to sit up and she curled up on the bottom of the wagon box and rested her head on her husband's knee.

There were six horses all the time and part of the way we had eight to get us through the deep and tenacious mud. Many times the men had to get out and pick their way around the mud-holes as best they could, and even then the horses had all they could do to keep the wagon moving, sometimes getting into the mud up to their bellies. The driver looked at Mrs. Caldwell and me several times with warlike intentions of turning us out to walk also, but he spent his wrath in mutterings we would not hear and in explosive language to the struggling horses, which he further helped along by his supple whip-lash.

When there was a good stretch of road for a little distance, he would whip up and gallop over the rocks and ruts in a way that was appalling. Once when there was a little smoother run for a few miles, a supreme quiet possessed everybody and old Morpheus embraced several of the travellers in a troubled sleep, but every wink of sleep brought grateful oblivion of surroundings.

Mrs. Caldwell fell asleep and forgot her suffering for a brief time. A man sitting opposite and facing Mr. Caldwell also went to sleep. He nodded his head a little lower and a little lower in his sleepy relaxation until Mr. Caldwell had to put his hand over his wife's face to keep the man's head from bumping her's. Then when the weary man awoke he declared he had not been asleep. We all knew very well that he had been asleep, but a few suggestive glances passed between ourselves and then something happened to liven up the dreary day. Mr. Caldwell at once assumed the rôle of an injured husband. He enquired if he could find a sheriff in Pendleton, whether one could get justice in a country like that, and what punishment could be meted out for insults, etc., etc. With grave and serious faces we begged Mr. Caldwell not to get excited, to wait and let the law take its course.

80,000,000 feet of timber ready for a tow to San Francisco

The young man was bewildered and his face grew white and red by turns, and when Mr. Caldwell told him that his conduct certainly needed explaining if he had not been asleep, he could but wonder what all the talk and fuss was about. We reckoned there was a Pinkerton Agency in Oregon, or some method for tracing criminals. We were all bursting with suppressed laughter but no one betrayed by even the wink of an eye that it was not a serious affair. The little game of bluff was carried out so well that the young man was really beside himself with curiosity and fear. His friends said not a word to enlighten him except that he had better acknowledge that he had been asleep.

The Three Sisters

When Pendleton was reached and some one told him what had really happened, he must have taken to the hills, and may be running yet. He did not show up the next morning to continue his journey, and was no doubt in deadly fear of being brought to account for nodding his face so close to the sleeping woman's, and probably thinks to this day of his miraculous escape in hiding from such an irate and vindictive husband. Strenuous and uncomfortable as that ride was for Mrs. Caldwell she did not have one of those headaches again for more than two years, and she attributed her cure to the outdoor life and strenuous experiences of that winter's trip.

On the summit of the divide, east of Pendleton and near the old Meacham station, a span of mules were stretched out on the roadside so covered with mud that we had to look close to see which was mule and which was mud.

Men were watching the mules and hoping they were not totally incapacitated, and the men were almost as heavily covered with mud as the mules. Our driver stopped to see what the trouble was, and also to find a way around the wagon blocking our passage. The mules had floundered in an almost bottomless mudhole, clear over their heads, and it required quick and strenuous work to get them out alive. One of them had begun to roll around quite lively, and a pan of oats had been placed a few inches from the nose of the other, and the owner said if the mule would reach for them, he knew the "feller" would be all right.

We had to get out of our wagon and walk on to the ranch, while our jehu used his teams to get the other wagon out of the way and seek a safer route for his own wagon. Had we been a little earlier it would have been our horses in that hole, for it was right on the main roadway where the bottom had seemingly dropped out.

The old Meacham station was noted for its good living, and we had an elegant dinner to slightly compensate us for the weary day on the muddy, rocky road. The Meacham House in later years, after the railroad was finished through on that route, was kept in the same good way by dear old Mother Munra with her white curls and smiling face. She always had a way of making every one feel that the meal was prepared especially for him, and her dear sweet face will long be remembered by the travelling legion.

At Walla Walla we were taken to the Stine House, and climbed down stiff and sore from the jolting old wagon, while again some one gave the old blankets a stiff kick as they lumbered up the sidewalk and impeded our passage. It was hard to avoid the curious crowd in our haste to a quiet corner for a restful metamorphose from a bedraggled vagabond to a groomed and scoured individual of respectability.

"The Stine House, A. Small, Proprietor," was the heading on the hotel stationery and he was a proprietor worthy of his name. A. Small, Proprietor, and some other smallnesses of that house will lurk in our minds as long as we can remember anything. He thought a head waiter in the dining-room was a superfluity, and the waiters therefore did as they pleased, singing out their orders to the cook before they were out of the dining-room.

Nevada Falls

Mrs. Caldwell ordered eggs for her breakfast, but the waiter did not bring them when he brought the breakfast for the others. She waited for them until the others had finished the meal, then left the table. We were about half way up the stairs, which, by the way, were in the dining-room, when the waiter came in with the coveted eggs; as he saw her going away he yelled out in a full, loud voice: "She 's gone, she 's gone; she's gone without her eggs!" But in spite of the meagre comforts of the house and A. Small, Proprietor, we rested a few days then journeyed on.

An eminent European traveller says that the Rhine compared with the Columbia is but a rivulet and the mountains along the Rhine are but pigmies compared with those that loom up along Columbia's shores. No finer or grander scenery can be found than along that glorious Columbia after the Snake has poured its volume into the sea-going stream. We made the two portages from river to rail and rail to river with growing enthusiasm for we had a phenomenal day for the trip down that great waterway. Mt. Hood, Mt. St. Helens, and Mt. Adams stood out in bold relief like chiselled marble against a deep blue sky. It was a clear day such as was almost unknown at that season of the year and it was a grand reward for all the trials and tribulations that preceded.

The sun seemed bent on giving us a good time as we made the rounds of the Puget Sound villages again, and then bent our faces toward the Golden Gate.

Our first steamer trip was made on the famous old *California*, but this time it was the *Oregon*. Pard had secured the bridal stateroom for Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, but had begged the purser to say nothing about them as newly married on account of their years. Of course such a request only made the purser curious and he told it to every one on the boat. Our good friends therefore received many extra courtesies for which they could not account, and we did not enlighten them. They were the cynosure of all eyes when Mr. Caldwell recovered his sea legs and was able to promenade the decks. We had first to wait for the tide to get across the treacherous Columbia bar, then we had fog and

Inspiration Point

rain and storm, and a tumultuous rocking of the ship that kept poor Pard confined to his berth until we swung around into San Francisco Bay, then with Mr. Caldwell he tottered out to a sheltered corner on deck and they expressed their sad views of sea life and wondered why they were so seasick while Mrs. Caldwell and I had enjoyed our meals all through the trip.

Our coach and four in the sheltering monarch's heart

One day I was in a half comatose condition in my deck chair which was placed near the freight shaft. Nearly every one had gone inside for the afternoon hour of rest, but for me the sweet sea air was too enticing and as I watched the rough waves following each other in hypnotic regularity, there came sounds of voices from below of sailors spending an idle hour.

One of them was telling about an anthem which had been sung in the Mission Church of far-off Frisco, that he thought was mighty fine. When in the midst of his sentimental story a shipmate called out and said, "I say, Pete, what 's a' hanthem?" "What 's the matter with you?" replied Pete; "don't you know what a hanthem is?" "Not me," replied the shipmate. "Well, then, I 'll tell you so you 'll know one when it floats your way. If I was to say to you, 'Here, Jack, give me that anchor line,' that would be no hanthem, but if I was to say, 'Jack, Jack, Jack, give, give, give, O give me that anchor, give me that anchor, Jack, give me that anchor line, anchor line, anchor line, ah men; Jack give me that anchor line, ah men,' that would be a hanthem."

I laughed until I cried over that quaint yet graphic description of "a hanthem" and after that the friends often gathered round the hatchway to catch something equally good, but the heavy seas did not allow many leisure hours for the Jack tars on that trip.

Mrs. Caldwell was always industrious and I never have known her to sit down without some work in hand to do, and the rocking steamer did not prevent her from keeping up the habit. On the last stormy day, as we were nearing San Francisco, she merrily prattled her thanks to the stewardess for many kind-

Yosemite Falls

nesses, and hoped to come over the same route again some day with *her children*. The matron looked up aghast and said: "Why, do you expect children at your age, we heard you were just married!" "Just married," exclaimed Mrs. Caldwell, "why, goodness me, I 'm a grandmother. Who said we were just married?" Then she learned why they had been so favored on the stormy voyage and that we had played the little joke on them, and she said, "Well, Stewardess, that is a good joke, but they are the ones just married, and they did it to divert attention from themselves."

In San Francisco the famous old *Baldwin*, which now is no more than a memory, was grandly luxurious after our long journey around from Denver and Salt Lake, thence out of the circuit of even common comforts until we swung into that haven of rest. It was an elysium where all our desires were gratified, and we felt at peace with all the world.

We had entered the land of wires and telegrams that were now hurrying us eastward, but not yet could we leave the Golden State. The stages had stopped running into Yosemite for the season, but when the stage company learned how anxious we were to go into the valley they arranged for the usual relays of horses and prepared to send us in with two other passengers. They were two young men from Germany; one of them was the son of the famous Mumm of champagne fame, who was an interesting associate but who wanted it distinctly understood that he was not a wine maker, or a wine merchant, but an aspirant for Parliament. We understood what he meant in spite of his abrupt way of saying it. His father had been given honor, he said, in his home country because of the excellence of his wine for so many years, he had been received by the nobility, and his family allowed a place higher than the caste of the ordinary merchant or tradesman who was not a recognized member of society. In France, if his father was present at a banquet or a party, out of courtesy to him Mumm's champagne would not be used, for it would be a reminder of his trade and an insult.

We left San Francisco about four o'clock one afternoon, and were tucked away in our beds at Merced at midnight, but we were up and off on the stage by six o'clock the next morning for Yosemite Valley in very fact. It was a delightful drive to Mariposa, and then on up through gloriously wooded mountains to see the Yosemite Falls pouring its silvery waters over a 2580-foot declivity, breaking it into clouds of iridescent foam and bewildering one with its immensity. This with at least a dozen other falls ranging in height from 900 to 2500 feet made a cluster of marvels that all the world should see. The great snowy peaks clustered closely together as if it were a conclave for holding the scenic wonders of the world in their arms. We even climbed up on foot for eight miles for the crowning glory view from the summit of a heaven-kissed peak, and when we were gathered around the crackling logs of our evening fire we were dumb with admiration and fatigue, yet marvelled at the great and wondrous creations of the world.

We thought nothing could excite such wonderment as the Yellowstone, yet here the wonder lives again in equal magnitude. The two places have electrifying charms that no pen or brush can paint. The two great wonderlands are wholly unlike and cannot in any way be compared, yet if one can see but one, it should be the Yellowstone Park, for its attractions are more unique and varied although in detail less stupendous and abrupt.

They were charming companions under all circumstances

On our way out of the valley a Thanksgiving dinner was prepared at the station half way to Mariposa, and it was indeed a dinner to be thankful for. We spent two hours at the station and played many pranks on the different members of the party. After Mr. Caldwell's turn as a subject, Mrs. Caldwell ran away; he followed and found her on the stump of a tree quite out of his reach. Contrary to her expectations he came up and held out both his hands in an appeal to make up, and call a truce, but when she bent down to take his hands to seal the compact, quick as a flash he twisted her arms around his neck and drew her off the stump on to his back, and walked into camp with her in that undignified position.

From Mariposa we visited the Big Trees and en route drove our six-horse coach into one of the largest. The entire stage and the six horses were under cover within its trunk while we enjoyed our noonday meal. Another forest monarch was burned out on the inside, but the bark was only burned off on one side and the hollow tree was used as a corral for seventeen horses.

With the Caldwells in a San Diego tea garden thirty years later

From Yosemite we made a hurried trip to Los Angeles and Riverside, staging it six miles from San Bernardino, the nearest rail station, to Riverside.

It was the love of outdoor life, as much as for business reasons, that induced Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell to endure the long overland trip with all its hardships and deprivations from Pocatello to Portland, thence the additional California trip, but they were charming companions under all circumstances. There are but few people who can leave a home where every luxury is afforded and enjoyed and undergo such a multitude of annoying inconveniences and remain as dear and lovable unto the end, and even unto the present day.

A few years later we travelled over the same ground together in the Northwest in a luxurious private car, and after nearly thirty years we have again joined hands in California. We still found them the same comrades as in the first years of our association, and we lived over again and again many episodes of that pioneer journey.

Mr. Caldwell has had a life full of adventure, pathos, and romance such as few men can narrate. From participation in the famous battle of Chapultepec in Mexico to the control and management of five thousand freight teams and as many men on the great highway between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City in ante-railway days, and from that on up to a seat in the United States Senate has been his lot to experience and enjoy.

CHAPTER XXXVII

CITY BUILDING—CALDWELL, AND OTHER TOWNS ON THE FRONTIER

THE interest and excitement attending the early building of towns and cities is often most intense. Romance and adventure of pioneers is not confined to those who seek in the ground. Mountains and valleys have unwritten histories other than that relating to the use of pick and shovel for precious metals, and many an interesting story of hazardous adventures in other occupations and in town building will become as legends handed down through generations and held as sacred as the stories of early Pilgrim landings.

In the Boise valley it was said that the "left wing of Price's army" had hidden itself in the sage-brush, and through narrow-mindedness and bigotry the members of the wing tried ever to get in the way of civilization. It took years of schooling with liberal-minded people to get them out of the cocoon environment in which they hibernated. We had met a part of this same "left wing" in Montana and thus were somewhat prepared for the stubbornness of their resistance to civilization.

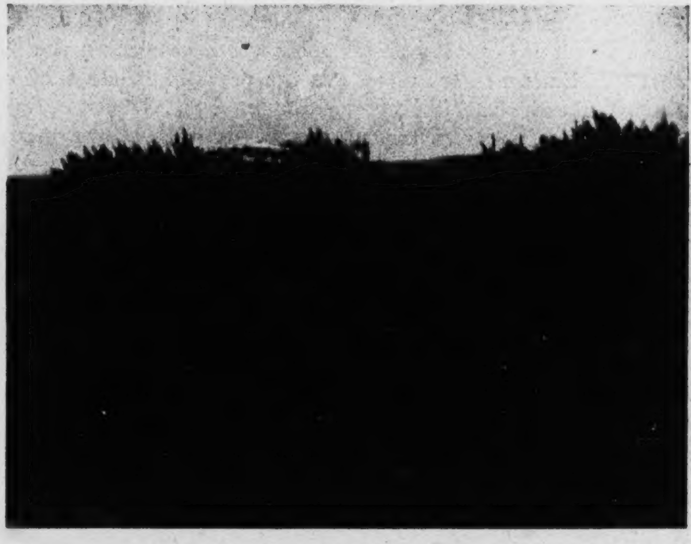
To plump one's self down in an alkali flat, with railroad survey stakes for company, and expect an Aladdin's lamp to throw pictures of a thriving city, invites feelings of sobbing and laughter so closely allied that one can hardly tell which is which, or which will dominate. It means success or failure and only laughter must go echoing through the air, to be caught up and passed along the road of success to cheer and encourage all who hear it. The sobbing must be hidden so deep that one's own sweetheart will not know it is there. Work and courage are the essential attributes for the pioneer.

A mining town may develop between two days, with all stores, saloons, dance halls, hotels, and newspapers in full blast, but it may as quickly fold its tents and boards and move on to newer fields. Along the civilizing railroad in a farming country a town's growth may be exasperatingly slow, but it will be there for all time, a monument, good or bad, for him who builds.

Caldwell, some thirty miles west of Boise City, in Idaho, was a town for all time, yet it was a child of most disheartening youth. It is sometimes necessary to have the preliminary steps of a location taken in absolute secrecy. Buying the land and securing titles is serious, but often a source of amusement when everything must be *sub rosa*. You may meet your best friend in the guise of a ranchman who has just bought old Jenkins's ranch, but you would not dare to smile or wink an eye if a third party were present for fear of exciting suspicions of the deep-laid plot. Knowing he was followed and watched at every turn by Boise people, who, if they could not thwart him, were determined to profit by his enterprise, Pard quietly bought the extensive Haskell ranch, on the north side of the river. The Haskell purchase leaked out with proper embellishments at the psychological moment, whereupon thousands of available acres around it were eagerly gobbled up by the Boise speculators without much regard to price. Some of them were even generously permitted to take over most of the Haskell ranch while the boom was on, at a handsome advance, before it was discovered that Caldwell's real location had meantime been acquired on the south side of the river several miles away.

Boiseites were determined to have the main line of the Oregon Short Line Railway go through their town. Pioneers there had been waiting for many years for such a happy tie to connect them with the outside world, and they watched with jealous care any movement to outwit them. A survey for the road was made through the town, but it was found to be wholly unpracticable to digress so far from easier grades and a straight line across the territory.

As envoy plenipotentiary Pard was to locate the new town at a spot some thirty miles west of Boise, where the final survey had been made to cross Boise river, after a most painstaking effort to locate the best route. In the spring of 1882, when the whole air was full of budding life and birds were twittering in their new-made nests, we were out early one morning ostensibly to make a trip to one of the mining camps north of Boise. A well-filled hamper and various implements and blankets were stored conveniently away, as people were ever wont to prepare for emergencies when travelling a sparsely settled frontier highway. When well out of town we circled about like a bird of prey until we skirted the town and headed west instead of north, with the objective point of the new townsite in the line of the horizon. It consumed the whole day to find the engineers' signs and follow them sufficiently to judge the best point of vantage to drive the first village stake.



"The gray sage-brush and greasewood bushes were the only signs of vegetation"

What a desert it was at that point! The ground was as white with alkali as the winter robe of the mountain tops. The gray sage-brush and greasewood bushes were the only signs of vegetation excepting a thin fringe of cottonwoods and willows along the river within the far scope of vision. Not a tree nor a sign of habitation on the townsite, only the white, desolate glare and clouds of choking, biting dust that consumed the very flesh. It seemed like a place deserted by God himself, and not intended for man to meddle with.

We made a miserable camp in the tall sage-brush. The horses were turned about and hitched behind the wagon and munched contentedly their noonday oats. It was the only sound in that great space, but it was a relief to have the silence broken even ever so little.

Pard went on an exploring expedition of his own, getting the different elevations, curves, and points of vantage, if there were any, with the camp as a home station.

I settled back in the wagon seat to lose myself in the pages of a book, but the vast solitude and desolation held me in a meditative trance. What a forbidding place to build a home; my face was already sore from the poison ash, and my heart sank in a flash of homesickness as I drew out the plans in a great blueprint of the town "to be." There was pictured so enticingly the commercial streets, the residence locations, the parks, the places for churches and schools, the railroad and its switches, the depot and hotel, the wagon roads leading in various directions, and even the shade trees were there, and it all looked so complete that I fairly strained my ears to hear the toot of the engine and the ringing of bells. A lift of the eyelids and the dream vanished, leaving a wide chasm between the dream city on paper and the reality.

Will Visscher, a widely known western man, used to say in his dialect lecture that:

"Dar whar de hen scratch,
Dar whar you fine de wurm
Providen' no previous hen
Ha' scratched dar afore."

Surely this must be the spot for the big worm, for no one had ever scratched here "afore." But alack! and alas! it required years of hard scratching to develop even worms in that soil.

The vast solitude was broken again by Pard's cheery voice saying, "Well, this is the spot; here is to be the future great. Dar whar we stake de horse, dar whar we find de home." I had been a pretty faithful trailer through the vast unknown West, following close beside my gallant knight in all his pioneer work, but here seemed the limit, and all my courage would have taken flight had not the sudden thought come to me that not yet had the hour come to live there. In later years, when life really began in the growing metropolis, my heart went out in sympathy to many a desolate heart that had come there from green fields and sheltering trees, to this new aspirant for municipal recognition. Memory of the first hour in that desert spot will never be seared by time or condition.

Events followed each other rapidly when once the location was decided and duly recorded. Boise business men held themselves angrily aloof from the new town named in honor of Senator Caldwell. They threatened vengeance on every one who had dared to favor the opposition city, and lynchings for the leaders were but mild amusements of the programme they threatened to execute. It was not the rougher element of the capital city that made such dire threats, but men who would not now like to see their names attached to expressions of such wrathful vengeance.

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Bucking Broncho

They could not be blamed altogether, for they had spent the best years of their lives in building up their remote city, hoping and waiting for the steam engines on glittering rails. But transcontinental railroads cannot afford to go out of a direct course when it means heavy grades and wide deviation from desired lines. My good Pard was at the top of the page on Boise's black list, and many a friend warned him in later days to keep away from that city, else he would surely meet with personal harm.

One day in the fall of '83 Jack Tebbits, a Union Pacific freight officer, sat busily engaged in writing in the Overland Hotel office in Boise. He was a nephew of the then Union Pacific president, Charles Francis Adams, and a wonderfully clever and capable official.

He dashed off several letters, unmindful of the crowd gathering in the office until he heard the name of Strahorn mentioned, and in the conversation that followed his blood almost boiled in his veins. Such dastardly plotting was worthy of only the blackest hearted cowards. He was hesitating whether to turn and shame the men in their cowardly talk or go at once with the warning to Strahorn, who was as a brother to him. He put his hand on the hilt of his revolver but endeavored to cool his anger before acting too hastily. At that moment a team drove up in front of the office window with Mr. Strahorn in the carriage riding straight into the jaws of death. Mr. Tebbits was too horrified to speak, and like a flash he resolved to remain quiet until the mob seized Mr. Strahorn, when he would jump to his assistance. It fairly took his breath away to see Mr. Strahorn step into the office with his usual cheery "Good morning, gentlemen," and then to see every last one of the bunch get up and shake hands with him in the friendliest manner possible. Mr. Tebbits's head dropped on the table with such a thud that every one turned at the noise and thought that he had fainted or dropped dead. He ever afterward declared that he did not faint, but that his heart just stopped beating. Mr. Strahorn was often warned of similar conversations, but it never kept him from going to the town whenever he had business there.

A few months after this episode I was in Denver when a Union Pacific officious official returned from Boise, en route to Omaha. He stopped off at Denver on purpose to tell me that Pard was going to be hung by Boise men, and if I had any influence over him to get him out of Idaho at once. The first train out of Denver was not soon enough for me, so a special engine carried me to Cheyenne to catch the first west bound train.

I kept the wires hot with messages while the trains seemed only to crawl. Arriving at Caldwell I learned that he was that day in Boise. I set out at once to drive that thirty miles as fast as horses could take me there, and I was mad with joy to find him alive at the end of my journey, and I soon explained why I had so surprised him and was myself so nearly collapsed. He developed an enmity for that official that has never waned in the thirty years that have intervened. I never tried to have him leave his post of duty; he said those people talked a lot for they were angry and disappointed, but they did not scare him for one minute. He knew the men well and he understood their bitterness of feeling without further resentment than to go on unconcernedly with his own affairs as he had begun. The town of Caldwell rose from the mysterious ash of the valley, and her beckoning ultimately brought many a Boiseite to open business doors within her precincts.

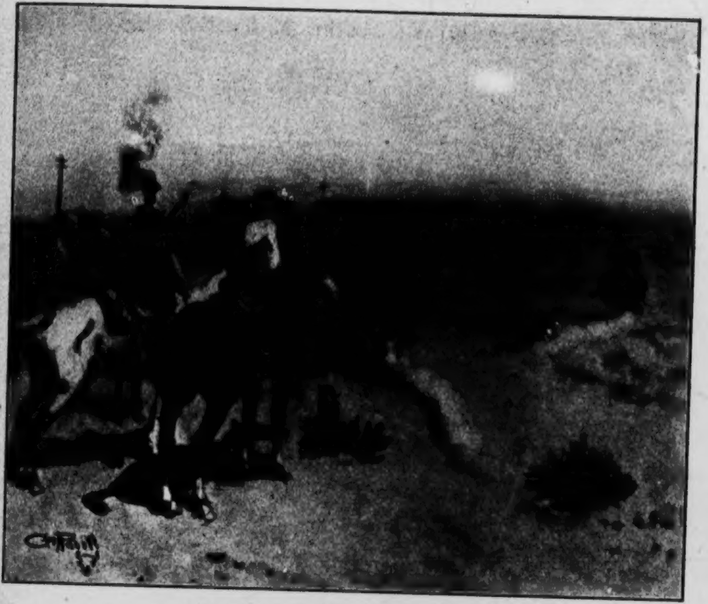
The first enterprise was a pile of lumber, in an impromptu lumber yard, which Pard had shipped there for building purposes, and later he was associated for several years with a man by the name of Wilder until the partner vanished leaving only the debts of the company for Pard.

Theo. Danielson desired to build a general merchandise store, but he first wanted to see a siding of rails to make sure that trains would stop there when once the schedule was established. He and Pard sat down on a lumber pile to talk the matter over, for Theo. wanted more evidence that a town would be built. Its fate was hanging on that siding and just when Pard declared the men would be at work on it inside of twenty-four hours the shrill shriek of an engine rent the air and it was bringing a work-train and crew for that siding. From that hour Pard was the true prophet and his word was as law and gospel on Alkali Flat.

Before the Danielson building was completed Montie B. Gwinn, of Boise, had a general merchandise tent store, and he and his wife kept house in the back of it. Then came Fahy Bros. with a saloon, Bramble and Dickinson with groceries, Coffin Bros., hardware, Little and Blatchley, druggists, Howard Sebree, the banker, Oakes Bros., and many others who responded to the call of commerce followed closely on the trail.

For months we lived over the office and took our meals in a freight car, which was the swell boarding-house of the town.

Hugh Wallace, since son-in-law of the late Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Bench, was the secretary of the Land Company, and his aversion to work was as heretofore noted. There was no way to the street except through the office, and I was often annoyed beyond endurance at the condition of the office when he was alone. At one time when Mr. Strahorn was away with the man who usually cared for the office, I asked Mr. Wallace as I passed through to go out to dinner to sweep the office as it was utterly disreputable. He haughtily raised his head and said: "As secretary of this Land Company I positively decline to sweep this office." Then I said, "When I return, I, as wife of the vice-president and general manager of the company, will do it myself." I never knew whether he did it or not, but it was done when I went back.



The holdup at American Falls

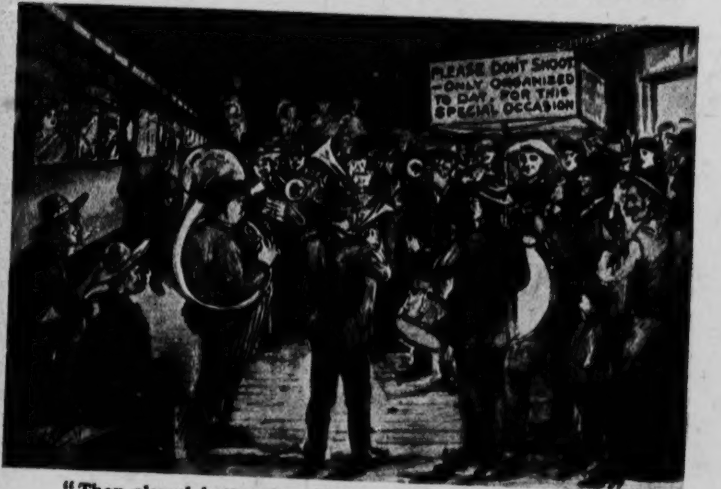
When the railroad company was ready to send trains through from Pocatello to Payette, we escorted an excursion party of one hundred from Ogden to the land of promise, and the party was accompanied by the Ogden Cornet Band. All went merrily until the train had been switched off at Pocatello to the new line westward bound. We had a hint that the train was to be held up at American Falls and the engineer was given orders not to stop there, but to hurry on through. When we neared the Falls station the man at the throttle saw the signal flying to stop the train, and, not knowing what it meant, he slowed down to the station.

Scarcely had he thrust his head out before half a dozen guns were levelled on him and he and the fireman were forced from the cab and bound. The telegraph operator had refused to flag the train, and he was tied with a rope to a telegraph pole with a gag in his mouth, while others of the gang had fastened up the signal which no engineer dare disobey. Pard had given orders to the band boys to keep their seats in the car, but two of their number came back with quaking knees and said: "Them hold-up fellers will kill us all if we don't go out and play," and added, "What'll we do?" Pard said, "Well, I think you better go out, but mind you hold your tempers for that is a bad lot outside."

There were nearly a hundred cowboys who had come from seventy and eighty miles back on the ranges and they were heavily armed, bent on mischief and hearing music. We were in abject fear lest they march us all out to dance to the music or something worse.

A merchant from Wood River looked over the crowd and said he knew their leader, but there was not money enough in all Idaho to tempt him to speak to the fellow if he was drunk. The band boys lined up on the platform and tried to render a few choice selections, but alas! if they could have heard themselves play, I think they had about as soon die as listen.

The leader of the cowboys was a fugitive from justice and was a terror when in his cups. He had been married about six weeks before and "the boys" gave a big dance in honor of the occasion. In treating his many friends he got wildly reckless and everybody knew there was trouble brewing. One rather modest fellow who had recently joined the cowboy ranks, was not a dancer and deeming it an insult to the bride not to dance with her, the newly made husband began shooting at the young fellow's feet to make him dance and the only safety lay in being able to pick up first one foot and then the other in rapid succession as the bullets hit the floor under them. The wife sent an emissary to plead with her husband to stop shooting for her sake. The maddened brain would brook no interferences, and with an oath he turned and shot the intruder through the heart, saying, "Oh, take that for luck." A large reward for his arrest was placarded all over the country, yet he had dared to come from his hiding and halt this train, feeling safety in the number of his followers.



"They played better than Utah's band at American Falls"

Mr. Schilling watched him through the car window for some time and made up his mind that the man was really sober, and said he would make the effort to speak to him, although he realized the danger in doing so. He went outside and waited for the outlaw to see him first and with a friendly nod we saw them enter into a conversation, and saw also with grim and joyous satisfaction that the renegade was a willing listener. He was told that we had U. S. mail aboard, and that some one else on board might know him and report his whereabouts, etc. The seed dropped in good ground, and with a loud yell the desperado turned to the band and said, "Now, give us another tune and give us your best, then go to hell." The meaning was somewhat ambiguous, but with quivering breath and trembling notes they piped out another tune as best they could, and then ran for their car. The engineer and fireman were loosened from their bindings and the throttle of the engine was thrown open in a hurry. As the train started there was a perfect fusillade of bullets flying in the air, and many passengers curled down to the floor between the seats (and I was one of them), for we expected the attacking party to fire right into the cars, but we sped safely away without a tragedy.

I do not mean to infer that all cowboys are outlaws or renegades from justice, but they did have a lot of that kind in those days in southern Idaho.

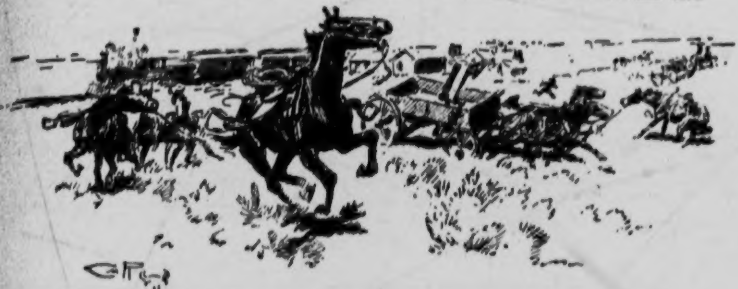
Aside from the holdup for music only, there was an amusing incident at the new junction town of Shoshone. The train halted for some additions to the party, and the enterprising citizens had a band playing. The musicians each had a miner's torch in his hat and one steadied a big banner reading: "Please don't shoot. Only organized to-day for this special occasion. Doing the best we can." We encouraged their efforts by telling them they played much better than Utah's crack band did when they were lined up at American Falls.

It was a gala day for the Boise valley people who gathered to see the first passenger train go through the country, and there were many who that day saw a train for the first time in their lives. Teams were tied all about the town in the sage-brush, and as the great engine came puffing into town the horses broke loose and made a mad rush for the country. Pandemonium reigned and teams and saddle horses left their owners to get home as best they could.

In the afternoon a free excursion was extended to the end of the track, which was near Payette. The number swelled to such magnitude that all kinds of cars were brought into use. Box cars, flat cars, and a caboose, besides the coaches of the excursion train were packed to the limit, and no employe of the road who was with that train will ever forget the anxiety and care of that day. It was a special dispensation of Providence that no one was killed, for never was there more ignorant capering from car to car than by those people who could not be made to realize their liability to death by a single false step. With many it was the first train they had ever seen and the joy of it was like wine to them.

The train could not cross the Payette River as the bridge was not completed, but many of the people crawled across it on the planks laid from stringer to stringer. One James Agnew, who had been one of the drivers on that memorable trip from Camp Hell to Hailey, fell into the swiftly running stream. He wore a long ulster that spread like a parachute when he struck the water which was full of floating ice. He was "spiritously" happy and hampered, and when he was pulled out he was a wetter, wiser, and soberer man, with his vanity left in the stream.

The first Fourth of July was another day that will ever live in the history of that town. The beaux and belles from all the country round were there. Some of the girls who were passing from their teens, tall, lithe, and willowy, wore long sleeved, high necked aprons as long as their dresses; merry eyes peeped from under sunbonnets of various shapes and sizes, and the bit of ribbon as a belt, a sash, or bow for the hair was duplicated in the hat band of the cavalier, who had his trousers tucked in his boot tops. Swinging clasped hands the lovers strolled down the street, oblivious of all else but their own infatuation, eating cakes and popcorn, and looking at all things new with wide open eyes. The day ended with a ball in the schoolhouse, and Pard and I were in duty bound to be there. Inside and out the crowd was dense and noisy. Pard was not a terpsichorean artist, so he could n't have a dance with me, but Jack Wells, the sheriff, came along for the favor which I gladly gave. Jack had been a loyal friend to Pard in checking the wrath of some of the old settlers against the new towns of Idaho. He was a powerfully built



"Teams and saddle horses left their owners to get home as be… they could"

man, tall, broad shouldered, with an unflinching eye, and a shot that never failed. He was always ready for business, and now above the din of the crowd I could hear the clank, clank of his spurs on the schoolroom floor, his heavy cartridge belt was full of gleaming bullets, and a large navy revolver was suspended on each side within easy touch of his hand, while just under his coat I saw the handle of an ugly knife.

As I took his arm he made a way open to the head of the room where we took our places. The musicians were sawing their fiddles with a swaying motion, and tapping the time with their heels; the caller gave the stentorian call to "Saloot yer partners" that might have been heard for a mile in the clear air of the desert. The set for the square dance with its "*à la main* left, ladies change, swing on the corner, and grand right and left, ladies to the right, and so on round" was all done in a space about six feet square. When it was finished Jack said, "I see your 'man' over by the door and I will take you there"; he put one arm around my waist and with the other he waved a command to clear the way that meant no gainsaying, and he fairly carried me to the door and out of it.

But with all of the crudeness, Caldwell was never a bad or a boisterous town, and those same youths and maidens who danced in joy and patriotism after eating their sweets of the day have become the very bone and sinew of that State. They were quick to see their lack of learning, and set to with a will to learn and be of the best in culture and refinement and education. They have made such rapid strides that most of those selfsame celebrators are now occupying positions of the highest honor and trust.

Swain Beatty, the village barber, was made the first justice of the peace, and he had some queer experiences. When the first couple presented themselves to be married, he was at his wits' end to know how to perform the ceremony. He called P. A. Devers to be a witness with Mrs. Beatty. He had never read the marriage service, nor heard it, except when he was himself married. There was no Bible in the house, and when pretending to be looking for one in the presence of the waiting applicants, Mrs. Beatty came in with a grave and dignified face and said she had found it, and handed him her cook book. The judge opened it with due dignity and went on with the union of hearts and hands, and ultimately pronounced them man and wife; then said he would read the prayer in silence instead of aloud as was the usual custom. I was never able to learn definitely whether the silent prayer was for mince pies or doughnuts, but we never ceased comments on the cook-book marriage.

There is charm in building up a town that one cannot put into song, for there would be a sad accompaniment of disappointments that would not catch the public favor, but a pen picture of its ultimate success, with some of its grotesque features and the devious ways to such a pinnacle, will always be hung in a strong light.

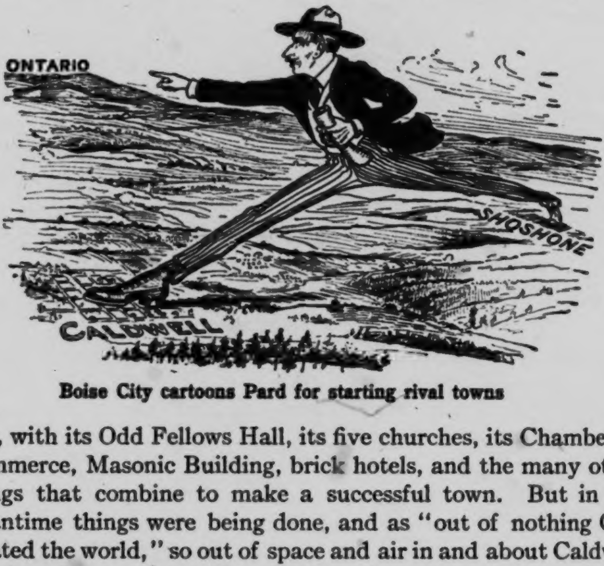
It was late in 1883 that Caldwell came into prominence. It was then the operating terminus of the Oregon Short Line, four hundred and sixty-seven miles from Granger, where it left the main Union Pacific line, and it was yet two hundred and four miles from Caldwell to Meacham, in Oregon, which was the eastern end of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's railway, which gap was yet to be filled to complete rail connection to Portland.

Caldwell was the first railroad town in the Territory to experience anything like a boom, and many conditions were favorable to a good town, not the least of which was its distributing of merchandise to a section of country radiating over two hundred miles. All stages and freight teams made Caldwell a starting-point and work for them began at once.

Irrigating canals were built by the Land Company at great expense over vast areas of land and it was the largest extent of arable land found between Nebraska and Oregon. Likewise the company built roads and bridges, fostered schools and churches, and took the initiative in everything that would encourage the development of the country and growth of the town. The first copy of the *Caldwell Tribune* was run off the press at six A.M., December 9, 1883, by W. J. Cuddy, and presented to me as a souvenir, which has been carefully preserved.

The bitter rivalry between Caldwell and Boise continued, if they were thirty miles apart. Boise offered the Union Pacific company sixty thousand dollars toward a branch road to be run in across the hill from Kuna, a station fifteen miles east of Caldwell, but it was met with the reply that if any road was built to Boise it would necessarily go up the valley from Caldwell. That incident only made the Boiseites more bitter. The feeling grew so strong against Pard that they left no stone unturned for his derision, and in an indignation meeting and street parade given because of being left off the railroad, they flaunted a huge banner depicting Pard as stepping from one townsite to another on the line of the railroad and pointing to still another town, while a smile of satisfaction illuminated his features. It was positively so funny, yet so realistic, that it helped him more than it hurt him, for it proved the success of his steps of which they were so much afraid.

It was nearly five years before Caldwell put on cosmopolitan airs, with its Odd Fellows Hall, its five churches, its Chamber of Commerce, Masonic Building, brick hotels, and the many other things that combine to make a successful town. But in the meantime things were being done, and as "out of nothing God created the world," so out of space and air in and about Caldwell people and houses came into existence from somewhere, and they grew and multiplied quite in a different way from a Leadville or a Hailey.



Boise City cartoons Pard for starting rival towns

An agricultural town has not the vim, rush, and whoop of a mining town, and things are done in a different way. Money comes hard and goes hard, and it has to be earned several times over before one gets it in his hand. There never was a more forbidding country than the section around Caldwell in the summertime before water transformed it into an orchard and a rose garden. The alkali dust was ankle deep, the wild grass looked like old hay, the jack-rabbits and coyotes cavorted about the sage-brush, and desolation was rife.

There were many nights when our house was surrounded by coyotes howling as only a coyote can howl, every one making more noise than three or four dogs, and though one may know they are not dangerous like the gray wolf of the woods, he can't help feeling a dread of them when they are so numerous.

The tongue has slain its thousands as well as the sword, and Caldwell was not without its venomous kind, and they did not all belong to that left wing of Price's army either. Among others there was a money lender, who was a veritable Merchant of Venice. He despised all who did not have to borrow from him, and made life a veritable Hades for all who did. He kept every one who owed him a dollar under a ban of surveillance that was intolerable. More than once he followed a mother who was wheeling her baby in a new, or even a second-hand perambulator, berating her all along the street for buying those little wheels of comfort when her husband owed him money.

That he received his interest made no difference; he considered it only in the light that they were spending his money. If such a woman had a new dress or a new hat, he always knew it, and would even go to her home and scold her for her extravagance and terrify her to tears before he would go chuckling home. It was no wonder God took his children or put it into their heads to find other homes.

The usurer was not the only evil spirit of the town with the poisonous asp on his lips; but if the tongue can destroy, it can also give forth comfort, cool and sweet. It can be like a harp full of melody; it can weave an armour against enemies and allay sorrows as nothing else can. It is through speech and association that souls are revealed to one another, and banding women together in active Christian service was not only for the good they might do for the town, but for an individual help in the interchange of thoughts and experiences. A new home on Alkali Flat, without a tree, a blade of grass, or water to make them grow, a place to shelter one's family without comforts or conveniences, and without depots of supplies where the needful things could be bought; the care of children and the exacting household duties with the three meals a day, and the white poison ash sifting into every nook and corner, were not conditions to make women happy or contented. Homesickness is one of the most formidable of diseases to contend against, and only the hope of bettering one's worldly condition could make such a life even tolerable.

In the building of the town of Hailey in Idaho, and some other towns of the Oregon Short Line, life was a constant joy. Water was plentiful and green hills surrounded the townsite, making outdoor life an exhilaration, and indoor life, in that cool, pure atmosphere, was void of all the irritating natural conditions of Caldwell's location. Yet life on Alkali Flat was not all gloom. There were diversions from the very beginning even if some were pretty rough. I recollect that while our little sunnyside cottage was being built we returned from a short trip to Hailey to find a horse race in full swing on our level grounds, and the unfinished structure being used for the pool room.

It may have been that pathetic need of sympathy that drew the women of Caldwell together so easily into the Presbyterian organization, for it was soon composed of representatives of widely diversified beliefs, but with the will to work that became the envy of many an established church in other towns. The Presbyterian Society was organized in October, 1885, for the purpose of building a church, and to encourage social intercourse, to preserve harmony and create a more homelike feeling among the ladies. There never was a Presbyterian missionary in the town. It was a voluntary enterprise without precedent in the history of the Presbyterian Church.

> "To be in Heaven sure is a blissful thing,
> But, Atlas-like, to prop Heaven on one's back
> Cannot but be more labor than delight."

It looked like a stupendous effort in a town of only a few hundred people to attempt to build a church and pay for it when dollars were few and came hard, and one who became the most earnest worker in the church society was so doubtful of success that she said she did not want to go about the rest of her life with a church on her back.

There is nothing more important or more valuable to prevent brooding and homesickness than work, something to keep the mind employed with congenial effort, and she with many others worked with a will that was richly rewarded. The first officers elected were: Mrs. Robert E. Strahorn, president; Mrs. George Little, vice-president; Mrs. Gibson, secretary, and Mrs. Meacham, treasurer. Mrs. Henry D. Blatchley was the only other member at its organization, and after the first season she was made secretary, and said officers remained practically unchanged until the dedication of the church in 1889.

It took two years to get five hundred dollars in the bank, and that was raised by concerts, socials, fairs, and dinners that meant much work for a few in those anxious days. The membership of the society increased until it seemed as if the little community was bent on that one success. The merchants and all business men gave liberally when the work assumed shape. And not until the contract was finally let for the building was a correspondence started with the Home Mission Society of New York for aid and a minister. In the course of time a young graduate of a Pittsburg Theological Seminary was sent out with his bride. His name was William James Boone, and he came to Caldwell by going first to Boise and consulting with Rev. J. H. Barton about the Caldwell field. It came near being disastrous. Rev. Barton was against the good work from the very first. He said the work in Caldwell was without precedent, it could n't be carried out successfully, and should not be persisted in. No one was pleased to see the ministers arrive together. However, they were hospitably entertained and the work explained to the new pastor in all its details. Every one rejoiced at his arrival and the help it would bring. The next morning they appeared at our home to say that the Rev. Boone had decided not to remain. The world seemed to whirl at this unlooked-for humiliation to the band of women and citizens who had struggled to complete the good work, and it thrilled my very soul.

It required but a moment to control my voice, when it carried a tone of conviction not to be misunderstood. I said, "If that is your decision, Rev. Boone, let me tell you that the work stops right where it is, and the building as it stands will be for sale at once. If you, as a minister of the Gospel, cannot take up this work that has been prepared for you, and that a few women without missionary help have pushed so near to completion, if you have not the moral courage to take it up, then we will surrender to Rev. Barton, who has ever discouraged this enterprise. The building will be for sale to-morrow."

The eyes of the man kindled with more interest than he had before manifested, and when he was further assured that he was shattering the religious hopes of the community, and that he would be branded as one lacking the courage of his faith, he turned to me with a new light in his eye, and holding out his hand to seal the compact, said: "Mrs. Strahorn, I will remain and take up this work." He did remain, and no community was ever blessed with a better or more helpful man than Rev. Boone.

His life has been a constant sacrifice to his work. He has never shirked a duty but assumed many that he should not have shouldered, and his untiring efforts made him the hero of the town. There never was a prouder man when the church was dedicated. He was popular with old and young alike; in musical and literary circles he shone like a star. Through his unfaltering courage and unexampled persistence, with the aid of Montie B. Gwinn, Howard Sebree, Sherman Coffin, George Little, H. D. Blatchley, Robert E. Strahorn, and a few other generous donors, the Caldwell College was started, and it is now with an endowment of several hundred thousand dollars, an institution of which Idaho is justly proud.

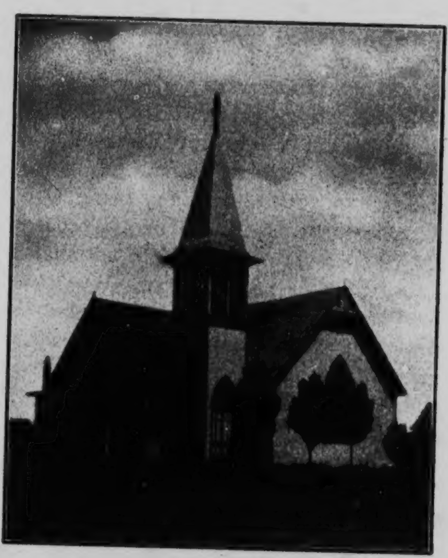
"The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie."

Time heals many wounds, and as Rev. Boone labored on to successful issue with his little band, the man from Boise was often heard to say he wished he had some workers in his church like unto Rev. Boone's, and finally it came about that the cares of church and college were too great for one man, when Rev. Barton became the established pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Caldwell, while Prof. Boone has since given his time, his energy, and earnings to such development of the college that it stands as an honor to the whole Northwest.

At the first Caldwell church fair there was a museum of arts, and the man in charge of that department asked if he might have a fellow help him who wanted to get something to eat. The man was brought in and put to work, and later Pard got a job for the hungry lad in the printing-office. This same hungry boy saw his opportunity and worked with a will and with such deep laid thoughts that he sent for his favorite brother Frank. They worked up and kept pace with the growing country and became two of the most prominent men in the State, being none less than the late Frank Steunenberg, Governor of Idaho, who was so cruelly murdered, and A. K. Steunenberg, the banker, who died soon after the noted governor. They ultimately owned and edited the *Caldwell Tribune* for many years before branching out into larger lines of usefulness, and were men to honor and trust under all circumstances.

A rehearsal for a concert took place one evening at the unfinished church after prayer meeting, when the male singers would be out of the stores. The night was very cold and the devotees at the prayer meeting had gathered around the stove for greater comfort while conducting the services.

About nine o'clock two gay singers started for the church, supposing that prayer meeting had long since closed. Unfortunately for them the meeting was in full session and the minister, who was standing in the midst of the small congregation, was interrupted in the midst of a sentence by the door being thrown open and a cheery "Ah there" from the unsuspecting visitors. "Old place looks rather natural," was the next break made by one of the precious pair. "Yes," replied the other, as he waltzed up toward the minister, "Say, I believe I will wear this for a part of my costume at the concert," and he held up the garment to full view, "but what 's the matter with you people; say something,



"A voluntary enterprise without precedent in the history of the Presbyterian Church"

can't you?" Just then the true condition of the situation dawned upon them, and they sank blushingly into chairs, while the congregation chewed their gloves and hymn books, and a suspicion of a smile played around the corners of the minister's mouth, as he said: "We will close the meeting by singing hymn number twenty-four."

It required a great deal of coaxing to get any music out of the boys that night, and they have never been allowed to forget the incident. When the church was built there was a stage made across one end that we might give such concerts and other entertainments as were appropriate for our church work.

I gladly give this public credit to all the dear people who helped to make the town of Caldwell, which to-day is such a pride and credit to southern Idaho. The alkali has been washed away, green swards surround every home, swaying branches of magnificent trees sweep the housetops, orchards are laden with fruits, and electric railways traverse the distance to the now friendly city of Idaho's State Capital.

There are seven or eight churches there now instead of one, and the population reaches into the thousands; the child has matured an honor to its State, it is a county seat, a centre of education and literary work, with a happy, prosperous, and ambitious people.

We are, no doubt, unknown to most of the residents there at the present day, but we watch with parental pride the gradual development into a city with all the attributes and refinement of a thoroughly trained and disciplined offspring. It is like a self-made man, risen from poverty and ashes through education and hard work to a place among the best.

In the fall of '83 a curious incident happened while en route East in charge of a young relative who had been visiting with us. We reached Denver without anything unusual happening, and our train pulled out over the Kansas Pacific for Chicago in the early evening. We were in high spirits over the good time we had enjoyed in Denver, and as we passed from the dining-car back into the sleeper the train gave a lurch that threw my purse out of my hand. It contained not only money but trunk checks, bank checks, and all my railroad passes, which were many, my Pullman pass included. The conductor stopped the train as soon as he could be notified and backed up about three miles to the spot where the purse went off. The train crew with lanterns turned out to find it, but made a vain search.

The train could not be delayed longer and we were dropped off at a station some thirty miles from where the purse was lost as it was the first point where we could get lodgings. The morning train was to take us back to Magnolia. We were obliged to sleep at a section house and be ready at six A.M. When the train came rolling in the conductor had full instructions to carry us back to Magnolia and there get the section men to go with the handcar some three or four miles to the spot. Being penniless, the conductor ordered a good breakfast for us in the dining-car, so we were ready for the search. We alighted at Magnolia only to learn that the section men with the car had already gone in an opposite direction. It was raining and the prospect was dismal indeed. The conductor had been advised regarding some tramps on the track who were being watched and who were to be arrested if the purse was not found. There was not a soul left in Magnolia but the telegraph operator. I begged for the loan of a revolver, as the young lady and myself were confronted with the necessity of patrolling the track for that three or four miles, and I wanted the gun for fear we might meet those tramps.

We scanned the track and embankment closely and had the locality in sight when along came a prince with a fine carriage and a span of gray horses, and he called out to learn our trouble and lend assistance. Although much fatigued we strenuously declined his aid and as we saw him reluctantly leaving us I feared I had been too severe in declining the kind offer to wait and carry us back to the station.

He had not gone far when my eye lit on the treasure we were seeking, and we gave such glad shouts of triumph that our Prince came back. Some of the gold-pieces and the trunk check had rolled out, but everything was found close by or about half way down the embankment.

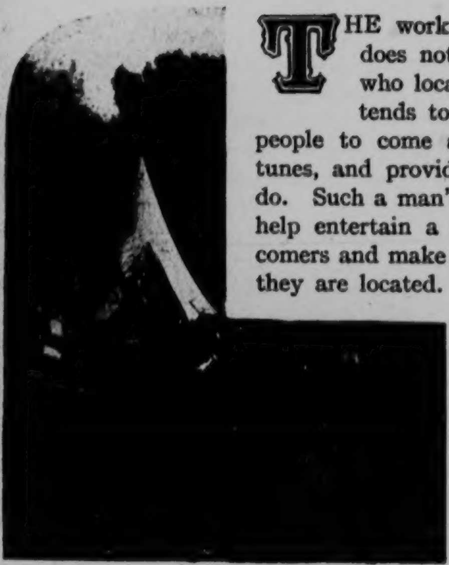
We had telegraphed to Denver for a carriage to be sent after us for there was no train out from Magnolia until late in the afternoon, but our Prince, Mr. Malony, a cattle king, who was on his way to Denver, insisted on promoting our speedy return to Denver by riding with him until we met friends coming for us. Mr. Malony had just finished a fine house on his ranch and was to give a large dancing party there the next night to which he extended us a cordial invitation, but I concluded it was best to hurry my young cousin home to her mother before the mutual admiration that was so suddenly engendered should become more serious.

She has often told me that I spoiled the best romance of her life when I would not allow her to go to Prince Malony's ball.

An opening for any one—big or little—all welcome.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

POT-POURRI



THE work of building a town does not all fall on the man who locates the townsite, attends to titles, advertises for people to come and make their fortunes, and provides work for men to do. Such a man's wife is obligated to help entertain a number of the newcomers and make them contented until they are located. In Caldwell, where all nature, except the sunny skies, was forbidding, where there were no trees or grass, no hotel, no place but saloons for young men, no public place where a palatable meal was served, and withal no servants to be had, it meant a pull in the domestic harness that required a strong heart, a head to plan, and willing hands to execute.

Caldwell was only one town of the many in our nursery, and at the time we kept house in Hailey we also had an establishment in Caldwell and Denver. One unacquainted with the extensiveness of such affairs cannot understand the amount of travelling it required to keep up the work. Even though we had a home it was but temporarily occupied. Titles had to be established that involved many hot and protracted legal fights, and required several trips to Washington, D. C.; there were new counties to be carved out; county seats to be moved and other political work to be done; carload after carload of supplies to be bought; lumber, hardware, groceries, etc.; roads to make; canals and bridges to build; houses to be erected, and an endless chain of other requirements, besides the regular railroad, literary, and advertising work. The trips from one town to another were tedious, dusty, and irksome, and in most unseemly hours. Often we left Caldwell at 9:30 A.M. and did not reach Shoshone until midnight on a mixed train, when the time now is only four or five hours. We made it with the Union Pacific paymaster once in four hours, and on the way some boys tried to wreck the train. They placed a rod across the track in such a way as to throw the train into Snake River, but the danger was discovered by Roadmaster Frank Olmstead in time to prevent the disaster, and the two boys were caught in Caldwell. The older one kept wishing aloud for his "44" to blaze his way out of the court room; he was assuredly a degenerate, and had doubtless been reading of Slade's life in Montana.

The one train for Hailey left Shoshone at 6:30 in the morning, and if one overslept he had to wait and fight it out with old Morpheus the next morning. In 1883 and 1884 besides having a home in three towns we also had rooms fitted up in Shoshone so we could be more comfortable there. In '84, we travelled seven thousand miles in five weeks. Once on our way from Caldwell to Hailey Pard picked up something from the floor of the car and looked at it so curiously that I asked him what it was. He replied it was the elixir of life, and showed me the top of a baby's bottle. "Good!" I cried. "Save it and give it to Caldwell while it is teething!"

Pullman sleepers were not put on the Oregon Short Line until December 1, 1884; then there was direct connection through to Portland by changing cars at Huntington for an Oregon Railway and Navigation train, and by ferrying across the Willamette River from East Portland, and the time between Omaha and Portland was shortened thirty hours.

In '85 we gave up the Denver residence, and for a time the house in Hailey, and lived on a homestead claim on the outskirts of Caldwell. While there Pard helped to organize an Odd Fellows Lodge. He never had been a member of any organization, and he told me in all sincerity that he would be home about ten o'clock. He was out so seldom that I had a dainty little supper ready for him at eleven, as I knew he could not be home before that time, but I waited until twelve o'clock, and he did not come. Coyotes held a wild carnival all around the house. To be nearly a mile from a neighbor, with those sounds ringing in one's ears, and closing in about the house, made me wonder if they were as timid at night as they were in the daytime, and if perchance they had not already made away with Pard. I called to mind all the dreadful threats that had been made against him by the Boise people, who were so enraged because of the town of Caldwell springing into rivalry, until I could endure the suspense no longer.

One o'clock came and one thirty, and still he was not there; the dainty supper was spoiled and forgotten. There was no telephone, and no way of communicating with the town, so at two o'clock I hastily dressed, lit the lantern, and with my trusty revolver started out for town. The way was as black as an underground passage; the coyotes yelped and barked, but fell back from the path as I scanned every foot of the rough highway. I thought of all the things the Boiseites and old Weiserites had threatened to do to Pard, and held myself with a stern grip as I thought of crossing the Canyon Creek bridge that lay between our place and town. It was a desolate, lonely place to pass at any time, and I wondered what would happen now. When well on my way, trying to conceal my light, except as I turned it upon the trail, I suddenly heard footsteps away down by the bridge. Sound carried a long way in that vibrant air, and I stopped and listened to learn which way the person was going, for aside from the howling wolves and an occasional hooting owl, there was not another sound to break the pall of silence. Yes! yes! I was sure it was Pard's footsteps, and covering my light still closer I ran back to the house as fast and lightfooted as I could in the dark. As I neared our gate I stumbled and fell into the ditch, which "was not as wide as a barn door nor as deep as a well" but the water in it was as wet as the ocean. My light was put out but I splashed about and got onto my feet again, thinking a lot of unutterables about lodges and things, and, soaked to the skin, rushed on to the house. The keyhole had apparently been moved and the key was forever finding the right place. I heard the footsteps coming nearer. The lantern was sent skipping out the back door; I doffed my hat and had just thrown my wet gown out of sight when I heard Pard's familiar knock. As I hastily threw on a robe and opened the door, he said he knew I was up and waiting, for he saw the open door as he came along the road, and then he upbraided himself for staying away so long. He put his arm around me and noticed that my hair was wet and my heart was thumping like a steam engine. I explained that I had had water on my head, and as I was not quite sure who was coming it frightened me a little. I did not tell him anything about my anxious night until one evening when we were in Chicago with a number of friends who were begging for some of my western experiences, and I told them of "the night my husband joined the lodge." When I had finished no one was more surprised than Pard himself, and he came over to me and said: "Well, by thunder, wife, I'll never do that thing again." I was not surprised at the hour of his return when I knew the circumstances, and he himself learned some things about lodge initiations that were new and lasting. I learned the next day after the adventure why the coyotes were so very bad that night. We had a pedigreed short-horn cow die that day, and she had been buried with a good deal of ceremony and regret. The coyotes scented the prey and dug up the carcass, holding high mass, with a banquet of their own, and whether the poor old cow will rise at resurrection time as a cow or a coyote is an unanswered question.

"The coyotes scented the prey"

One evening in Caldwell, two Union Pacific officials on a trip West had spent the evening with us and as they went out of the gate they mistook the glimmering water in that selfsame ditch into which I had stumbled, for the walk. The two made a leap at the same instant, and both went into the water. When they reached town in their baptismal clothes they were told there was no use in telling that they came from Strahorn's, for no one ever came from there in that condition, and they left town on a night train with unsavory reputations. No one down town knew who they were, but we never let them forget the impression they left with our dear people.

We were so far out of town and away from neighbors that my revolver was always kept within reach. It became a familiar saying at our door when any one came unexpectedly after night, "It is I, Mrs. Strahorn, don't shoot!"

One day a tramp came to the lattice door at the back of the house; it was locked only with a simple catch. I stood just inside the kitchen door and held our dog by the collar, and asked the tramp what he wanted. That dog was a full-blooded degenerate, who would kiss and caress every tramp and never make a noise, but when well-dressed people approached the house he was ready to "eat 'em alive." I held the dog by the collar, as if he would be some help in defence if he were let loose. But I think the fellow must have been around there before and knew that he had a friend in the mongrel, for he quickly replied to me that he wanted to come in. When I said he could not come in, he used an oath or two and said he would come in, and at the same time threw his weight against the light door that sprung open. I whipped out the revolver, and when he recovered his equilibrium he was looking straight into the barrel of it. I gave him five seconds to get out and over the fence, and said I would shoot him on sight if he came back. I never before saw a man run so fast, and I followed him out and fired a couple of shots in the air lest he doubt my sincerity.

The first time we went to a church service in Caldwell an old farmer living in the valley was the orator of the day. He mentioned us by name three times in his discourse. Once he said he saw Mr. Strahorn in his congregation and several other intelligent men; he did not say what he thought of the rest of us. The men and women sat on different sides of the room; women nursed their babies and gave them other lunches, and all the care of a nursery; the preacher's boots were thick with dust, and he was a bad object lesson of tidiness for the young men before him. One woman brought a rocking chair and crooned to her baby all through the service. Some of the women took off their hats and wraps and made themselves quite at home.

Our home had an open door for most of the young men of the town, and there was scarcely an evening of the week that some of them were not there. They knew they would get some good coffee, doughnuts, and sandwiches, and perhaps ice-cream and cake. One or two or more of them with other townspeople were always expected for a Sunday dinner, and a l the influence that we had was exerted to keep the single men from saloons and bad company. Many new people were brought over for dinner or supper; sometimes it would be a man and wife, and sometimes a family of six or seven.

"It meant chickens in the pot, cakes in the oven, and bread in the pan"

If Pard was away he might wire that he would be home the next morning at six o'clock with four or five house guests. That meant chickens in the pot, cakes in the oven, bread in the pan, to an unlimited degree. In season there was fruit to preserve, pickles to make, jellies to be boiled, conserves to be mixed and cooked, bottled, labelled, and stored on call. I had to be ready for calls at all hours of the day, to take friends and strangers for a drive, and be prepared to go with Pard whenever it was possible. I often wonder now how I ever did it.

There were sick ones to visit, church affairs to attend, concerts, socials, and fairs. Canyon County had its twenty-fifth anniversary of its first county fair in October, 1907. As we, almost alone, put the first fair through successfully a quarter of a century before, the townspeople of Caldwell, where the fair is annually held, sent us a pressing invitation to be there at the jubilee, and it was a disappointment to all that we had to send regrets. The first fair was a sort of a festival to celebrate the organization of the new Canyon County, that had been taken from Ada County, and which Boise City had tried to prevent at an expense of twenty thousand dollars.

One day Pard went from Caldwell to North Powder, Oregon, a few miles west of Baker City, for some lumber. He dined that evening at the home of the lumberman from whom he was buying and there were several other guests present. During dinner the conversation turned upon Mrs. Abigail Dunniway, the Woman's Rights leader of Oregon, and a number of uncomplimentary remarks were made. During the evening, after one or two of the guests had gone, Mrs. Dunniway herself called. She was attired in a handsome blue silk dress, a sealskin cloak, kid gloves, a dainty bonnet, and a carried large fan. After the introductions, for she was a stranger and an uninvited guest, there were a few pleasantries between herself and the other guests; then she surprised them by taking a position by a stand and producing some notes from a dainty hand-bag. She glanced around the room and noted that every one was expecting to be bored and was wiggling in his chair and thinking of some avenue of escape, but she gave them no chance, and began talking at once. She repeated every remark that had been made about her at the dinner, which threw the party into a strangely humiliating mood. Then she retaliated most facetiously upon each one who had talked about her. They were kept in a roar of laughter for more than an hour, when, without ceremony, she removed her bonnet and wig and revealed an impostor, a guest who had retired soon after the dinner, but whom none but the host had recognized in the charming personator of Mrs. Dunniway.

The whereabouts of that eastern Oregon lumber purchased by Pard on that trip is still somewhat of a mystery. As this was his first important commercial venture since his newsboy days, he is a little tender on the subject yet. It did n't rain at Caldwell for a year. This peculiar brand of lumber could n't stand the merciless heat and sirocco winds, which shrivelled every vulnerable thing. Some said the lumber had simply shrunk to slivers, and others that it had warped itself all over the Snake River desert, because it was well known that an ex-cowboy was kept busy herding the twisting and wriggling boards and timbers inside the limits of Alkali Flat. One thing Pard does know, that, owing to direful reports he got while on a business trip to Washington, D. C., he sent Uncle Billy Emmert to investigate and report, with the following startling result:

> "DEAR BOB:
>
> "You have a lumber yard without any lumber; a few accounts receivable for lumber sold, which I am advised you might as well forget, and a fine big stack of bills payable for lumber bought, amounting to $11,740.23, which I guess you will have to pay, as I understand your partner has skipped the country.
>
> Yours with sympathy,
>
> "UNCLE BILL."

The winter of '84 and '85 was made a joyous one by having my father and mother with us for a few months. Two cousins were to come with them, and we looked forward to happiness too great to express. One of my sisters, Dr. H. E. Lacy, had followed the profession of our dear old father, and had graduated in the spring of '84 at the Woman's Medical College in Chicago, then spent several months under our sunny skies. Now that she had gone back to her professional work the loneliness was dispelled by this new anticipation.

We met our guests in Ogden and took them first to the great Mormon city. My father was a man of six feet two, broad shouldered, and of fine physique, whose average weight was about two hundred and forty pounds, and he attracted not a little attention by his fine proportions and dignified appearance. He and Pard were strolling along the streets of Zion, when a Mormon woman with nearly a baker's dozen of children surrounded my father. She grabbed and squeezed and kissed his hand, and called him the dear Bishop, while the children embraced his legs, coat tails, and other points of vantage. She would not be persuaded that it was a case of mistaken identity and said no one need think that she did not know her own dear Bishop. It was not until a motley crowd had gathered around them that they could break away from her tearful persistence. Father said he would have enjoyed the joke on himself if the children had only been clean, but they were all an unsightly, if not an ungodly lot, and he was ready to leave the town before there was a repetition of the scene.

There are many incidents of that winter of which I have but little record. Having the home people with me, the regular chronicle of events was not written and stored away with mother's treasures, to come to light again at this late date. But there was one man and wife at our church fair who, if they did not live in a shoe, had more children than they knew what to do with, the latest being a pair of healthy twins which they insisted that we must take. And surely parents never tried more persistently to dispose of their offspring, in a week of untiring effort.

Some of our pioneer friends of Caldwell

One condition in Caldwell greatly distressed my mother then and as long as we remained in the town. A lone crazy man lived about a mile out beyond us, and he passed our house several times a day. He always carried a rifle, and with a high-keyed voice incessantly poured out a volley of oaths that should have made him tremble. He never came to the house and I never felt much afraid of him, but I did feel that he should be taken care of. The last I knew of him he was still living in the same old way and repeating the same old volley.

An old travelling preacher took dinner with us one day, and as he bowed his head to return thanks for our frugal meal, we were somewhat surprised to hear him say: "O Lord, Adam sinned by eating and Noah sinned by drinking; keep us from the wickedness of the one and the folly of the other, Amen." It reminded me of the Rev. A. P. Mead, who had been a frequent visitor at my father's home, and on one occasion, as he dropped in unexpectedly at lunch time, he took his place at the home table, where he was always a welcome guest. He had a very strong dislike for some eatables, and the day in question he fairly raced through his table blessing and closed it by saying, "for Christ's sake, Sister Green, please put this cheese on the other end of the table." He even neglected to say "Amen," and when we raised our eyes he was holding the plate of cheese at arm's length.

At Christmas time a sage tree cut from our own ranch was used for a Christmas tree; it was at least unique, and added a little novelty to the day. Christmas is a day we love to keep exclusively for the family, and I only asked a couple of outsiders to share our pleasure. I was wholly unprepared to receive a scathing letter from one whom I had met but a few times, scoring me soundly for leaving her and her family out of my Christmas arrangements. If she wanted to spoil my Christmas, she fully succeeded, but she did not make me change my plans.

Not less than two thousand trees were set out in Caldwell in one year after the irrigating ditches were made to bring in the life-giving sustenance for them. Great canals were built, bringing water on to thousands of acres of sun-dried lands and giving life to the earth's parched lips, that were made to smile in green fields and orchard blooms. Whenever the alkali was drained out, the soil was rich, deep, and fertile. But no one can imagine the trouble that camps on the trail of an irrigating canal. It looks like such a refreshing, innocent joy as it glistens and glides on through the thirsty land, and so it was when it stayed in its bed, but that was a land of badgers, and in a single unguarded night they would dig a hole in the bank and turn the whole stream into some one's house or garden, or flood the wrong territory and empty the ditch. Farmers and townspeople alike were greedy for equal share, and many a night a secreted watchman laid his hand on a meddler of the head gate. Those irrigating ditches make more thrilling history for a locality than a railroad.

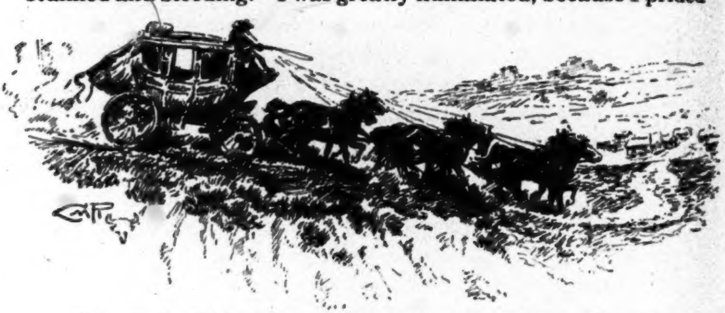
Five hundred shade trees were set out around our modest little home, and likewise bordered the walk to the town, nearly a mile away. In the orchard there was such marvellous growth that the first year of fruit bearing brought two matured crops of apples.

Caldwell was active in spreading her arms for commerce, and when Silver City, seventy-five miles away, advertised for help to build a telegraph line to the town giving the most help, it incited a rivalry between the towns of Boise, Caldwell, Mountain Home, and struggling Nampa that was unique and exciting.

Silver City was the home of the famous Delamar, who had taken such wealth from mother-earth and laid it at the feet of the New York beauty who proceeded to make him the notorious man of the hour. Silver City made Delamar, but Delamar forgot Silver City. It often happens in this life that we forget the sources from which prosperity springs for us.

The new wire line meant the acquisition of a mail, stage, and freight line for the successful bidder, and there was scheming that boded a bitter fight. The sealed bids were opened in Silver City on a given day, with ample representation from each hopeful town. Boise was a determined bidder, bound to win at any cost, but she wanted a telephone line, and made the mistake of offering $2500 for the telephone instead of the telegraph. Caldwell's bid was second, with only $1050 for the telegraph line. It looked for a time as if Boise was going to get it, but the Caldwell delegation insisted there was no call for a telephone bid, and demanded that Caldwell's bid be accepted, and after some exciting parley Caldwell got the wire. Then the Caldwellites chartered the stage and went home. They would not allow any other delegates on board, so the defeated parties had to wait there in the mountain town another twenty-four hours. It was the first day of April, in 1887, and when the Caldwellites reached home they telegraphed to Boise that Caldwell was beaten, which made Nampa and Boise get up a big celebration of bonfires, cannons, red lights, and speeches, but there was much humiliation when they learned the next day of the April fool joke that had been perpetrated on them, and the jubilee that Caldwell was having on April second.

I did a little celebrating myself that day, as it was Pard's little speech that won the day for Caldwell, and while waiting for him to come home from town I amused myself by shooting jack-rabbits with my revolver; I rested my elbow on my knee for a steadier aim, and as I pulled the trigger the gun kicked back into my face, broke the lens of my glass, and cut two rather deep holes in my cheek. It was a narrow escape for an eye. Pard was close to the gate as I fired, and he hurried on to find me stunned and bleeding. I was greatly humiliated, because I prided myself on my marksmanship, but he told me that I must have shot with my game eye, because I hit the rabbit all right. It was such a rare thing for him to make a pun on any of my weaknesses that we were rejuvenated by a good laugh.

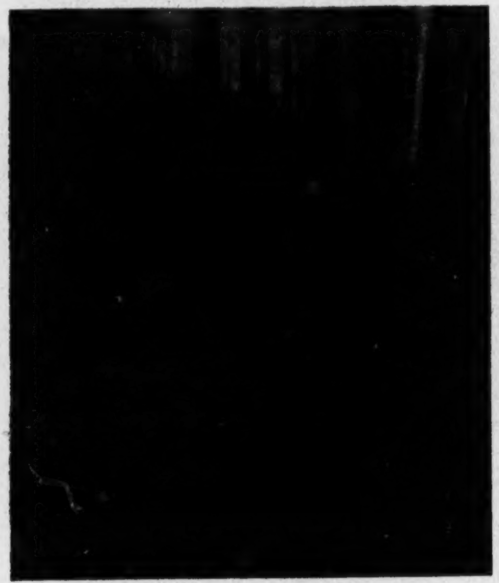


"Then the Caldwellites chartered the stage and went home"

The only other time that I was shot (?) was when Pard was at Mountain Home and I in Caldwell. He had gone there to have a settlement with a man noted for his quarrelsome disposition, and who handled a gun without regard to results on slight provocation. I went to sleep praying for Pard's safety, and compelling myself to believe that all would be well, but I was suddenly awakened a few hours later by a shot that seemed to strike me, or the headboard of the bed; I stretched myself about but could not discover that I myself was shot. I ran my hand over the headboard, but felt no break in the smooth surface. Not another sound penetrated through the awful silence. I was alone but I did not want to call for help until I knew what was happening. Then came the sickening remembrance of stories that I had heard and read of people who had "heard shots fired" and "seen things" that were happening a long distance off. All fear of any danger for myself left me, and I felt my way along in the dark to the window for a breath of air. The night was stifling and hot; not the slightest breeze came in at the wide open window, but as I put out my hand to open the screen and look about my hand suddenly struck against the glass. I knew at once that the gunshot was only the falling of that window, and my shadow thoughts flew away when I again raised the sash. I looked for no more spooks or gun holes, and Pard came home in fine spirits on the morning train.

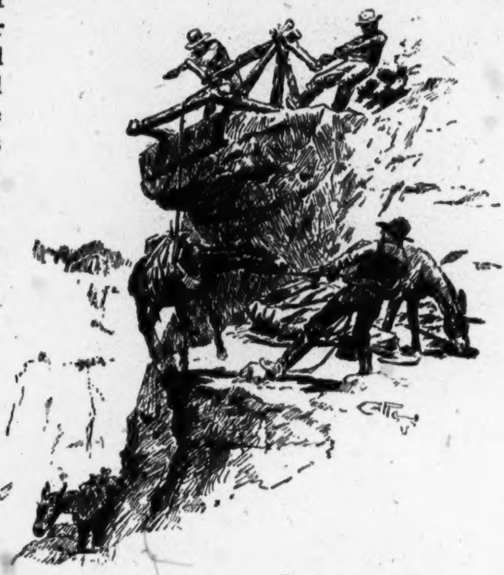
Some seasons no two successive letters would be sent home from the same place, because so many affairs called Pard away to other towns of the syndicate or to Portland, Salt Lake, Denver, Omaha, or farther east. It seemed as if we were ever to be migratory birds, only birds had the advantage of us, because they lived in the branches of the trees, and we—well, we lived in the trunks. It makes me tired even now when I think of the weight of fatigue we often labored under in belonging to the rolling stock of the Union Pacific Railway Company.

One summer we left the hot Boise valley for a camping trip on the head waters of the Weiser River, a hundred and twenty-five miles away, among the hot springs of the Little Salmon River. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. James Clement of Ontario, Hon. A. K. Steunenberg, Hon. P. A. Devers, Mr. Henry Dorman, Pard, and myself from Caldwell; we also had several helpers and a Chinese cook. The first night out the cook ran away, but we drove on to Emmettsville for breakfast, and incidentally to hunt a new cook, but just as we were getting a bit discouraged in the quest, China John came in sight, with his blankets on his shoulders, declaring that we had run away from him. It mattered not who had run away, he was there and stayed close in camp thereafter. The country was beautiful and grew more majestic as we climbed up into the mountains. The little travelled road led through thirty-one fords of the Weiser River. Its bed was full of rocks and big boulders and at the seventeenth crossing the front axle of the camp wagon broke amidstream, and a messenger had to go back twenty miles to get a wagon to carry the load ashore, while another messenger made a two days' trip to bring a new axle. The only bridge on the road was so bad that one of the horses went through it and only strategic work saved the animal from being killed. Then we got off the road late one afternoon with the alternative of going over a steep mountain with teams and loads, or going back and making a circuit of ten miles on good road. Old mountaineers as we were we chose the unwise way of a new route in a strange country, and we had an unforgettable time of it. We reached the summit without very serious trouble, but the other side was nearly twice as steep, making a perilous journey down to the valley road. The horses were unhitched and led circuitously, the wagon was unloaded, and the outfit rolled down those three thousand almost perpendicular feet as if on a toboggan, and the wagon and carriages were let down with ropes, with all the men acting as brake blocks to hold them steady. We had been told that there was a cabin about a mile up the valley where we could have a good hot supper, so some went ahead that it might be waiting for the others as a reward for a strenuous afternoon. But the only sign of life about that cabin was an old gray cat. Padlocks were on the doors, and from what we could see through the windows it was not an inviting place to dine in. On going back to see our inside and outside comforts rolled down the mountain, it looked as if we might live on "Hibernian confusion" for some days, and it was eleven o'clock at night before



"Pat Devers escapes a warm hug"

John Chinaman could give us a "cold handout" by the light of a spitting candle, for at that particular spot there were neither trees nor sage-brush. Once at our destination, the situation was ideal; hot springs by the half acre, cold springs for domestic use, a river full of fish, and the woods full of large game. It was a woodsman's paradise, with cool breezes sighing through the pines and a joyous content permeating every heart, while old Sol continued to keep the pot boiling in the lower valleys. The men caught plenty of trout, killed deer and badgers and other small game, but the prize catch was a black bear, whose glossy robe adorns the floor as I write, a vivid reminder of Pat Devers's agility in climbing a tree when the wounded monster got after him.



"They hoisted their burros a hundred and sixteen feet"

While we were camping in Little Salmon Meadows a party of prospectors passed our camp who had experienced some of the wildest travelling that we had yet heard of. At one place they were stuck in the canyon of Salmon River, and had to build a windlass, with which they hoisted their burros a distance of one hundred and sixteen feet to the rocky ledge above. One animal was lost by rolling off a narrow ledge over a precipice. It was exploring in earnest.

Leaving the town of Caldwell in 1888 was a most pathetic incident in our frontier lives. The friends who had struggled for the upbuilding of the town and the opening of the College of

Idaho, had woven themselves into our affections as only people do who suffer and endure the hardships of pioneering together. When our Sunnyside home was dismantled it meant a great deal to those whom we left behind. They said they felt like a company of militia without a commanding officer, but there were excellent people there for carrying on the good work, and they did it, and Caldwell has taken her place as the second best town in the State, with a college second to none. It is an offspring of which we are justly proud, and the good work still goes on.

Our party had left the hot Boise Valley for the shade of the pines

The mention of even the names of those southern Idaho towns touches the most sensitive chords of our hearts, and our ears hear a rhythmic melody of names, places, and events that will ever hold us enthralled. The sadness and unhappiness, the strenuous life, and the disappointments may be forgotten, but the old friends hold us with loving fetters that cannot be severed.

There seems no better way of illustrating the daily life and duties of pioneer work than to insert a few letters bodily as they were written to my mother during the life in Caldwell, for it is largely from the many letters to her that I have been enabled at this date to put these pages into the present form.

Caldwell, September 10th.

Dear Ones at Home:

Well, there was just one of the funniest things happened the night of the boys' party that you can imagine. You know by experience here how much I entertain, and when there are no out-of-town guests there are always plenty of town guests. Mr. Caldwell and his daughter Minnie have been here for some days, as I wrote you they would be, and with Mate and Louise here, too, I have been kept pretty busy entertaining for them. "Our boys" downtown thought to do a real courteous thing by giving a party for our guests. The preparations went gaily on, and they were feeling quite jubilant. Pard and Mr. Caldwell had to go away, but the ball and banquet were to go on just the same. The day, the night, and the hour of the young men's triumph came, and, in their full-dress suits, two or three of them came over after us. Imagine, if you can, their chagrin when they were brought in where we sat busily at work on our embroideries or reading, with no evidence of a party in prospect. We knew of nearly everything that had been done, but in their zeal they had utterly neglected to mention the matter to us, and we feigned entire ignorance of the party. We had not been consulted or even invited; but they were so humiliated and crestfallen that we hurried into party gowns and were taken forth. Mr. Devers says he has a faint spell every time he thinks of that night, and none of those young men will forget that lesson in gallantry.

Neighbor Magee had a house warming a few nights ago, when their new house was finished. They invited a large party and the dance went merrily on until the hour for good folks to be at home, and the musicians wanted their pay. Mr. Magee had conveniently gone out before the party was over and failed to return; so Mrs. Magee asked Pard and one other guest to pay the bill, and they would be reimbursed, but everybody laughed, for they knew it was just a trick of James Magee's to get out of paying his fiddlers, but that was only one of the least of Mr. Magee's little jokes.

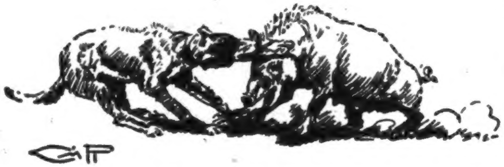
On our way home from Chicago we went up to Hailey to settle some trouble of long brewing in the Alturas Hotel, which was opened up a few months ago. The manager was in a lot of trouble over unpaid bills, and it was necessary to put in a new man. Things were piping hot there the day of our arrival, and there was a broil not noted on the bill of fare. The proprietor had so far lost his dignity as to get into a fist fight with his cook, and his wife had gotten into a scramble with the waiters, and the day ended by a lien being served on the dinner after the hotel guests were seated at the table.

The evening paper came out with scare headlines about Pard having kicked the manager out of the hotel for not paying his debts. Pard had requested that absolutely nothing be said about the transfer, as both the manager and his wife were already in a temper akin to insanity, but both Editor Picotte and his assistant loved a sensation, and they could not resist this temptation to hit somebody, and the result was that the irate landlord went gunning for the newspaper man and for Pard. He rushed madly through the streets with his wife goading him on as she hung half way out of an upper window at the hotel, calling him a coward and other vile epithets, and declaring that she would come down and shoot "the bunch" if he did n't. Fortunately Pard was in the dining-room with me, and the hotel man found the editorial assistant first. Mrs. Moore called again, "There he is, there he is, you coward, why don't you shoot?" Then three shots rang through the air; one bullet went through Mr. Russel's neck and buried itself in the brick casement of the hotel door, another one whizzed past the head of the landlord's own little daughter and struck Russel in the groin; then it went around under the skin in his back, where it was too easily extracted.

Russel fell just inside of the hotel door. The frenzied assailant was captured, disarmed, and taken to the court house just across the street. I was nearly scared to death, for I was always afraid of his wife; her temper was ungovernable at all times.

Pard tried to prove to me that the man was not looking for him, by taking me over to the jail to talk to the prisoner. Of course he denied it, but I went away as unconvinced as before, and that night every available piece of furniture and one mattress of our bed was packed against our bedroom door at the hotel. I never closed my eyes the whole night, but Pard slept like a baby. The trial will not take place until it is known whether the wounds prove fatal, and we were more than glad to get away from there for a few days.

We have begun our rehearsals for the "Peak Sisters" in which I am "Jerushy," with all the trimmings of a New England old maid, with short side curls. We are also having some singing classes here this week that are taking a lot of time. Sister Hattie is getting initiated into the strenuous rôle of my ever increasing duties, and while she is having a good time I think she would rather be back attending clinics and her professional duties than to have a life like mine.



"He ran all over the pasture with the pig squealing at every jump"

Next time I write I will tell you about the new dog, for really the dog is an unexpected entertainer. He got a pig out of the pen in the back lot, took it by the ear, and ran all over the pasture with the pig squealing at every jump, until the man had to lariat the pig and horsewhip the dog to stop the concert; but that is only one of the dog's many accomplishments. When Father sent us this canine prodigy he did not tell us of the dog's merrymaking propensities; it increases his value wonderfully. So far he kisses the hand of every tramp and tries to devour every friend.

Lovingly yours,

Dell.

Caldwell, June 20, '86.

My Dear Ones at Home:

Since I came home this time I am nearly heartsick and discouraged. I do not often allow myself such expression, as you know, and I presume this season of depression will soon pass. I do not dare give way to any one but you, for Robin would take me away from here too quick if he knew it. I know he should not leave here now, and I must renew my courage.

One of the new ministers here, of another denomination, has made his threats to have our Presbyterian Church buried inside of a year. He is especially bitter toward me, because his daughter is one of my dearest and best friends and is a strong working member of our church society. It is but natural jealousy because she is not working in his church. His son is also a devoted and generous friend of ours, and of course it irritates the father to have his children allied to other interests than his. He has told on the street what things he is going to say to me. I know it is only his wounded pride that spurs him on to do disagreeable things, and I try to be patient with him, for I know how badly his conduct hurts his own children. While I was away he called on Rev. Boone and made overtures to him to get possession of our church; said his church would take it and finish it and allow us to hold services there, but his church would not hold services in our building which shows a nigger in the fence somewhere. One thing is sure, if he buries our church he will bury it alive. I suppose ministers are as full of human nature as the rest of us, but somehow we always expect them to be better examples of their profession.

I have taken a bad cold, and it is especially unfortunate while we have this concert in hand. I sit here with a bottle of goose-grease, a bottle of ink, and one of ammonia, and I am sure you will think I dip my pen into each one in turn by the way I am writing to-day: some black thoughts, some oiled over, and some caustic, if not witty.

Every one in town is telling me what to do for my cold, and I am trying all prescriptions at once to hasten results.

There was a funny thing happened at the Railroad Hotel this week. Cole's Circus was in town, and it brought in the country folks by the hundred. Some of them are pretty well off in this world's goods now, and took rooms at the hotel, but they are not up to date in improvements. The usual card is beside the bell button in the rooms:

1	push	Bell boy
2	"	Ice water
3	"	Hot water

A woman pushed the button several times, then held her finger on it until everybody down in the office went mad and the proprietor himself went upstairs three steps at a bound. He is an old German, and he thought the house was on fire; he did not knock, but threw the door open and saw a girl standing with a glass under the enunciator waiting for the water to run out. Manager Kluinspies grabbed her hand from the bell and said: "Mein Gott in Himmel, vat you tink you do? De whole house go crazy mad mit dat bell. You tinks maybe dot you hold your apron up dar maybe you get a boy come in your apron, too, eh? You stops ringing dat bell; I send you some vater, but I go take de beer myself," and he went shuffling down the stairs to a lobby of waiting guests who had been listening to learn the cause of the trouble. He had not a generous nature, and for once they enjoyed drinking the beer at his expense.

Events have crowded in pretty thick for the past week or two and I am glad to have a day or two of quiet rest. When we began dropping off the literary work for the railroad company we thought to be able to accomplish other things in the open air and enjoy more freedom, but it was a mistake. The duties devolving upon us in this field are both arduous and irksome in spite of our ever trying to see only the bright side.

To build a church with ten-cent pieces takes a long time, and I sometimes feel like an old slave-owner's overseer who followed the slaves with a blacksnake whip to keep them in line. Only that I have to use the whip on myself to keep my friends in good cheer and not become discouraged. To-day the church society met here, and we made and tied two comforters and buttonholed the edges, and they are ready to add to our work for the fair this fall.

We are working on the "Laborer's Song" this week and it is good. In our wax works we are to have Pard working the pump to irrigate desert land. Mr. Beatty and I sang the "Gypsy Countess" and the "Gobble" song in costume at a concert last week, and had reason to feel that they were a success, for we had several encores.

We were disappointed in ice to freeze the cream for a social last week, and we asked Mr. Devers to make the rounds of the saloons for us, which he very kindly did, but we did not get a pound of ice, and we were in a bad plight; so Mrs. Henry Blatchley and I followed on his trail and we induced the liquor men to let us have seventy-five pounds of ice as a loan until the already late freight should get in. I doubt not that would be called "tainted" ice back there, but on the border land we do not draw those fine lines.

I do not think you will wonder any more why I do not get lonesome and homesick myself with three such very good reasons: first of all, my good husband; second, work without ceasing; and third, the annual pass in my pocket that will take me away whenever I want to go.

But with all the demands on me I keep up my vocal studies, and such positions as we have to fill here demand the best that is in us at all times. I know we are developing in ways that we would not, if so much did not depend upon us in both planning and executing. So long as you keep well at home I can get along beautifully.

Lovingly yours,

Dell.

CHAPTER XXXIX

SOME NIGHTS OF ADVENTURE. STRATEGIC MOVES OF TOWNSITE WORK

IT was necessary to make a number of trips down through the Payette valley and even as far west as Weiser. The Oregon Short Line Company did not want to run into the old town of Weiser on account of its being a mile to one side and Pard located a new townsite. It was a move bitterly opposed by the old town, and the stakes of the survey would be pulled up at night every time they were set for the new town, and no one in Weiser dared openly be a friend to the change. Pard himself did not approve of the location but the engineer bitterly opposed Pard's original selection which best suited the people, and it was abandoned.

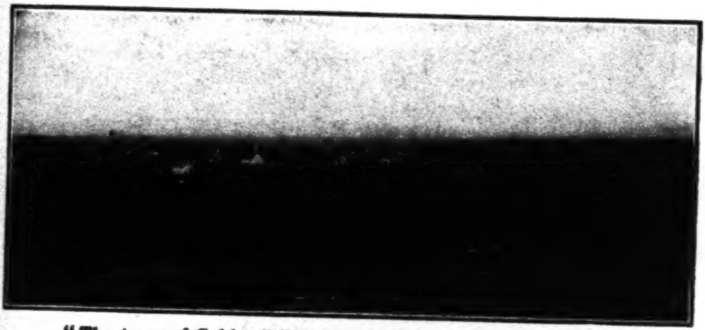
Scenting danger of bodily harm to Pard, I insisted on making a night trip with him and a surveyor who were going to do some locating by moonlight. The ride was a glorious one, and all went well until we reached the Payette ranch of Mr. Jim Clement. There we stopped for supper and a change of horses, but the only available team was one belonging to a man named Thorp, who was a dealer in wild and fractious cayuses. The team brought out for our use was only partly hooked up to the surrey, when they broke away, and for all I know are running yet. I saw them dash away and eagerly asked Mrs. Clement to show me the way to the barn, as I feared some one might be hurt. Her reply was so explicit and so full that I was stupefied for a second or two, and gazed at her rather wildly as she said:

"Just go right out through the kitchen door, over the wood pile, climb the fence, and go down through the slough; you can't miss it if you follow the trail." Goodness me! what a route, but she had described the way accurately, and the several cords of sawed wood that blocked the kitchen door were indeed a formidable barrier, but I climbed up and rolled down and ran on with my bruises, just laughing so that I could scarcely climb the fence or see my way. Bless her dear old heart, she was as calm in her reply as if she had opened the stable door itself for me.

Fortunately no one was hurt by the cavorting bronchos, but we were glad they ran away without our conveyance. The only other team then was a span of colts belonging to Mr. Clement and they were so unruly under any other handling than his own that he went along to handle the ribbons. There was a bad, rocky ford of the Payette River, and just as we started out on the farther bank a tug broke, and only the hypnotic suasion of our good driver prevented more serious trouble. The colts cavorted around until they broke the wagon tongue, but Mr. Clement's kindly, quieting voice soon subdued them, and we were ultimately extricated from that sad predicament to get into a railroad tie camp that was more difficult to get out of than any maze of evergreens or mirrors could equal. The destination, however, was at last reached about midnight, where the only signs of life were given by seven vicious dogs.

The house at which we stopped was built against a side hill around the mouth of a cave and it looked as if built as a fortress against any Indian or other enemy who might attack the place. The man himself was a man of courage and strong will to do what his conscience dictated to be right, and when he had a clear understanding of the conditions he became a loyal helper of Pard's, but on this occasion there was no such thing as rousing him. Calls loud and long, coaxing, pounding on the door or giving our own names did no good, and only the howling, yelping dogs made answer and showed their anger at the intrusion. Word had been sent to him of this prospective visit, but he had not received it, and later he explained that he sat up in bed and listened but would not allow himself to be inveigled out of his cavern fortress, as he believed we were a lot of Weiserites who had come to do him bodily harm. It was with great reluctance that the trip was made backward without accomplishing anything. We reached the Clement ranch again at four A.M., where we had a few hours' rest, then started on home hoping to get there before dark.

It was Thanksgiving Day and to one raised in good old Illinois it was a day sacred for one's nearest and dearest friends only to gather at the home fireside, but the hour came when the horses at least must be fed and rested even if we could not get anything for ourselves, so at the first promising looking ranch we made our wants known. There was a well-filled granary, stacks of fine hay, numberless chickens, and other evidences of good living for both man and beast, and we drove into the wide open gate with great expectations.



"The town of Caldwell lifted its head from the white alkali of the Boise valley"

An old rancher came in sight, who looked as if he had been there since time began, and all his sweetness of temper had been absorbed by a laborious life not in harmony with his desires. He said, however, that he would give the horses all they could eat, but he could n't give us "nothin'." He added by way of explanation that his "wife had such a gol durn headache that she could n't get nothin' for nobody." It certainly looked as if we were not going to be thankful for any dinner on that all-thanks day, for he would not be bribed to build a fire in his kitchen and let me prepare something, or even go himself and bring out a little cold bite for us. At last in my most persuasive voice I told him that I had some excellent headache powders, and that I might relieve his wife's headache if he would let me go to her. His face brightened like a sunbeam, and without hesitation he added: "Well, b' gosh, if you can I 'll go right out and catch four chickens that 'll be a fryin' inside o' ten minutes." He took long strides across a clean white floor as we followed him into the house, and we heard him say: "Mother, here 's a woman what is going to cure your headache for some dinner." The powders worked wonderfully well with her and I kept her very quiet for a little while, but when I heard the chickens squawk, I gave her another powder.

The old man cared for the horses and came in with a couple of fine broilers dressed and ready for the pan, and by the time the teakettle began to sing the good old housewife was preparing us a dinner fit for a king.

Until the town of Caldwell lifted its head from the white alkali of the Boise valley to beckon commerce, the ranchmen had to pay an exorbitant toll across the Boise River bridge to get into Boise City with their farm products. One of Caldwell's earliest enterprises was to build a free bridge at its town door, but it was ever a curious study how to reach and enlist the interest of some of those old ranchers who were so set against civilization.

This now happy old man began to think about a good dinner that he himself might have when we were gone, and he tilted his chair back against the wall, pulled one leg up over the other by a boot strap while he chewed the end of a stick with a spasmodic action of the jaw, and formulated in his mind a regular catechism ready to spring on Pard at the proper moment. But Pard also had a rather fetching way of talking when he found one of this man's tendencies, and the subject of the new town and bridges was quickly introduced, and the exorbitant tolls that had to be paid were discussed. The old fellow said: "It 's mighty hard on us, and when we 's takin' our crops in and hev to go a spell o' times, it takes about all we git, seems like, to pay the toll. But," he added, "if we go down to that there new town o' Caldwell, we have a durned hard time too a-fordin' the river, its so cursed rocky, and my horses don't like it a bit, but I reckon the town hain't much good nohow." Pard could n't stand such a thrust at the new metropolis and hastened to explain how soon the new free bridge would be completed and then all trouble would be over. "Well, well, maybe, maybe," said our doubting benefactor, "but my horses don't like bridges nuther, nope, nope."

We left the box of headache powders for future attacks, and after generously apologizing for our intrusion on such a sacred day, we turned away; but as Pard gathered up the lines the old man came up close to the carriage and said, "Why, this hain't Sunday, stranger, its only Thursday, so I reckon we can laugh at you for calling this here the 'sacred day'"; but when he learned it was Thanksgiving Day, he plunged his hands down deep in his pockets, and as we drove away we heard him exclaim: "Well, I 'll be gosh darned. I 'll just go and tell Ma."

"It was a perilous moment and an unfortunate hour"

Darkness is a long time settling down over southern Idaho, but when it does come, as it did that cloudy night, it is like a blanket over one's head; it is a darkness absolutely impenetrable by the human eye. We travelled rapidly, but in spite of all haste we could not see across the river when we reached the fording place. The building of the new bridge was directly over the old ford and the crossing had to be made very cautiously even in broad daylight. When we reached there we could no longer see a landmark on the opposite shore as a guide. There were no homes anywhere near the crossing on either side of the river and the town was a mile away. The stream had risen considerably since we had crossed it in the early light of the day before, and we gave a loose rein to the horses to choose their own way across. But unfortunately they tried to go on both sides of a huge boulder which caught the wagon tongue and broke it again where it had been mended after the crossing of the Payette River. One horse got into a hole and frightened the other, and in their flounderings the tugs got loose; then before we could tell just what was happening the horses' heads appeared over the dashboard with their faces almost touching our own. The water was pouring into the box of our carriage and we were drawing ourselves up onto the seat when we so nearly bumped noses with the horses. It was an apparition not soon to be forgotten. It was a perilous and unfortunate hour. The bridge builders' camp was midway between their work and the town, and it did not seem possible to make them hear our cries of distress.

Pard did so much yelling in the Sioux war that he has never been able to give a good lusty yell since, but he did help to swell the call that night as I had never heard him do. It seemed an age before we saw the little glimmering lights of lanterns moving in swift irregularity toward our water prison, but the men grasped the situation quickly when once they were at the river, and the work of rescue began.

Two men plunged into that ice-water up to their necks, and got the horses out, while others laid a long plank from the bridge piles to the carriage up which I had to crawl to the stringers and thence grope on hands and knees over that black torrent to shore. I never could have done it in the daytime, but the extreme darkness hid the water from sight and saved me from dizziness.

The carriage was pulled out and the broken parts tied together, and we were sent on the home run with hearts fuller of thanksgiving than they had ever been before. We had been away about forty hours, and most of that time in the carriage—had one runaway, broke down twice, and were rescued from a watery grave. It was much to be thankful for, and there were two glad hearts when we spied the lights in our own little cottage.

A little while after the Thanksgiving trip Pard had to go again over that same route, but he succeeded so well in allaying my fears that I did not have a thought of foreboding when he drove away. I knew Jack Wells, the Canyon County sheriff, who went with him, and he was such a tower of bravery and strength that he could control almost any condition that might arise. I did not know that the Weiserites had threatened to carve Pard into small pieces if he dared to show himself down there, and for that very reason he did dare, and hurried to get there.

On the night in question Pard and Jack Wells, with two other nervy individuals, went to a point a little south of Weiser to endeavor to prevent the destruction of the new Weiser station and other new buildings which, it had been reported, would be attempted by a Weiser mob bent upon wiping out their enterprising rival which was getting well under way in the vicinity of the station.

Arriving unexpectedly a few hours after dark, this little party discovered that a state of panic prevailed, which had practically already driven out and scattered the small population of what a few days before had promised to be a very busy and attractive little town. However, one faithful lieutenant was left who had been spying out the land in the direction of the old town of Weiser during the day. He communicated the startling news that the final raid would undoubtedly be made upon the new town that night, and it would mean the burning of the buildings which remained there, and a possible similar fate for the occupants.

In going over the ground as carefully as could be done in the darkness, it was determined that the small band of defenders, consisting of only these five men, should form a first line in the sage-brush a short distance in front of the row of houses forming the main street, and, if pressed too hard, they would later on retreat into a railroad cut near the station, and under that good defence make a final stand.

Sometime after midnight the noise of a band of horses approaching from the direction of Weiser grew very distinct, and, as they drew near, their peculiar formation and movements convinced the little party lying in wait that it was not horses but a band of cattle being driven by the mob, who thus sought to hide their approach until they were immediately on the spot, or to deceive the defenders regarding the number in the mob, hoping the tramp of the cattle would be mistaken for a cavalcade of horsemen. However, it transpired that the cattle were a little unruly and soon described a flanking movement over in the direction of the railroad cut referred to, which led the besiegers to change their plans and advance under cover of the herd upon the nearby railroad station first. Our five defenders lost no time in making tracks obliquely for the railroad cut, reaching that almost invincible position just about as the cattle discovered them and stampeded off in an entirely different direction, leaving the mob uncovered a few rods away in an open plain from which the sage-brush had been cleanly cut, placing them at a decided disadvantage as they were silhouetted against a now bright moonlit sky. Although they plainly outnumbered the defenders ten to one, the latter proposed to make up in bluff and the merits of their position and, after firing one volley

Jack Wells

to apprise the besiegers of their intention, Jack Wells's voice rang out loud and clear: "Say, fellers, that little volley was a joke, but if you don't git out for Weiser in a second we 'll turn loose fifty repeaters and there 'll be none left to git!" and they "got."

But the opposition to the new location continued so great that the railroad company finally compromised and located on the spot chosen by Pard at the outset and where the new town of Weiser now flourishes.

There was no end to the plotting, counter-plotting, and trial of Pard's wits in the townsite drama. It was Pard against the field with thrilling, often dangerous, and sometimes ludicrous incidents attached. One of these more funny cases was along in the summer of '86. Pard and I were in Hailey for a few days trying to get a settlement on some titles. There was one Judge A. P. Turner, who was injecting all the complications in his power, and it reached Pard's ears that the Judge was going to make a special trip to Boise to prevent John Hailey signing the deeds and papers that Pard was insisting on having to clear certain lands around Hailey. The old Judge was therefore surprised to find us taking the same train en route to Caldwell, as the judge believed. He chatted more or less with Pard all day, and finally all went to bed in the Pullman sleeper, each wondering what mischief the other was bent on.

The stage line ran into Boise then from a point called Kuna just a few miles east of Nampa. The judge got up and snorted about the car and watched Pard's berth very critically, but he saw no one moving, so he got off at Kuna with a great sense of relief that at all events Pard was not to take the stage-coach with him for Boise. But Pard was playing his own game, and when the train began to move again he hurried into his clothes and had the conductor stop the train for him at Nampa, which was not yet a regular station. Pard jumped off the train with the night so black he could not see his own length ahead of him. He stood near the track until the train went on, when he heard footsteps and a voice to guide him to a team that was waiting there to take him to Boise. The driver made those poor horses fairly fly over that trackless prairie land, for they had some distance to go in making a cutoff to strike the stage road, and as the steaming horses entered the suburbs of Boise, after the thirty mile drive, day was just breaking, and back on the horizon rose a long wave of dust that told where the stage-coach was creeping in behind them.

Regardless of the unholy hour, Pard went at once to John Hailey's home and got him out of bed to sign those papers. When it was finally done Pard said to Mr. Hailey that Judge Turner was in town and would be around pretty soon, possibly to make an early call and dissuade the signing of those papers but guessed he would be too late this time. The Honorable John was not a little surprised and he said: "But, bygonnes, Strahorn, how did you get here first?" "Bygonnes" was Mr. Hailey's favorite word, and whether he meant it for a swear word or not, I always liked to hear him say it as he gave it three distinct syllables.

Judge Turner arrived at the hotel, took a nap, had a bath, and a very late breakfast, then as he sauntered out into the office of the old Overland Hotel his eyes fell on Pard who was reading the morning paper. He stepped up and put his hand on the paper and said, "My God, Strahorn, what are you doing here? I thought you went to Caldwell." "Oh," said Pard, "I just had a little business up here first but I 'm going down there; here 's my team now. Good morning, Judge, pleasant time to you." The Judge was so completely outwitted that when he went back to Hailey he went at once to his mine, and it was weeks before he went to town again.

CHAPTER XL

ONTARIO, OREGON. HOLDING UP THE OVERLAND TRAIN FOR A DANCE

THE Good Book tells us that God made the world out of nothing, but the town of Ontario emerged from sand clouds. The native soil that had so long clung around the sage-brush roots and bunchgrass fibres had but to be once disturbed and it was then like the tide of the sea in its ceaseless motion. There was no other place to compare with it for dust, and as house after house and business blocks began to peep through the rifts of sand the feet of pedestrians were clogged to their shoe tops, and progress was slow. There was no such thing as daintily dressed boots outside of one's own door, and a shoe brush or clothes brush hung on many a front door knob as a gentle hint not to carry the dirt inside.

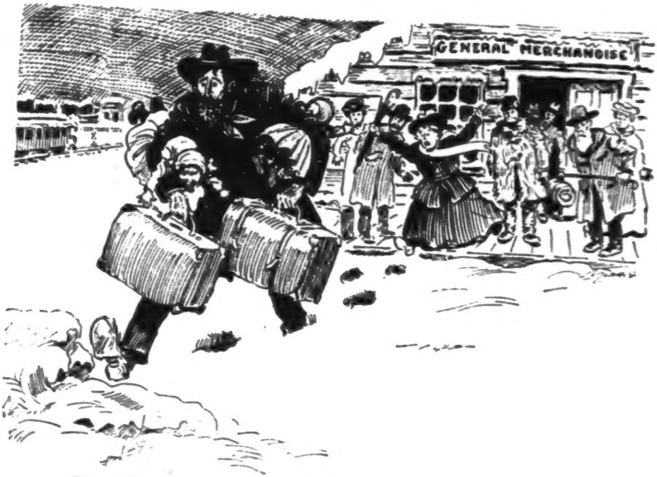
But wherever a town is needed, obstacles to its success seem but spurs to the ambition. Chicago rose from pestilential swamp lands to the second city in America; Seattle was cloven hoofed by adobe mud, and smothered in fog and pelting rains, its seven hills were steep, slippery, and seemingly unsurmountable, but like Rome, its hills have melted into rolling landscape beauties, and a marvellous city crowns their summits. The same pioneer spirit does it all and Ontario, with its weight of sand, is rising in the same marvellous way, and its streets gleam in their adamant hardness. And now, as if a special Providence were rewarding the citizens for their years of dust laden sufferings, oil and gas have been revealed lying in the substrata of the locality, and a second Pittsburg may yet make eastern Oregon as famous for illuminating products as Pennsylvania.

When the townsite was first located and platted, Pard and Jim Clement opened up a lumber yard, the same as Pard and G. J. Wilder had done at Caldwell, for lumber and hardware are the first requisites of a town. Jim Clement is the very bone and sinew of Ontario to this day. A man upright, honest, and honorable, whose word is as good as his bond, a veritable rough diamond whose value ever glints through the unpolished but tender surface. As an old resident of the Payette valley, his knowledge of the people and the lands was invaluable. He was a royal entertainer in his own home, with never any pretence of anything but his own natural, big-hearted self. He would bring out his old dulcimer and trip the sticks over the strings as only one can do who loves the rhythm and harmony of music.

Soon after our experience at his house on the farm, when the team ran away, he was greatly bereaved by the loss of his wife, for home life was all in all to him with his wife and little daughter. About the time of the opening of the new town Jim learned that an old sweetheart was then a widow. Away back in war time they were engaged to be married, but fate was unkind to them, letters were lost, and they drifted apart with aching hearts, and each had married, but now that both were free again their hearts bounded with the old love, and after twenty years they were to be wedded. The whole West is full of such romance.

When Jim went East to be united to this first love, he started out under most disheartening circumstances. The train that was to bear him away was many hours late, there was as yet no depot at Ontario, and a number of waiting passengers held down the chairs and the neversweat bench in Fred Keisel's general merchandise store. Outside the storm blew and banked the snow in giant drifts.

Among those in waiting was a woman with two small children, and when the approaching train finally blew its long whistle, Mr. Clement took a child under each arm and with his grips in hand made a dash out of the back door, which opened toward the track. The night was dark and starless and he had hardly started across lots through a woodyard to the station when he tripped and fell, spreading his six feet four as far as possible, and fairly burying the two children in the snow. The snowstorm had been the worst ever known in eastern Oregon and paths had not yet been established when the night closed down. He reached the station all out of breath with a crying baby under each arm and it somewhat dampened his ardor for matrimony when the mother berated him for his carelessness in a manner that nearly broke his heart. He handed over the infants and went limping into the car before he learned that in the fall he had torn his trousers most disreputably, but the time was set for his nuptials, the train was moving, and he snuggled into a seat to wait for something more to happen. He could not meander through the cars nor go out at any station, and when Pard got aboard the train at Caldwell, the man with rent trousers gave a shout of joy. It was not until they reached Green River City in Wyoming that a tailor and his goose blended the tattered garment, during which time the owner of it was stowed away in bed in a lean-to back of the shop. That happened when passengers from the Northwest had to transfer at Green River to the main line of the Union Pacific, and had several hours to wait between trains.



Jim Clements starts through the snow to the station

The first hotel in Ontario was built by O. W. Scott, a patriarchal old California pioneer, who was happiest amidst sand dunes and howling coyotes. His wife was one of those patient, hardworking women, one of many such who have worked without rest or reward in the development of the great West.

The first night we spent at the hotel Scott the partitions had not yet been put in, and our bed was curtained off in a corner. In the morning the kitchen stove smoked furiously. Daddy Scott cleaned the stove, readjusted the pipe, and went up on the roof and added another joint of flue, but all to no purpose. His wife with streaming eyes and lungs choked with smoke was doing her best to get some breakfast, while seated closely around, endeavoring to keep warm, and getting more or less in the way of the good housewife, were a dozen hungry wayfarers. At last in sheer despair the old man stepped back a few feet from the stove, quite overcome by his wife's distress, and his own futile efforts to relieve her. His long white beard quivered with emotion, and plunging his hands deep into his trousers pockets he raised his eyes to the chimney hole and exclaimed: "Well, smoke! smoke! old God, smoke!!" and without another word or a smile he turned and went out of the house. He named his hotel "The Palace," and the opening day was a gala one long to be remembered. He sent invitations broadcast to come to the merry-making of the celebration.

The Caldwell people sent down twenty representatives, not counting the cornet band. The sun was just giving its first light to the sky when the town was awakened by the thrilling tones of "The Star Spangled Banner" by the seventeen wind instruments, and people of the new town jumped from their beds as if it had been Gabriel's trumpet. There was but the one train a day each way, and Caldwell people had to spend the whole day on the sand flat. It was a happy day for dust laden Ontario, but it was a long time for the Caldwellites to wait with no other guests in sight for the promised ball. Many were skeptical about any one else coming, and some wished themselves home, but they all met with surprise soon after noon when dust began to rise all around the distant horizon and a moving mass of humanity began closing in on the town.

Only a few years before a frontiersman would have declared himself encircled with Indians who were closing in on him from all directions. It was a favorite trick in the redman's mode of attacking a weak party to shut off all escape. But the millennium of peace had come, and two- , four- , and six- horse loads were drawn up from different directions, all kinds of vehicles, carriages, farm wagons, and buckboards, and many a lad and lass on horseback. Some of them came seventy-five miles, and the majority came not less than forty.

Mrs. Scott began wondering how she could care for them, and knowing her little kitchen stove was far too small, it was taken down and carried over to Mr. Clement's house. There they found a woman ironing, but the large steel range was taken down and carried over to the hotel, with all the fire in it, and the little one left in its place without even asking any one's permission. Mr. Clement's face beamed with his big, bright smile when some one told him about it and he cheerily replied: "Why, that 's the way we do out here and they can have every gol durned thing I 've got."

Dancing began at six o'clock in the evening. The youth, beauty, wit, and wealth of eastern Oregon were there three hundred strong. The supper was delayed because the number was so great that poor Mother Scott was at her wits' end to know how to provide for so many. The train to carry the people back to Caldwell and the East was momentarily expected, and when it did come the supper had just been announced. A delegation went over and found that genial old conductor, Patsy Kinney, in charge of the train, and invited him and his crew over to share the midnight feast, and have a dance or two, and they came to a man, leaving the two hundred transcontinental passengers to wonder and question why the delay was so long. Patsy Kinney is still running on the road and he could tell you what a royal good cook Mother Scott was and how the maids of Oregon held his crew in the merry dance until the morning blushed at the train's delay.

Merchants did not lock their stores when they went home to the noonday meal, and when questioned about it, one of them said that people there might not be too lazy to steal, but they would be too lazy to carry anything away; but I resented the impeachment, for no lazy man could live in Ontario in those days.

Theo. Danielson left Caldwell when the town got out of long clothes and moved on to the newer town of Ontario and opened still another store. From his store at Blackfoot, where he had a front and back entrance large enough for cowboys to ride their ponies through, he seemed to have the "Call of the

Wild" ever ringing in his ears, and he kept up the "Westward Ho" until there were no more wilds to enter. His patient and courageous wife could tell many a wild and thrilling story, for she has borne a large family amid such distressing and forlorn conditions that my own experiences are as fairy tales in comparison.

Father Scott being the first important settler of Ontario was made postmaster and the post-office was made of a cracker box about two feet long and fourteen inches high. The returns for the first quarter of the year were just forty-eight cents. The genial patriarch was sometimes inclined to be profane, and he said if the post-office increased in trouble as it promised to increase in size, he did not want a d—— thing to do with the concern.

" She has borne a large family amid such distressing conditions "

The hotel celebration was on Thanksgiving Day of '85; it was a red letter day in the history of Ontario, and the last holiday of its kind for quaint old Father Scott, who soon after lost a foot by amputation, and then went back to his old California hills to die.

To-day Ontario has its green lawns, its beautiful shade trees, solid business blocks, and pretty homes, and its paved streets no longer choke the populace with their rising dust clouds.

Those times are all forgotten save by the few who are left of those days of the earlier '80's. Some still gather on the old neversweat bench to whittle and gossip, some have risen to affluence, and some have moved to other lands, and many have gone to their last resting place, but the town grows on and has already merged into a crowning glory for eastern Oregon.

The towns of Hailey, Shoshone, Mountain Home, Caldwell, the new Payette, and the new Weiser in Idaho, and Ontario in Oregon, are not only past their babyhood, past the teething season, but they are out of their teens and have reached the age of dignity, affluence, and power. They are our children of which we are justly proud. If some of them are slower in development and slower in reaching the age of charm and affluence, they will yet make for themselves a name and a place in this great western field of commerce, when the great waterways of our country carry sufficient nourishment to them. They have all caused us many heartaches, many tears, and many unhappy days, but we found much joy and happiness in the association and development.

In trying to promote the good of others we developed every talent that lay within ourselves, and as they grew, we too grew stronger and more self-reliant, and more helpful to them. There were many, even the multitude, and some who were near to me who thought my life one round of pleasure: that it was ideal to flit about and promote entertainments, to build churches and schools, to keep house without a servant, and have a hospitable board for every lonely individual: to help every one in trouble, and carry an unbroken smile and a glad hand at all times. I never realized so fully how much I did not know, as when I began to be called upon for such endless instruction as fell under my supervision. To record the heartaches and discouragements threading through the pioneer days would deprive these pages of the romance of the experience, and the reader might lose sight of the marrow of joy that always accompanies a life of useful work. I can always bring a tear to my own eye when my mind dwells on some of the unhappy experiences, but I am not prone to linger on the dark side of life, for I love the sunshine and gladness, and keep myself in it whenever possible. The locations that we platted have changed conditions under the magician Time, and in some places we are almost forgotten, but it is only just that they who continued the upbuilding of the new commonwealth should be uppermost in the minds of to-day. The present generation of the West does not know what an old Concord stage-coach looks like, and when they look up smilingly into happy faces of loved ones everywhere about them, they are spared the desolation of life when no familiar face beams back into one's eyes, or when even strange faces are few and far between.

CHAPTER XLI

ALASKA

1888 was Presidential year and Pard wanted to attend the convention at Chicago which nominated President Harrison. The Union Pacific Company wanted him to go East and they also wanted him to go to Alaska, so they compromised by asking me to go to Alaska instead of him, and it resulted in several weeks' separation. However, several friends were to make the trip from Chicago, including my sister and her husband and daughter Louise and it was arranged that we should go together.

We were fairly appreciative of the wealth and wonders of Uncle Sam's domain; at Niagara, we gloried in the belief that all the cataracts of other lands were tame. In Yellowstone, the world's other wonders seemed commonplace; and at Yosemite's Inspiration Point, the unspeakable thrill of awe and delight was richly heightened by the grand idea that there was no such majesty and glory beyond either sea. But after all this, it remained for the Alaskan trip to rightly round out one's appreciation and admiration of the extent and grandeur of our native land.

Some of our most delightful voyageurs to the West on this trip were from Portland, Maine. When they had journeyed fifteen hundred miles to Omaha, they imagined themselves at least half way across our continent. When they finished that magnificent stretch of seventeen hundred miles more from Omaha to Portland, Oregon, in the palace cars of the Union Pacific, they were quite sure of nearing Land's End. They confessed a sense of mingled dissatisfaction when they learned that they were yet less than half way, for it is a fact that the extreme west coast of Alaska is as far west of Sitka or Portland as Portland, Oregon, is west of Portland, Maine, and that San Francisco lacks four thousand miles of being as far west as Uncle Sam's "Land's End" in western Alaska.

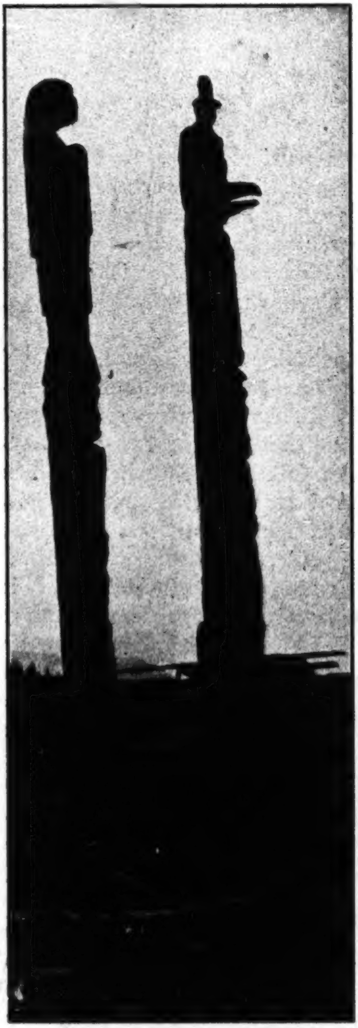
Alaska, was a country great enough to contain a river—the Yukon—larger than the Mississippi, and a coast line twice as long as that of all the United States; a country twelve times as large as the State of New York, with resources that astonish every visitor, and a climate not altogether as bad as some would have it. During the eighteen years it had been linked to our chain of Territories, it had been treated like an outcast and cared for more by others than its lawful protector. But like many a refugee it was carving for itself a place which others might yet envy.

The voyage was like a continuous dream of pleasure, so placid and quiet were the waters of the land-locked sea, and so exquisitely beautiful the environments. The route runs along the east shore of Vancouver Island, through the Gulf of Georgia, Johnston Strait, and out into Queen Charlotte Sound, where the first swell of old ocean was felt, and our staunch steamship *Elder* was rocked in its sea cradle for four hours. At times we seemed bound in by mountains on every side, with no hope of escape; but the faithful deck officer on watch would give his orders in full, firm tones that brought the bow to some passage leading to the great beyond as if guided by a magic hand. In narrow straits the steamer had to wait for the tide; then would she weave in and out like a shuttle in a loom among the buoys, leaving the black ones on the left and the red ones on the right, and ever and anon they would be in a straight line with the wicked boulderheads, visible beneath the surface or lifting their savage points above, compelling at times an almost square corner to be turned in the weaving. At such exciting hours the passengers were all on deck, listening to the captain's commands, and watching the boat obey his bidding.

The first point of interest, Fort Wrangel, like all Alaska towns was situated at the base of lofty peaks along the water's edge at the head of a pretty harbor. It was the generic home of storms, and the mountains, the rocks, the buildings, and trees all show the weird workings of Nature's wrath. In 1863 it was a thriving town where miners outfitted for the Stickeen River and Cassion mines of British Columbia but that excitement had temporarily subsided, and the $150,000 Government buildings were falling in decay. The streets were filled with débris and everything betokened the ravages of time.

The first American flag was raised in Fort Wrangel by Edward Leudecke in 1867, when the first U. S. troops were on their way to Sitka and Mr. Leudecke is still living.

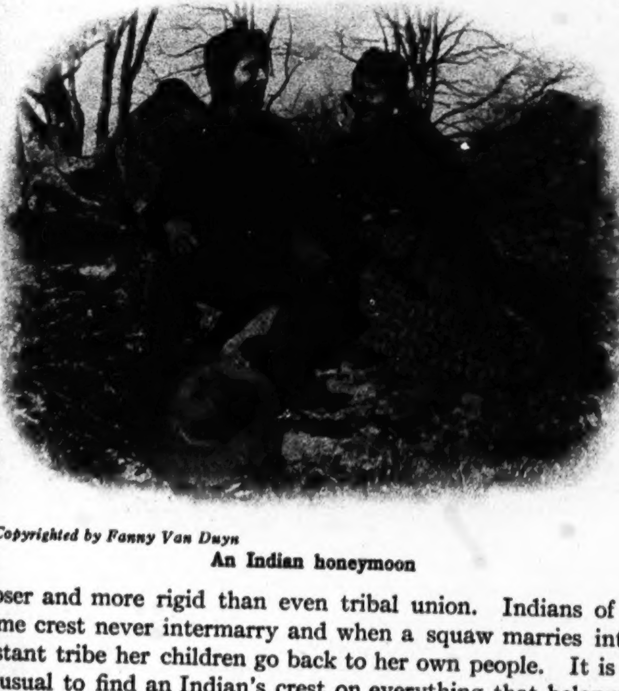
In Indian mythology all created beings descend from the bird, fish, toad, bear, or wolf, and each has its influence upon the descendant. To the wolf ancestors are attributed all the features of cunning and the sly characteristics of their warriors in battle or in outwitting their fellows in times of peace. The bear indicates power and strength and muscle. The eagle is a leader, one who migrates and travels far. The frog descendants are savants and philosophers. Those who are from the raven are crafty, wise, and full of intrigue. The whale denotes a clan of plenty of food, who live well and peaceably. The salmon indicates ambition and desire to achieve. The seal gives grace and willowy motion and endows its descendants with



Totem poles at Wrangel

charms and occult powers, and the duck gives a phlegmatic, even temperature, a command of seas, and a charmed life in waters.

The totem pole is made to illustrate the "blue blood" of the tribe and there is no race of people so proud of its genealogy as the Indian. An Indian crest is the symbol of his origin and it is the mark of subdivisions of the tribe into social clans that are closer and more rigid than even tribal union. Indians of the same crest never intermarry and when a squaw marries into a distant tribe her children go back to her own people. It is not unusual to find an Indian's crest on everything that belongs to him from his canoe to his household kettle, and it is the foundation and the cap sheaf of the totem poles of all the Alaskan Indians.



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An Indian honeymoon

The most grotesque totem poles seen on the trip were in Wrangel, some as high as fifty feet. These poles represented the history of the family and the ancestry as far back as it could be traced. If they are of the wolf tribe, a huge wolf would be carved at the top of the pole, and then on down with various signs to the base of the pole are recorded the great events of the family and the intermarriages, not forgetting to give place to the good and bad gods who assisted them. The genealogy of a tribe is always traced back through the mother's side. The totem poles are sometimes very large, perhaps four feet at the base, and have been known to cost $2000. When the carving is completed they are planted firmly in front of the family hut, there to stay until they decay and fall away. At the base, some four feet from the ground, there is often an opening into the already hollowed pole, and in this are put the bones or ashes of the burned bodies of the family. It is only the wealthier families who support a totem pole, and any amount of money could not induce an Indian to part with his family tree.

The medicine man

The graves of those not having totems are found in clusters, or scattered on the mountainsides, or anywhere convenience dictates. The bones of some are put in a box with all the belongings of the deceased, and then deposited in some convenient place.

There are other methods of disposing of the dead in different parts of Alaska. The bones are sometimes put in a canoe and raised high in the air on straddles, or in trees above the reach of prowling animals, or set adrift on the sea in a discarded canoe. Sometimes the body of an Indian is sewed in the skin of a wild animal and set adrift on the sea in his own canoe.

The natives are exceedingly superstitious and jealous in their care of the dead and would sooner die than molest or steal from a grave. That tourists who are supposed to be civilized, refined, and Christianized should steal from them is a crime which should never be tolerated as it was among the passengers of the steamer *Elder* at that time, and the most atrocious act was committed by a minister from San Francisco. He not only robbed the graves of a deserted village but at other places he traded off a lot of worthless watches and jewelry for valuable furs, and when the natives followed him to the ship after they had learned of the deception they made loud lamentations and demands for the return of the furs, but they were not allowed on shipboard and the Christian representative hid himself from view until the ship was under sail again.

The natives have a belief that the soul of anybody who is cremated returns in the form of a raven, and that accounts for the endless number of these birds in Alaska. Ravens and crows are sacred birds to them and are never molested.

Leaving Wrangel, the steamer anchored off Salmon Bay to lighten eighty tons of salt for the fishermen; then on to Juneau and Douglas Islands. Here was the same general appearance of location, the gigantic background of densely wooded mountains, the tide-washed streets on broken slopes, the dirty native women with their wares for sale, with prices advanced two hundred per cent. when the steamer arrived, and behind these dispensers of handicraft stood their stern male companions, goading them on to make sales, and stealthily kicking them in their crouched positions if they came down on their prices to an eager but economical tourist.

Juneau was the only town of any importance on the mainland. It had risen to that dignity through the quality of its mines, and it was the mining centre of Alaska. The famous Treadwell mine was across the bay on Douglas Island. It was noted, not so much for its richness per ton, as for its vast extent. The 120-stamp mill made such a deafening noise there was no fear that the curious minded would cause employes to waste time in answering questions, for nothing could be heard but the rise and fall of the great crushers and the crunching of the ores. The hole blasted by the miners looked like a crater for a huge volcano, and sloped down to an apex from which the tunnel was run to the mill. The Treadwell yielded about

$250,000 per month, and had the hope of doubling that when the new mill was completed.

A totem pole of the "Geo. W. Elder"

There were many pleasant homes in Juneau, and some of its society people were charming indeed. The business houses carried large stocks of goods, and outfitting for the interior mines in the Yukon country was all done at this place.

One of the most novel and grotesque features of the entire trip was a dance given by the Indians at a "potlatch." That term is applied to any assemblage of good cheer, although in its primary sense a potlatch is given at the outset or during the progress of some important event, such as the building of a new house, confirming of a sub-chief, or celebrating any good fortune, either of peace or war. In this instance a sub-chief was building a new house, and the framework was enclosed in rough boards, but there was no floor. There is never but one entrance to an old Alaskan Indian hut. This is in front, and elevated several feet from the ground, so that you must go down from the door-sill inside as well as go up from the outside. No windows were in the building and the smoke escaped from the fire through a hole in the roof. These grand festivities lasted five days, and this was the end of a merrymaking.

There were two tribes at Juneau located at each extreme of the town. The water was black with canoes coming to the feast and dance, bringing gifts to the great tyhee, who in return gives them gifts according to their wealth, and a feast of boiled rice, raisins, and dog meat. The richest men of the tribe dressed in the rear of the nearby building in the wildest and most fantastic garbs, some of them in skins of wild animals. There was a full complement of blankets, feathers, guns, swords, knives, and as a last resort an old broom was covered with a scarlet case to be whirled about in the air. Jingling pendant horns added to their rattling accoutrements and faces painted with red and black in hideous lines completed the diabolical adornments. Anything their minds could shape was rigged for a head-dress; and finally when all was ready they ran with fiendish yell toward the beach some twenty yards away, and there behind a canvas facing the water they began their strange dance. Only one squaw was with them, and she was the wife of the tyhee (chief) giving the feast. The medicine men had a large bird with white breast called the loon and while dancing they picked the white feathers and scattered them on the heads of the others as a blessing and a charm from evil. The squaws sat on the ground in long rows reaching to the water's edge.

Their music was a wild shout or croon by all the tribe and the dancing a movement in high stepping and a swaying motion to the time given by the voices, and they only advanced a few inches in an hour's time. The peculiar costumes, fierce gestures, and monotonous singing formed a scene of barbaric splendor.

The tribe approaching in canoes had their representative men dressed in the same styles, only gayer if possible. When the canoes glided onto the beach, four abreast, it was the signal to drop the canvas hiding the host and party, and advance a little distance to meet them. Then they broke ranks, and made way for the visitors to approach the house, with their gifts of blankets or other valuables for the tyhee. Most of these Indians convert their riches into blankets. Each held in his hand a rattle which he continuously shook to ward off the evil spirit. The dancing continued until it seemed as if they must drop from exhaustion. They kept time to the drum with violent jerks, gestures, and motions of the body, peculiar attitudes being struck in concert, although fifty or more persons were dancing at the same time. The whole assembly joined in the chanting.

Louder and more exciting the chanting became, swifter the motion of the dancers, and faster the oil was poured upon the burning heap of logs. With frenzied yells and whoops, they jumped into the air and then suddenly crouched on the floor. Their movements became more convulsive, until they were hoarse and exhausted, then they suddenly stopped, the singing ceased, and all eyes were directed toward the host who rehearsed the traditions and history of the tribe.

A potlatch at Juneau

A potlatch may also be called a sort of Indian love feast, a camp-meeting, and a barbecue combined, with the important addition that the giver's generosity goes far beyond feasting and merrymaking in lavishing all kinds of presents upon those who are bidden to his party. Sometimes five or six thousand dollars will be given away at one potlatch and what is not given will be taken, for the guests have highly cultivated ways of taking what they can put their hands on. In the case of the one we witnessed the tyhee continued to give away everything he possessed even to his most valued canoe—his hunting outfit, all of his personal clothing, every dollar and piece of clothing, and all the food he had, and finally as a fitting climax he jumped up and cast off his last blanket leaving himself quite naked.

The Indians at once formed a circle around him and began a peculiar chant for he had won the proud title of Hyas Tyhee (big chief). Then the whistle blew and Captain Hunter said it was the end of the potlatch; there was nothing more for them to eat and everything was gone so they would all soon leave. The old squaws who had presided over the stew kettles had turned them upside down in token of the end and we left them crooning their gruesome chants.

The natives seen by the tourists in an ordinary trip to Alaska seem very much the same all along the western coast. None of them are poor, and many have wealth counted by thousands. Some of them are in a measure Christianized, but the odors arising from the homes of the best of them are such as a civilized nose never scented before. Rancid grease, dried fish, pelts, decaying animals, and human filth made the strongest perfume known to the commercial or social world.

The squaws, when in mourning or in love, painted their faces black with oil or tar. Then again a great many wore a wooden or ivory pin thrust through the lip just below the fleshy part. It was worn for ornament the same as earrings or nose rings and was called a labret.

The Alaskan braves and squaws, in common with all humanity, take pride in personal adornment. Fashions differ among the tribes, and those of the Thlinget are no exception to the rule. There are earrings of shell, bone, ivory, and silver, which are used by both men and women on general social occasions. That the artistic taste of the makers is well developed, is proved by harmonious color combinations. Greenish pearl shells are used for a variety of purposes. Worsted is used for earrings, the skeins being bound together with pieces of haliotis shells and hung down fully two feet from their ears.

It is in the lip buttons, however, that the natives Alaskan was wont to let his or her taste run riot. The under lip was cut at an early age, and a stick or wire inserted, the size of this being increased until the aperture sometimes assumed the appearance of a second mouth. Then a button suitably ornamented was inserted, the size varying from one to three inches in length.

The Thlingets, in common with all Alaskan tribes, are great gamblers. They will sometimes pass whole days and nights doing little else and for this purpose they have an elaborate "lay-out."

The missionary work done among them is commendable but it seemed a hopeless task. Native houses were always built with the one object in view of being able to tie the canoe to the front door. A long row of huts just above high-tide line where food is brought by the tide to their doors, and where the timbered mountains abound in wild game is an ideal Alaskan environment.

The Muir Glacier in 1888

Chilkat, or Pyramid Harbor, was about twelve hours' run from Juneau. The famous Chilkat blanket is made from the mountain goat's wool, woven by hand and dyed with native dyes. There were also two of the largest salmon canneries in Alaska.

From Chilkat we emerged into the "Land of the Midnight Sun." The hours passed quickly by as the supposed night wore away. At midnight, the twilight was so bright that one could read a newspaper easily. Then the moon shone in the clear sky with all her regal splendor until half past three in the morning, when old Sol again put in his claims for admission. He lifted his golden head above the snow peaks and spirited away the uncertain light of unfolding dawn by drawing the curtains of the purpling east, and sending floods of radiance upon the world. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Onward once again, when the tide was in, and our next awakening was on the grand glacier fields. The greatest sight of the entire trip, or of any trip in the world, opened out before many eager eyes. For several days, icebergs had been seen sailing along on the smooth surface, from the great glaciers, and speeding to the southern seas like phantom ships. As the steamer neared the bay, these huge bergs increased in size and number with such grotesque and weird shapes that the mind was absorbed in shaping turrets, ghosts, goblins, and the like, each moment developing more and more of things unearthly until the heart and eyes were bursting with the strain, when suddenly a great roar, like an explosion from dynamitic bombs, turned all eyes to the parent glacier, to see the birth of these unnatural forms. They broke from the icy wall with a stupendous crash, and fell into the water with such force as to send the great ship careening on her side.

The Muir Glacier occupied the most attention, and it was the most accessible to tourists. It rose to a perpendicular height of 350 feet and stretched across the entire head of the Glacier Bay, which was from three to five miles in width. The Muir and Davidson glaciers are the two arms of the great ice-field extending more than four hundred miles in length, covering more area than all Switzerland, and any one of the fifteen subdivisions of the glacial stream is as large as the great Rhone Glacier.

Underlying this great ice-field is that glacial river which bears these mountains of ice on its bosom to the ocean. With a roar like distant artillery, or an approaching thunderstorm, the advancing walls of this great monster split and fall into the watery deep which has been sounded to a depth of eight hundred feet without finding anchor.

The glacial wall is a rugged, uneven mass, with clefts and crevices, towering pinnacles and domes, higher than Bunker Hill Monument, cutting the air at all angles, and with a stupendous crash sections broke off from any portion without warning, and sunk far out of sight. Scarcely two minutes elapsed without a portion falling from some quarter. The marble whiteness of the face was relieved by depths of intense blue, a characteristic peculiar to the small portions as well as great.

Going ashore in row boats, the vast ice front along the sandy beach was first explored; it was like a fairy land. There were acres of grottos, whose honeycombed walls were most delicately carved by the soft winds, and the sunlight reflections around in the arches of ice were such as are never seen except in water, ice, and sky.

Remnants of glaciers, along the beach, stood poised on one point, or perchance on two points, and arched between. These icebergs were dotted with stones imbedded; great bowls were melted out and filled with water, and little cups made of ice would afford a drink of fresh water on the shore of this salt sea.

Our steamer narrowly escaped being crushed by the ice floes

At five o'clock in the morning, with the sun kissing the cold, majestic glacier into a glad awakening from its icy sleep, the ascent was begun; too eager to be the first to see the top, many started without breakfast, while others chose the wiser part, and waited to be physically fortified.

The ascent was not so difficult as it was dangerous. There was no trail, no guide, and many a step had to be retraced to get across or around some apparently bottomless fissure. For some distance the ground seemed quite solid. It was discovered that there was but a thin covering of dirt on the solid ice below; but sometimes in striking the ground with the end of an alpine stick, it would prove to be but an arch of ice and dirt mixed, a sort of shell surface over a dark abyss which we could not fathom. Reaching the top after a tedious and slippery climb there was a long view of icy billows, as if the sea had suddenly congealed amid a tempestuous storm. Deep chasms obstructed the way on all sides, and a misstep or slip would send one down the blue steps where no friendly rope could rescue and only rushing water roared in fathomless vaults. To view the solid phalanxes of ice floes as they filled the mountain fastnesses, and imperceptibly marched through the ravines and forced their way to the sea, filled us with awe indescribable. The knowledge that the ice was moving from beneath our feet engendered a sensation hard to portray.

It seemed like the constant wooing of the sea that won the offering from this wealth of purity, instead of the voluntary act of this giant of the Arctic Zone.

For twenty-four hours the awful grandeur of these scenes was gloried in, then Captain Hunter gave the order to draw the anchor and steam away. The whistles called the passengers back to the steamer, where they were soon comparing specimens, viewing instantaneous photographs, hiding bedraggled clothing, casting away tattered mufflers, and telling of hair-breadth escapes from peril and death. When more than a mile on our way a passenger was missed and Captain Hunter turned back to find him. Away on the shore a strong glass revealed the frantic man. He had crossed a tiny stream away up on the heights and when he came down it was too wide and swift to recross. A small boat was sent to his rescue and he was saved from a horrible death of starvation and exposure.

The steamer's whistle was the signal for a holiday in all Alaskan ports, and Sitka was no exception to the rule. It was six o'clock in the morning, but the sleepy town with its fifteen hundred inhabitants had awakened to the fact of our arrival and they were out in force to greet friends or to sell their wares. The harbor was the most beautiful that a fertile brain could imagine. Exquisitely moulded islands were scattered about enchantingly, differing in shapes and sizes with now and then a little garden patch. As far out as the eye could reach the beautiful isles break the cold sea into bewitching inlets and lure the mariner to shelter from evil outside waves.

The village nestles between giant mountains on a lowland curve, surrounded by verdure too dense to be penetrated with the eye. The first prominent feature on land was a large square two-story house, located on a rocky eminence near the shore, and overlooking the entire town and harbor. Once it was a model dwelling of much pretention with its spacious apartments, hardwood six-inch plank floors, and elaborately carved decorations, stained-glass windows, and its amusement and refreshment halls. All betokened the former elegance of the Russian Governor's home, which was supported with such pride and magnificence as will never be seen there again. The walls were crumbling, the windows broken, and the old oaken stairways will soon be sinking to earth, and its only life will be on the page of history as the Old Baronoff Castle.

Sitka's Main Street and the old Greek Church

There were eighteen missionaries in Sitka, under the Presbyterian jurisdiction, trying to educate and Christianize the Indians and they were doing a noble work.

These Indians, like the other tribes, were not poor, many having more than twenty thousand dollars in cash; yet the squalor in which they live would indicate the direst poverty.

The stroll to Indian River, from which the town had its water supply, was bewitching. The walk was about six feet wide, close to the bay, through the evergreen forest, the trees arching overhead for a distance of two miles. The water was carried in buckets loaded on carts and wheeled by hand, for horses were almost unknown in Alaska. There were probably no more than half a dozen horses and mules in all Alaska, and only two poor little mules in Sitka belonging to the mission—not so much because of the expense of transportation and board as lack of roads, and the long dark days and months of winter, when the people go out but little. The packing was then done in all sections of Alaska by natives carrying the packs and supplies on their backs.

"The stroll to Indian River was bewitching"

Sitka's most interesting object was the old Greek church right in the middle of the town, and also in the middle of the street. Its form is that of a Greek cross, with a copper covered dome surmounted by chime bells in the tower. The inside glitters with gold and rare paintings, gold embroidered altar cloths and robes. Quaint candelabra of solid silver were suspended in many nooks, and an air of sacred quiet pervaded the whole building. There were no seats, for the Russians remain standing during hours of worship. Service was held every Sabbath by a Russian priest and given in his native language, and the church was still supported by the Russian Government. Indeed, Russia was doing more for the advancement of religion than our own Government for Alaska at that time.

The *North Star* was a ten by twelve inch four-page paper, edited by Sheldon Jackson, D. D., and Prof. William N. Kelly, and published monthly in the interests of schools and missions in Alaska. Rev. Sheldon Jackson was a tireless worker in the mission field and laid the foundation for all educational work as it is now carried on.

Sitka's mercantile squaws object to cameras

Two days were spent in visiting and trafficking with these people, then the anchor came up, and a silver trail like a huge sea serpent moved among the green isles, and followed us now on the homeward sail. But one new place of importance was made on the home trip, and that was Killisnoo. When the steamer anchored the evening after leaving Sitka, the city policeman met us at the wharf, and requested a visit to his hut. Of course, he was a native, who expected to sell some curios. Over his door was the following:

"By the Governor's commission,
And the Company's permission,
I am made the grand Tyhee
Of this entire illahee.

"Prominent in song and story,
I 've attained the top of glory,
As Saginaw I am known to fame,
Jake is but my common name."

The time he attained his fame and glory was when he and his wife were both drunk; he put the handcuffs on his wife, and could not get them off, for he lost the key, and she had to go to Sitka to be released. He appeared in at least a dozen different suits while the steamer was in port, and was ready to be photographed every time.

Killisnoo used to be a point where 100,000 barrels of herring oil was put up annually. The industry was increasing again but was far short of the old shipments.

Killisnoo Jake

Alaska has vast resources, in forests, metals, furs, and fish. There are 300,000,000 acres densely wooded with spruce, red and yellow cedar, Oregon pine, hemlock, fir, and other useful varieties of timber. Canoes sixty feet long, with eight-foot beams, are made from Sitka trees.

As is now well known, gold, silver, lead, iron, coal, and copper are encountered in various localities. Though but little prospected or developed Alaska was then yielding gold at the rate of about $2,000,000 per year. There is a respectable area of island and mainland country well adapted to stock raising, and the production of cereals and vegetables. The climate of much of the coast country is milder than that of Colorado, and stock can feed in the pastures the year round.

A street-corner nursery

But if Alaska had no mines, forests, or agriculture, its seal and salmon fisheries would remain alone an immense commercial property. The salmon are found in almost any part of these northern waters, where fresh waters come in, as they always run up fresh-water streams in the spawning season. There are different varieties that come at stated periods, and are caught in fabulous numbers, sometimes running solid ten feet deep, and often retarding steamers when a school of them is overtaken. At Idaho Inlet Mr. Van Gasken brought up a seine for the steamer *Elder* tourists to see that contained 350 salmon for packing. At nearly every port the steamer landed there was either one or more canning or salt packing establishments for salmon. From these 11,500,000 pounds were marketed in 1887.

Besides the salmon, there is the halibut, black and white rock cod, herring, sturgeon, and many other fish, and the waters are whipped by porpoises and whales in large numbers all along the way. Gov. Swineford estimated the products of Alaskan fisheries in 1887 at $3,000,000.

The seal fisheries are still eighteen hundred miles west of Sitka. There the islands are in continuous fog in summer and are swept by icy blasts in winter. There are many interesting facts connected with these islands, and the habits of these animals

Nearing the home shore

Suffice that 100,000 seals were then killed each year for commercial purposes. Over a million seal pups are born every year and when they go for winter quarters they travel in families only and not in droves.

In fact, Alaska is full to overflowing with offerings to seekers of fortune or pleasure. Its coast climate as far north as Sitka is mild, with no extreme heat, the snow-clad peaks temper the humid air, and the Japan warm currents bathe its mossy slopes in winter.

Away up along the Yukon it is the coldest place in winter of any habitable land, but so is the heat greater there in the summer than in the Southern States; but that land was so far beyond the tread of civilization that it was not thought the same century in which we live to-day would witness its development.

Three thousand miles along this inland sea have revealed scenes of matchless grandeur—majestic mountains, like snow crowned St. Elias, rising 19,500 feet from the ocean beach, and holding the mightiest glaciers of the universe. Worlds of inimitable, indescribable splendor, with hundreds of gigantic waterfalls, make this grand scene a trip of a lifetime. There is none other like it, and the tourist who fails to make it will miss many a happy dream in his declining years.

One of the most interesting features of the Alaskan trip is the study of the tides and the care that mariners must use in navigating those waters. There are whirlpools and rapids that are strong and wicked—drawing in even a "man of war" and not a piece of the ship ever found. There is scarcely an hour that some new phase of the waters is not revealed and causes many delays, yet when the tide is right they are as safe as a river. Between some of the islands the waters race like a cloudburst and striking a steamer would turn it completely around if nothing worse. At some places the difference in tide is twenty-five feet, but at Sitka it is less than four feet. The dangers of the trip make it the more exhilarating when sailing under a competent commander like Captain Hunter, who is still a navigator in Puget Sound and Alaskan waters.

Returning from Alaska to our Caldwell home there were some typical developments which were related in a letter to my mother as follows:

CALDWELL, July, 1888.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

When we reached home from our Alaska trip yesterday I found a lot of mail from various friends who seem to have us in mind. Bert Smith and his mother will be here to-morrow for a little visit. Hattie Wright, my old college chum, has written me that she will spend the summer with us if we are going to be at home. Mr. Caldwell and his daughter Minnie are coming; then sister Mate, Will, and Louie, and three Chicagoans with them will about swamp our little Sunnyside home if they come at one time. Pard reached home just a few hours ahead of me, and we are so glad to be reunited.

We can get plenty of good Chinese help here now and I will be glad to have a house party. I do not know as I have ever told you of the little tilt I had with Mr. W. C. B. Allen, whom you met out here. He edited the *Caldwell Tribune* awhile and is now editor and manager of the *Shoshone Journal*. He conspired with others to rid our section of Chinese labor. He had our Chinese boy nearly scared to death and we made the boy stay right here and not go down-town at all. Mr. Allen, Mr. Cooper, T. W. Boone and others even threatened to come over here to the house and get the Chinaman. Pard told them he would shoot the man who dared to molest the boy on our premises, and when he was not there, I would be, and none questioned my ability with a gun. Mr. Allen has always shown great friendship for us, and the anti-Chinese Committee sent for him to come to Caldwell and labor with us. He came over one evening, all primed with his story, and finally the important subject was broached. Well, dearies, I wish you could have heard his reasons for driving out the poor, hardworking Chinese boys. They were so weak that I could not restrain my smiles. His main reason was that there were so many single men in the West that every housewife should feel in duty bound to import servant girls that the young men might marry and multiply and fill up this great desolate land. Finally, when he was expecting some concessions, I turned on him and laughed in spite of myself and told him that I was sure the dear people did not realize how hopeless he had considered his own bachelorhood. I told him to send East for a carload of girls of the kind he wanted to choose a wife from, and when they came if there was one who would do my work, I would keep her until he was ready for the nuptials, then he should let me have my Charlie again. "Oh," he exclaimed, "keep your old Chinaman" and he made his adieux. He'll go around a block now rather than meet me. Now don't worry about that trouble, for that craze has long since blown over and peace is restored, except between Mr. Allen and me, and I still have my Chinese Charlie.

With all our troubles of State and Church, and of domestic and social affairs, I have finished my White Seal course of Chautauqua, and have my papers all ready to send in for the last of the four years. I have enjoyed it immensely, although I have read nearly all of it on the cars as we have journeyed about. I wonder if any one else has read the course under such trying conditions.

The news of our leaving Caldwell will be a sad surprise to our friends, for we have some very near and dear ones here, as you have chanced to see. There are no friends so dear as those who go with you through days of adversity and sorrow, and stand the test of pioneering. We can now appreciate better the ties that bind you to the few of the old families there and made you lenient to eccentricities that some of us younger ones could not appreciate.

Pard had a dreadful time down in old Kentucky when he went to see about that short-horned herd that he recently bought. You should hear him tell the story of his battle and the agony he endured. Aside from the bugs, there were fleas galore. Some nights he dressed himself and went out and walked the streets half the night, and there was not a spot on his body that did not have a red blotch from one or the other of those pests. He tried to drown his sorrow in the enthusiasm of nominating President Harrison at the Chicago Convention, but he said he was in fear all the time that some one would pick live things from his clothes.

We are so free from all kinds of vermin and fleas here that we cannot appreciate the trials of those who have them. During the months of March and

April the woodticks are bad, if one goes in the brush, but they do not get in the house. Pard shipped two beautiful Kentucky saddle horses with the cattle, and I can hardly wait for them to come.

Oh, mother, Pard has just been in and whispered something in my ear that he thought I would be rejoiced to hear, and instead of that it fairly breaks my heart, and I am afraid I will not be able to bury the disappointment so deep that he will not find it. He said that he and Uncle Rob have bought the Hailey Hot Springs and that they will erect a large hotel there at once. I have so hoped that he would go to some field of work where he would have a broader scope for his capabilities. We have succeeded in our enterprise here just as far as we could possibly hope to do until vast capital is invested to reclaim these desert lands. Southern Idaho is one of those "next year" lands where hope can be deferred as long as one has strength to wait. We have put many on the road to wealth here while we have been spending our own capital and energies, and must continue to sacrifice and wait until the times change or break away and take a new stand. I love every foot of Hailey; it is a dear little spot, with many attractions and friends, but it is not the place nor the enterprise for Pard, and my heart cries in such rebellion that I cannot write any more to-night.

As I look at the length of this letter, you may be glad that something leads it to a hitching post.

With much love for you all from

DELLA.

CHAPTER XLII

THE SAW TOOTH RANGE—A SUMMER AMONG THE CRAGS

AWAY in the middle north of Idaho are the Salmon River mines and away up there the drainage of the great Salmon River begins almost in the very clouds. The long row of pointed teeth, that gives the mountain range its name of Saw Tooth Mountains, rises high above the snow line. All the year around the great white teeth are the guides to the mountain treasures and they form the grandest art view of the State.

Those who have camped on the lakes nestling in the arms of these noble snow-clad peaks will never forget the joys of the season, with every fibre of one's being alert from the ozone of the cool, unsullied air. Down in the valleys below, the sun's hot rays were drawing the ooze from every pore, but up among the crags the bonfires blazed merrily the whole day long. Glistening and hungry mountain trout rose unsuspectingly to any kind of bait in the camps along the way, and feathered game and larger game of the forests were plentiful. It was truly a hunter's paradise. We had brought along our house party of seven guests for a real mountain camping experience, and it was a novelty to all of them and their enthusiasm was unbounded.

From the very beginning of the journey on Upper Wood River the fascination of the trip was in the bold and minareted peaks with declivitous sides, with the winding drive full of dangers to the uninitiated, but clear and promising to one used to the narrow roadways and the customs of the mountaineers. If we camped beside the river the great salmon trout were so large that it seemed that the waters must magnify them until one was brought in that weighed forty pounds; its tail dragged on the ground as it was borne into camp with a pole through its gills carried on the shoulders of the happy fishermen.

" The fascination of the trip was in the bold and minareted peaks "

Before we reached the beautiful Saw Tooth Lakes we spent one night at a deserted cabin, but the word "deserted" is used with a large mental reservation for the tallow dips were no sooner extinguished than a horde of rats and mice made us amply regret seeking that shelter from threatening clouds. There was no ceremony in their entering and they attacked our belongings with the relish of hungry burros. They scampered in the rafters and across our beds and jumped into our faces until they made the night such a bedlam of distress that we were all out of doors before morning.

One of the party fell in a deep hole in the river while trying to bring some ducks ashore that had fallen under Pard's true aim. He was drawn out of the icy deep with a keener perception of the magnifying depth of the water than he was wont to believe before. His bedraggled clothing was hung on the trees to dry when the sun had already done his day's work and gone to bed, and the clothes did not dry, but they froze stiff as ice itself. The rest of the party used the frozen spectre for a target, and kept our unhappy friend dressed up in his Sunday best for the rest of the trip. He was one of several Chicago friends who were enjoying their first trip west, and they did not fail to play a little joke on each other when possible. Pard enjoyed those little pranks so well that two or three of us planned one to include him. The story as it appeared in an Idaho paper was a good description of the incident, and I will quote it in full. It was copied all over the West and in the Chicago papers and for the year following I am sure a week did not pass that Pard did not get from one to three or four marked copies of that article from somewhere. Mr. Waters's special friends in the Illinois Club of Chicago were each armed with a copy when Mr. Waters reached home. It ran as follows:

> A good story is wafted on the breezes from the Redfish Lakes in which Robt. E. Strahorn and his Chicago friends were the star actors. One evening when the mighty hunters had returned from their daily slaughter, and were quietly smoking the pipe of peace and playing poker for red chips, the alarm was raised that a crane of a rare species was sitting on a rock in the river catching fish. Grasping their trusty weapons, Strahorn and Waters began to cautiously creep upon the unsuspecting crane, trembling with excitement for fear that they would lose the valuable specimen, and hoping that they might also find its nest. With such visions Mr. Waters drew a bead on the crane's head, shut his eyes, and pulled the trigger.
>
> When the smoke cleared away the bird was discovered in the same place, evidently taking great satisfaction in treating his enemies with supreme contempt. It was now Strahorn's turn and he dropped on one knee and ran his eye along the trusty barrel, the gun cracked, and the crane fell into the water and started to drift away. With a shout of triumph the two hunters dashed forward over rocks, through brush, and into the river to secure the prize. After getting a thorough soaking, they at last succeeded in reaching the bird, and as Strahorn, standing waist deep in water, grasped it by the neck, the shout of triumph which was trembling on his lips died away, and holding the stuffed crane at arm's length, he muttered: "Sold, by thunder!" It was a well-planned joke by the ladies of the party, as this rare species of crane could be bought for two-bits at any Chinese store.

After that incident it was ever with misgivings that they would raise the rifle for any game near camp, and once they actually refused to shoot into a covey of ducks because they believed them to be decoys.

At the limit of our drive it was but another day across to Bonanza, where Pard had left me when he first crossed that wild mountain range ten years before. I could not free my thoughts from the friends over the other side of the divide. We roamed about the woods contiguous to our camp, and it was not surprising that we fell upon a secluded cabin where a prospector lived the life of a recluse in all the loneliness of his hidden habitation. This part of the country had as many living in the wooded cloisters as they had over the divide. The tragedies of the hills are many, even away up among the clouds where one seems to be almost in God's arms. These hermit characters are found all over this Western land, in the lowlands, along the rivers and on the lakes, but most of all in the land of the prospector; away up where all men are equal, away up where a man has only what he can bring on his own back, or that of a trusty pack animal, in the land where there is no social discrimination, where one must fall in line with the humor of the trail or be made the butt of ridicule, where sometimes rather than hold out the hand of fellowship he will hide himself and live a quiet uneventful life far from home and friends. When the winter snows lie deep around their little cabins, and the long night falls on the desolate wilderness, what thoughts, what memories, must haunt these lonely men sitting there in solitude and darkness. As the time goes on they become sensitive and timid, and unless their characters are especially strong they will finally avoid all contact with civilization.

"We roamed about the woods contiguous to our camp"

I often asked my Pard why so many of these mountain hermits unburdened their affairs of the heart to me. There was scarcely a camp that we visited but that some honest-hearted man would pour his romance into my sympathetic ear if he had an opportunity. Pard said I expressed the whole key: it was my sympathetic nature that had drawn out the story when they may not have really intended to tell it. It was such a rarity to have a woman come among them that when she showed any personal interest in them their hearts turned homeward to the girl, wife, or mother they had left behind. The stories were always interesting and my own married life was such a joy that I must have imparted the matrimonial fever to many who asked advice. Sometimes the man had run away from home and the girl he loved without leaving any message, run away to the land of promise to make a fortune to lay at her feet. He had met with only ordinary luck, or perhaps had only the fortune of a miner's wages, but he knew the girl loved him, for she had never married, and would I tell him what he ought to do. More than one maid of the far East has been led to the altar by the man of her choice who will never know how much I helped her, or that I bought the engagement ring that crowned their years of waiting.

One man had kept up a correspondence of more than ten years with a girl back at the old home, but his fortune was bad and he had not the heart to ask her to marry him when he was down on his luck, and now his mine that he had hoped so much from had been thrown into litigation which might last through eternity. Then I recited to him a part of that famous little poem:

"A POOR MAN'S WIFE

"Only ten dollars—no more, sir—
  The wages I weekly touch,
For labor steady and sore, sir,
  It is n't a deal too much;
Your money has wings in the city,
  It vanishes left and right;
But I hand it all to my Kitty
  As sure as Saturday night;
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She 's better than gold to me!

"Ah, the day that she stood at the altar,
Modest and white and still,
And forth from her lips did falter,
The beautiful low, 'I will,'
Our home has been bright and pretty
As ever a poor man's may,
And my soft little dove, my Kitty,
Shall nest in my heart for aye;
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She 's better than gold to me!"

And then I told him how much better off his wife would be up there where the sky was blue; with a dear little home free from the vile contact of squalor and distress in the dirt and smoke of a great city. If the girl loved him she would be happy where he was even in a little cage clinging to the mountainside, open to the clear, sweet sunshine of health and pure air, if only he would but think as much of her comfort when once she was there with him as he did during his day-dreams.

Some poor fellows have been jilted by the girls to whom they had given their hearts' best love, and they will wear away their lonely lives until some morning the accustomed curl of smoke will be lacking above the cabin roof, and the faithful dog will stand guard as the only mourner over the place of death. Most of those who have hidden themselves away long for companionship more than they can tell, but they have grown so abashed and timid they have not the courage to break into the lines of civilization again.

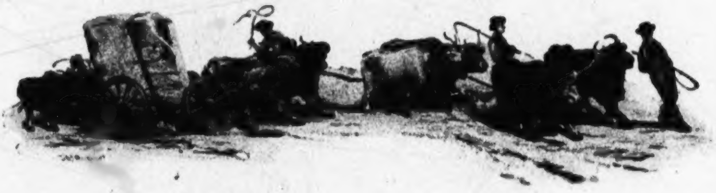
There is a charm in the life where the packer and the guide and the man of wealth are on the same footing, and every man is measured according to his own worth and not according to his length of purse. None can explain the fascination of the frontier life, yet there are but few who do not enjoy its lack of conventionalities, and love the association with nature's great handiworks. There is a freedom in the life that gives expansion and expression to those who enjoy the sunshine and the breezes in living close to nature, yet nowhere on earth is there more chivalry shown to the gentler sex than among the real pioneers of our great West. A woman is far safer from intrusion in the loneliest camp of the mountains than in the very heart of our great cities. In those far away fastnesses to which the search for gold has led them, men look upon a woman with awe and admiration, even to reverence.

After a month of camping on the Saw Tooth Lakes we reluctantly turned down the homeward road, leaving the background of solitude behind us; the mountains, seamed, jagged, and rent, lay in clear outline against the sunlit sky. The pack trains with processions of sturdy little jacks, stretched and doubled their weary legs in scrambling up and down the steep hills and carried their burdens on into the mountains; freighters sometimes doubled their teams to get their wagons one by one up the long grades, swearing and cursing at every obstacle in their path as from their seats on the off-wheeler they cracked the whip around the ears of the leading span.

"Some poor fellows have been jilted by the girls to whom they had given their hearts' best love"

A freighter is not necessarily a bad man; he is often generous to a fault, but his language will not bear repeating here. I once knew of one who would not take a case of books, because it would overload his wagon; he said he could not possibly make room for it, but he accepted three times that bulk in whiskey because, as he said, he would not have to carry it all the way through to his destination. A freighter accumulates a vocabulary that would start almost any balky horse. His oaths pour through his lips like water down a hill. With every crack of the whip as it cuts into the sage-brush, or into the flank of the leader, or the wheelhorse, there is an accompaniment of profanity long, loud, and strong that dies away in mutterings of the same hot stuff, until Rock, or Pete, or Jim, lags a bit behind the other sturdy pullers, then he begins anew his oration of oaths as he snaps the whip on the ears or haunches of the delinquent animal.

On our return to Hailey we camped on a creek that had a little wooded island in it, where a great number of cats were having a hilarious time. A board was laid across one arm of the creek that made a bridge for the animals to go back and forth over. They loved to come around the camp for something to eat, and they did not seem much afraid unless an attempt was made to catch one of them, then they would all take fright and scamper home. One night when they were all on our side of the water one of the party pulled in the board, then when the pussy cats made the jump for home every one of them lit in the middle of the stream where the board had been. They were none the worse for the ducking, but they did not jump so fearlessly through the bushes again when the trick was repeated.



"A freighter is not necessarily a bad man"

CHAPTER XLIII

HAILEY HOT SPRINGS—A JAY GOULD SUMMER RESORT

HOT mineral springs are bountifully sprinkled over the western country, and in a number of places they are made most important adjuncts of a town. At Boisé, in Idaho, the natural hot water not only supplies the Natatorium, with its large swimming tanks, but the water is piped into the city for heating purposes, and the same is now true of Helena, but in the Wood River country of Idaho the water was never so fully utilized. The springs of Ketchum, twelve miles above Hailey, were located in an ideal spot. A grove of magnificent old gnarled trees made a grand natural park for pleasure parties, and it was most deplorable that the owner of such a glorious location should spoil it by such inferior improvements, but the springs were better than a gold mine to him and every dollar they brought in cost him but the loan of a couple of clean towels.

Domestic difficulties at the Hailey Hot Springs probably accounted for their being thrown on the market, as they were also profitable with only the rudest improvements. They were owned by one J. L. G. Smith, who was so cruel to his family that his wife at last picked up a shotgun and killed him, an act justified by the courts and in the hearts of many of the Hailey citizens.

Not long after this event, and while I was in Alaska, Pard and a distant relative of the same name from Chicago bought the springs, proposing to build a fine hotel with swimming pools to please the most fastidious. When these improvements were well under way Pard was called upon by Mr. Lomax of the Union Pacific Railway to write six new pamphlets each of one hundred closely printed pages on as many Western States or Territories, and they were wanted complete, ready for distribution, in ninety days. It was a terrific task to impose upon any one. It is no exaggeration to say that no other living man could have done the work for no one had made such a study of Colorado, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, to each of which one pamphlet was to be devoted. His mental map of them was as complete as his knowledge of their resources, but with all that it required going into a chest full of reference papers and compiled statistics that would have disheartened almost any one.

Hailey Hot Springs

We varied our location to write between Salt Lake, Denver, Omaha, Chicago, and yet with all our efforts to be comfortable and quiet while the work was being accomplished, Pard was a physical wreck when the work was done. The physicians said that he had used all of his physical strength, and one averred that he could not live through the winter. He had given his life to the company he had served, and many councils for medical aid resulted in but one verdict. Even my dear old father, with all his years of medical success, could give but little hope, and he advised a trip to the sunny South with absolute rest.

New Orleans was suffering a spell of intense heat although it was but St. Patrick's Day; we sat beneath the palms and magnolias and enjoyed the flowers as we listened to the unusual singing birds, but Pard always had a dislike for the city with its sewage in the streets, and its low marshy surroundings. There was no municipal government at that time for the city and most of the homes had high fences about them with locked gates and bells to warn the inmates of those who would enter. Every man was his own policeman and had to look out for his own property. Some of the old cemeteries were surprisingly curious, the graves having the outlines marked by stone bottles buried in the ground leaving only the bottoms of them exposed, and in some of the oldest places the bodies were covered on top of the ground.

We chose Pass Christian in southern Mississippi, some fifty miles east of New Orleans, for our season of rest. The Mexican Gulf Hotel was close to the water and the billowy waves gave us all sorts of music from a soothing lullaby to one of nature's greatest anthems of a storm at sea.

Among the guests were a Mr. and Mrs. Green from Saginaw, Michigan; he was a banker and a lumberman, and his big heart made a great impression on us. His first wife and his son's wife were killed while crossing a railroad track. He had married again, a dear, sweet woman with children by a first husband. Mr. Green's son had been married three times and he had three sets of children. His daughter was married and had several children and they all lived at home with him. Mr. Green said that if his children married a dozen times and had a dozen children each time they should all stay home with him as long as he could make his house large enough to hold them. With a bank and lumber yard to draw on for necessary extensions one might be curious to know what the house looks like now after twenty-five more years' increase of family.

For a time the soft air and quiet ways of our life inspired us with new hope for Pard, but without any apparent reason he was taken violently worse, and we felt that a crisis was at hand. It was in the middle of the night, and I snapped nearly a whole box of matches in trying to light the gas; then I rang the bell and waited an endless time before it was answered. Some one had gone to bed and blown out the gas and as it could not be located it was turned off all over the house; the watchman brought me a tallow candle and hastened for a doctor. But the man of medicine was truly a son of the South, and although he had only a block to come, he did not get there for nearly two hours. But to his honor and credit I will say that his work with Pard was long and thorough, his medicine was doing just what he had expected, and from that night Pard began to be a new man, and we have cherished Dr. LeRoux as our earthly saviour.

We returned to Chicago after the middle of April and bought the furnishings for the Hailey Hot Springs Hotel and hastened westward with our hearts full of thanksgiving and joy. The mountain tops of Idaho were still covered with snow, but around the springs the grass was green and velvety and summer came quickly.

The completion of the Alturas Hotel in the town of Hailey marked the beginning of a new era for that part of Idaho. It was an enterprise put through by a few of the townspeople with the assistance of Mr. Caldwell and Pard. In the organization there were the familiar names of H. Z. Burkhart, A. J. McGowan, S. B. Kingsbury, H. P. Turner, and Joe Oldham, and the building was under the supervision of W. P. Emmert, of Freeport, Ill.

We had personally selected all the furnishings of that house also, and it had been no small task. The hotel was afterwards owned by T. W. Mellon, the noted banker, of Pittsburg, and resulted in a happy surprise for Hailey in the arrival of the private car "Glen Eyrie," with a distinguished party including Thos. A. Mellon, manager of the Ligonier Valley Railroad, and also associated with James R. Mellon in the Mellon Bank of Pittsburg; there were also R. B. and G. N. Mellon, bankers of Bismarck, Dakota. The Mellons who were married had their families with them, making quite a Mellon patch for the highlands of Wood River. With them were also Senator A. Caldwell and wife and their two daughters. It was a trip in marked contrast to the one Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell had taken "overland" with us only a few years before. The spot upon which the Alturas was built was then a wild cherry patch, and the changes in places and in people was like the difference in the Alturas Hotel and Hailey's first little cabin in the woods on the river bank.

The Hailey people enjoyed a reputation for enterprise and hospitality second to none in the West, and the Mellon-Caldwell party had a round of good times that they will not forget. The party was making a tour not only through the Northwest, but on down through old Mexico, where Mr. Caldwell, a mere lad, served in the battle against the descendants of the Montezumas at Chapultepec, where his father, a commanding officer, was killed.

The ladies' plunge bath

When we left Caldwell in '88 Pard gave up the active management of the townsites and agents were placed in the different towns, leaving him in a measure free to devote his time to the new enterprise.

A large ranch bought by the new Hot Springs Company gave a latitude about the place of a thousand acres of rolling bunchgrass and meadow lands, with Wood River in the foreground. The registered Kentucky cattle, a hundred and fifty head, formed the finest herd west of Iowa and it was a great attraction long before the hotel and swimming pools were completed.

The Hot Springs Company also bought the Hailey electric light plant, making H. Z. Burkhart general manager, secretary, and treasurer, and if the offices he filled did not keep him busy the plant did. If evil spirits ever worked in electric fluid they surely did in Hailey, for no matter how perfect the service at other times there was scarcely an important social function in town or at the springs that those lights did not go out. Then from the dark depths of a ballroom Mr. Burkhart would make a wild exit, don his rubber suit, and fly to the juice factory to find the electrician drunk, or absent, or the waterwheel clogged with slush ice, or some other dire trouble existing, and he himself might have to jump into the water and clean the ice from the wheel. Sometimes the lights came back, and so did he, and sometimes miners' candles sputtered on the walls and dripped their incense on the revellers as the dance went on. Those were days when electric plants had not yet reached the perfection of this later century, and every man who came to run the plant built it over and condemned his predecessor whether he came from Chicago, Portland, or San Francisco. It was a lesson in patience and expense that was more severe than writing books.

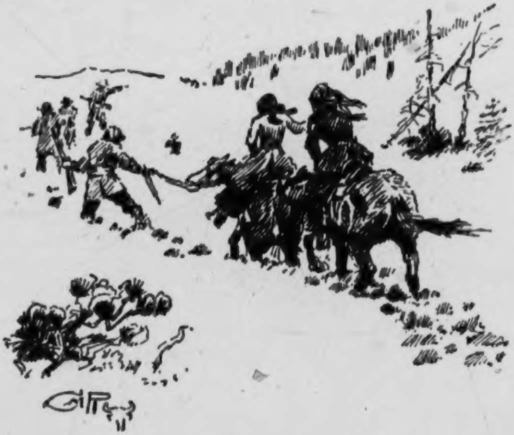
Jay Gould and family with Hailey citizens. Reading from right to left—sitting, are Miss Helen Gould, Jay Gould, Miss Anna Gould, later Countess de Castellane, Mrs. S. H. H. Clark, Edwin Gould, and Frank Gould

When everything was in readiness for the opening ball at Hailey Hot Springs Hotel, Pard went with the Hailey Cornet Band to meet a trainload of Salt Lake excursionists at Shoshone. They were to arrive early in the morning and it seemed that my eyes had just closed in a first deep sleep when a startling summons at my door gave the despairing information that the gentlemen's cement plunge had broken and the basement and bowling alley were filled with water and a team of horses could go through the gaping aperture that emptied the great tank. My heart sank in despair at the unlooked-for catastrophe. The basement and alley were not yet completed, but all the supplies for the table were stored there, and what could not float were buried in hot water. Every man on the place was set at rescue work and it was a tired crowd that met the happy tourists on their arrival.

There were thousands of shade trees and orchard trees planted around the hotel; no pains or money had been spared in making the place attractive for such people as Jay Gould and family, and many other notables who found it a charming retreat. The summer passed most successfully. The resort was a joy and comfort to all that country between Salt Lake and Huntington. The hotel was closed in December that we might reach Illinois for Christmas festivities, but we delayed starting just one day too long. Pard started out two days ahead of me for a quick trip to Caldwell and on the second day we were to meet in Shoshone and go on East. But that night it began to snow, and it did not stop except for a few hours at a time until the snow was five feet deep on a level. While it did not drift, it was a beautiful sight to see the great white carpet gradually rise over the fence tops until the masses fell from the roof and blocked all the windows on the first floor of the Springs Hotel. Then the final storm drifted furiously and our condition at the springs became really serious. A few venturesome miners came down from the hills on snowshoes, clad in furs and gunny sacks, and as their poles and shoes were stood on end near the tunnelled doorway it seemed as if we had been transported to Lapland. When the sun came out again I hurried the final arrangements for the care of the house and decided to make an effort to get into town with the one maid that was still with me. The horses were brought to the door after a road had been made for them, but how we were to get to town was not yet solved.

The fence around the park in front of the house was entirely out of sight; we had to skirt it or go over it to get to the main road as yet untrodden since the heavy storm began.

Fortunately the men who had come from the mines were equally anxious to get to town, and with the two men of our own we started out after two weeks of snow imprisonment. The sky was beautifully clear and blue, but the temperature was eight degrees below zero. It required nearly three hours to get around our own little park to the main road, and after that whenever the horses got off the road they went almost out of sight in the deep drifts and had to be shovelled out. The snow was as dry as powder and the freezing weather did not crust it over. It was only after many laborious hours of floundering over those two miles between the springs and town that I was left at the Alturas Hotel completely exhausted from the trip. There I had to wait until the seventh of January before a train could get out of Hailey. It was also impossible to get telegrams out or in, and Pard was in a state of panic not easy to describe as he waited for me outside of the snow-girded hills. It was the worst winter ever known on Wood River.



"It required nearly three hours to get around our own little park"

High winds, stalled freights, broken engines, and a few other things delayed travel all the way East. The good folks at home had waited the Christmas tree until New Year's, and then, hearing nothing from us, they handed out their gifts to one another with doleful and solemn faces, while hourly expecting to hear of some calamity, but it was still another week before they received the message "snow-bound" that absolved all fears.

Snow was still three feet deep in Idaho in February, and at Rocky Bar it had reached the phenomenal depth of eight feet. During that ever-to-be-remembered winter it was estimated that one hundred feet of snow fell in the Rocky Bar district, where every fresh fall of snow had been carefully measured. When we returned there and saw the still favorable conditions for more snow, we went at once to our favorite resort of Monterey, to wait for clearer skies.

The snow was no longer confined to the mountains and we had to wait forty-eight hours in Shoshone, and then take a train that had no sleeper to Ogden. From Ogden west a series of mishaps followed—a broken wheel under the baggage car, and a wait for a new one to be put in; then another wheel broke under the Pullman, the car was sidetracked, and the passengers forced to go into a chair car.

Up in the Sierras the snow-banks were higher than the car windows and in many places we could not see the top of the cut made for the cars to pass through. We bumped into snow-drifts, had broken piston rods on our engine, and waited for a brakeman to walk five miles to wire for an engine to come thirty miles to the rescue; but with all the discomforts and delays we arrived in San Francisco safely.

Down on the beach of Monterey Bay the sea rolled in the same musical rhythm, Chinamen were weeding clover from the blue grass, bees were gathering honey, and we forgot the snow-bound lands of the east and north. The beautiful California poppies opened and closed their eyes with the day; they drank in the sunshine and gave it out again in their golden hues, making the waysides glorious in their untrammelled confusion of wanton luxuriance. To live among the brown hills and sage-brush gives one an appreciation of the semitropical verdure and bloom, and every tree and flower incited adoration and favor.

News came at last of the slipping away of the great white sheet of winter and the call of the north came again. We reached

Portland on April 7, 1890, the opening day of the Hotel Portland, and a proud day for Oregon, for in whatever a city excels the State to which it belongs shares and glories in the triumph. It was our first all-rail trip from Frisco to Portland, but even the railroad was not all one might wish. The April sun loosened the snow and rocks from the mountainsides, and as they rolled down over the track they sometimes brought thousands of tons of loose earth along and blocked the track for miles. One of these earth avalanches came near taking our train down the embankment and covering it in unknown depths. Doubtless it was the vibrations caused by the trains that started the slide, but it caught only the rear end of our car, cutting off the steps and platform as completely as if done with sharp edges.

The incident happened just after dark. As danger whistles were blowing long and loud from several engines at a nearby station, a passenger stepped out to learn the nature of the danger, and he disappeared in the darkness before it was known that the platform was gone. The train had slowed down so much that the man was not seriously hurt, although painfully bruised. When he was found and brought into the car he made the somewhat facetious remark that "When a man hunts trouble, he usually finds it."

The Shasta route has since then become one of the greatest attractions for American travellers; there is a peculiar charm in gliding around the mountainsides and having the same great snowy summits nodding into the windows on either side of the car as the road winds back and forth until you are ready to swear that you are going backward instead of forward, and the same tantalizing peaks have a hypnotizing way of convincing you that they are coming toward you as you go from them. They rise up in unexpected directions and you feel as if floating in the air as the peaks play at hide and seek.

From Portland we circled Puget Sound again, and since first wading over the hills in Seattle mud ten years before, the village had merged into a city and gave such promise as only American pioneers can know and understand. Instead of boats to Bellingham Bay once a fortnight there were daily steamers, and the whole north shore was opening up to the strong breeze of progress.

En route to Hailey again we sojourned in Caldwell for the formal dedicatory ceremonies of the Presbyterian Church and the ordaining of Rev. W. H. Boone as its pastor. It was a proud moment for the little band who had carried the work on so successfully, and as I read for them the history of the church from its inception, I felt that I had not, and could not give those good people half the credit they deserved.

We had succeeded in the Hailey Hot Springs Hotel and had Union Pacific co-operation in bringing patronage that was in itself a sufficient guarantee of success. Mr. Holcomb, Vice-President of the Union Pacific, Mr. Cummings, Assistant General Manager, and other officers of the company, enjoyed the health-giving waters immensely. Later, Mr. Jay Gould and his two daughters, Helen and Anna, and his two sons, Edwin and Frank, and General Manager S. H. H. Clark and wife were there and had a royal good time, not only at the springs but in hunting and fishing and visiting the mines.

" The Shasta route has become one of the greatest attractions for American travellers "

But with all the co-operation and a season of unprecedented success, the partnership was an unhappy one, and knowing it to be especially unpleasant for me, Pard disposed of his interest, and we said farewell to Hailey. After a short sensational season the following year the Springs Hotel burned and was never rebuilt.

CHAPTER XLIV

ON THE WING

I WAS on the verge of a collapse when we left Idaho, and it was thought best to go down to Clatsop Beach on the Oregon coast with my sister and niece for companions while Pard went to Bellingham Bay. The old steamer *Thompson* left Portland at night and consumed twelve hours in carrying us to the landing at Young's Bay. Then there was a rail ride of sixteen miles and two miles more by carriage to reach the old Ben Holliday homestead, which had been transformed into a summer hotel.

The pine and cypress trees were in their virgin beauty, and a long shady walk of half a mile to the rocky beach was the most attractive feature about the place, unless it was the rambling old house itself and the stream of clear water beside it. We made but a short sojourn there and went again to 'Frisco and there experienced our first earthquake. It was a serious one, throwing people out of bed, tipping over furniture, and indulging in queer antics that are the special prerogative of such convulsions.

It gave everybody a good scare at all events and the noise was like the reverberations of thunder. It surely started us to thinking of the north again, and the steamer could not clear the docks too quickly to take me up to Old Fairhaven on the north shore of Puget Sound. It is an undefinable condition to long for a quiet rest and yet be ever moving on and on.

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Snoqualmie Falls

Bellingham Bay, on which Fairhaven was located, was a joy forever and at all times. The wide stretch of sea, with its singing tides, its many green islands, and its snow-capped mountains, its borders of berries and blooms, its insets of ferns and thickets, its massive forest monarchs reflected in the usually placid depths, and the streamers of steam and smoke trailing on the wind from the stacks of the floating engines of the navigator, made a picture never to be dispelled from one's mind. To me the influence was soothing and hypnotic in its fascinations.

While waiting for the fine Fairhaven hotel to be completed we had to be content at a little tavern down on the wharf kept by one Joe Morrell, who was an old Idahoan and a Haileyite. We found much joy in life even down among the docks at the water front. The afternoon sun beat into our one west window with merciless heat, while the cold fog came trailing in at night with just as much assurance, but there were compensations. There was life and bustle about the steamships with their human freight, and the close proximity of water craft was especially fascinating to us who had never lived at the seashore.

Joe Morrell had a mind of his own about a hotel table. He would not give his boarders baked potatoes because they used too much butter for them, and he had equally good reasons for denying them other edibles, but it was only a short sufferance, and few there were who blamed him for his economy.

The wharf-rats were plentiful, and so were wood-rats, and every few days there would be a new story about their thieving. One man buried several hundred dollars in the ground under the floor of his cabin, and it remained there for a long time, but one day when he wanted some of it, he dug in the ground for his treasure only to find that it was gone. It was learned then that many things were missing, knives, forks, spoons, tin cups, balls of twine, harness buckles, straps; and some pieces of inexpensive jewelry, etc., and it was not until several months later, when grubbing out an old stump, that he surprised himself by finding his money and other things stowed away by the thrifty wood-rats. They do not steal things for their use only, but anything that is portable they love to carry off, because wood-rats, like monkeys, are born thieves.

In 1890 mail was still carried by boat to the bay towns of Fairhaven, New Whatcom, and Sehome, and rivalry was supreme between these aspirants for municipal honors. Each was striving for supremacy, and neither of them would yield its name for the sake of a union of interests, until it was proven that none of the names could survive, then they were ultimately blended in the one town of Bellingham, named for the bay itself, on which all three bordered.

The bay cities had resources to make them grow rapidly; there were iron mines, marble, coal, timber, and stone, and their quarries contributed to the best structures of Seattle and Tacoma and even San Francisco. The vast products of the sea were easily obtainable. There was no direct sweep of the sea on the long shore line and the deep waters of the bay, even at low tide, had the best of anchorage, which made the locality the finest harbor on the 2500 miles of Puget Sound shore. Some writers even declare its fifty square miles of landlocked sea to be the best harbor in the world.

"The very sands were full of clams"

It was a superlative joy to see Fairhaven grow with other guiding hands than ours. It was exhilarating to us who had always worked the laboring oar to hear of schemes set afoot for progress and various enterprises of the town fostered and promoted by somebody else. What a picnic life was, with almost every resource for the support and luxury of life within the hand's reach, and a climate that made the earth abound in riches, when compared to the sun-parched alkali flat where Caldwell was born and nourished, and also those other barren towns of Mountain Home, Shoshone, and Ontario on the Oregon Short Line. Around the beautiful Bellingham Bay the forests were full of meat and wild honey, the water full of fish, the very sands were full of clams, and trickling streams and turbulent torrents were full of trout. What was there for man to do but gather the harvest. Yet the promoters thought they had troubles, and dissension grew in their ranks.

The Fairhaven Land Company built the beautiful stone hotel which stands upon a conspicuous eminence in the very heart of the town. It was opened on the 4th of September, 1890, with a grand ball which had with others in attendance the State Press Association that had been in session on the bay.

Our suite of rooms in the new hotel was in the tower corner overlooking the two principal streets and affording the finest marine view to be found on the Pacific Coast. It was a view of a vast sea, dotted with wooded isles, circled by snowy mountain ranges, and with gliding steamers and sailing craft to give life to the scene.

The building of the hotel was an enterprising movement that did more than all else to build up the town until the Nelson Bennett interest was purchased by C. X. Larrabee. The latter was a man of such pronounced temperance ideas that he would not lease the house to any one without a contract not to sell liquors of any kind, not even for table use. Several managers tried to run the house and failed, and now the house for twelve years has stood in all its regal glory void of all tenantry but that of its owner and his family. In the hotel's palmy days after its first opening Pard began writing a book on the resources and advantages of the locality for the Fairhaven Land Company, and he used a special room in the hotel as a literary den. He labored on the book early and late, and one day when the manuscript was nearly finished and he was rejoicing over the near completion of the work some one stripped his den of everything in it. The manager was called up and his inquiries revealed the fact that a new and exceedingly stupid chambermaid had taken all his reference papers, his tables of statistics, all of his notes, and his pile of completed manuscript and dumped them into the furnace. Pard was in a state of collapse for a while and my heart ached for him. It was a loss that no money value could make good, and it was impossible for him to re-create the work, for his heart was out of it.

A novel turning of Puget Sound forest lands into farms

Fairhaven was built on a series of natural terraces that reached the fourth and highest level about five hundred feet above the water line. Each terrace was high enough above another to hold its marine view unmolested and that same condition prevailed on through Sehome to within the limits of New Whatcom. The finest homes were built on the higher levels commanding magnificent marine views in one direction, and Happy Valley, with its circling mountain environment, on the interior side, and snow-crowned Mount Baker rising above it all.

"Long wooded avenues reveal most gorgeous colorings of vine-clad rocks"

The day will come when Bellingham Bay will be one of the most popular summer resorts in the West. The drives through long wooded avenues reveal most gorgeous colorings of vine-clad rocks. Streams singing their great hallelujahs as they burst upon the view, forest monarchs clothed at their roots with an almost impenetrable confusion of wild berry bushes, ferns and vine maples, and these added to glimpses of the bay are so diversified and glorious that one never tires of them. Beautiful fresh water lakes are abundant and vary in size from a mile in diameter to twelve miles in length, where hours and days and weeks can be spent in angling or in campfire bivouacs. Picnics, clambakes, and other pleasure parties in the open air are joys unalloyed in such an environment.

Fairhaven was an orderly town and it was several years old before it had its first tragedy. Then a policeman was shot, the bullet striking his watch, just over his heart; it sprung the watch open, but did not stop the ticking, then the bullet glanced off and went clear through the handle of the policeman's club. The second shot, however, hit the officer in the shoulder, and the criminal escaped.

On the night of the 29th of October in 1899 the citizens turned out to burn the old town jail, which consisted of an old tug boat that had been drawn up into Harris Street, about midway between the Fairhaven Hotel and the wharf. It had been fixed up with iron gratings and the inmates made secure enough, but they frequently accosted the people passing by. The birds in the cage were that night removed to their new domicile, and the old landmark was burned away amid many glad shouts of joy.

Probably the most depressing feature about the sound, and yet one of the most interesting, was the fog. Sometimes the heavy mist settled down like an octopus on its prey, so heavy and dense that it felt like a real, tangible substance that one would try to push away. The hotel was often above the fog, and we could see the mist moving about on the water like a thing of life. Sometimes it was several hundred feet high, and rolled in from the sea, and hid the town and the woods and mountains in a few minutes. Then it might rise and leave the sunlight everywhere, or it might lag around for days. It often bounded on the water like the motion of the waves, and if it crept away on the surface it would soon come back, but if it rose in its filmy monumental glory and melted away even while we were watching it, the day would remain clear and beautiful. The fog was most depressing, but harmless, except to mariners, and the whistles and horns from the water kept alive the fear of disaster. But it was the winds that swept down from old Mount Baker's icy fortress that made a commotion. Houses rocked, windows rattled and blew in, trees fell, and commerce rested while the battle of nature raged.

There were so many people from the Wood River country in Idaho who had taken up their residence in the enchanting locality that it was a joy to see their familiar faces in that new land. Only the year before the town was but a series of stumps and many a time we climbed from the water front hotel to sit on a fallen tree where the fine hotel now stands, just to view the life and beauty of the water. It was always an inspiration, and made me acknowledge the place to be the only new town that I would again be willing to live in. The song of the sea was in our hearts from the first visit, and it charmed us like a magnet back to the city that had burst its chrysalis while we joyously watched.

Business affairs, however, were not such as interested Pard but a few months at that time. And we left for the East in the winter of '90. I saw my trunk standing on the dock with others to be put aboard, but I did not watch the loading, and on arriving at Tacoma, the trunk was not to be found. Captain O'Brien of the steamer *Washington* declared that he could not understand why the trunk was not there. We waited a week and it did not come, and we went on East where the trunk followed in a day or two more. But, oh, what a trunk and what a horrible condition of contents! It was no wonder that the steamship company begged us to go on East with the trunk to follow; when it was found it was no doubt held until we were gone, to avoid a suit for damages. The trunk had evidently been in the bottom of the sound for all that week that we had waited for it, and the plight of the wardrobe can better be imagined than described. Salt, sand,

An open house

and satins, lingerie, coats, and gowns were all of a color. It surely was a woman's privilege to shed a few tears at such a time, for everything was ruined.

I went on to Chicago for wearing apparel but soon joined Pard in Butte in that dreadful year when la grippe and pneumonia were so prevalent and so fatal in their results. We had apartments at the McDermott Hotel. So many people died that the undertakers could not take care of them, and every available place was stored with dead bodies. It was indeed a plague-stricken city. Before we could get away Pard, too, was stricken with the malady, and once while he was lying in the most critical condition, I looked down into the street and counted thirteen funeral processions moving at the same time. It was fatal almost without exception for one who indulged in spirituous liquors, and every woman who had pneumonia that season died. The housekeeper, clerks, bell

The Butte shoemaker and his motherless children boys, and many guests in the McDermott were down, and service in the house was almost impossible. A dear little baby died in the room next to ours, and many and pitiful were the cases of affliction and separation that pen cannot describe.

Then, to make matters worse, there were days when the heavy sulphurous fumes of the smelters would settle over the city, when even well people could scarcely breathe without gasping. Butte, with all its drawbacks and discomforts of 1880, was a far healthier and more lovable city than it was a decade later, with its death laden air of 1890.

There was one bright event in that three months' sojourn in Butte, for the Emma Juch Opera Company was there with its own orchestra of ninety instruments. The music was glorious, but one's eyes needed to be fascinated on the stage, for the setting was fairly grotesque. The boxes were lined and finished across the fronts with white marble oilcloth, and the face of the balcony was only unpainted boards. The seats were narrow, small, and most uncomfortable. The house was not heated sufficiently, and the suffering with cold can well be imagined when the mercury stood at from twenty to twenty-three degrees below zero at the close of the opera for the several nights that the company was there.

Across the street from the McDermott Hotel there was a little shoeshop, where a man made custom shoes and repaired old ones. Every day I saw three such neatly clad little girls going in and out so often that they excited my curiosity, and I learned that they were the shoemaker's children, and that, having lost his wife, he not only kept house for his little girls, and tried to be both a father and mother to them, but that he also did all their sewing and laundry work, in addition to the work at his little shoe bench. To his honor and credit it must be said that there were no neater or better dressed children in the school or on the street than his own three little motherless girls.

CHAPTER XLV

CAMPING OUT--LAKE McDONALD, ETC.

"To roam the bosky woods at will
To fish beside the brook,
Will fill your soul with joy until
It comes your turn to cook."

THERE is no lovelier spot in all the West than Lake McDonald in western Montana, but it lay hidden in glacial shadows many years after the railway passed near it before any attempt was made to make the lake accessible.

We had been repeatedly misinformed about the route but would not give up without one more effort to get there. Officials of the Great Northern Railroad Company gave ample assurance of a stage line from Belton over to Lake McDonald where they also said there were good hotel accommodations.

Rolling away from the crowded city the cool breezes from the Mississippi, coupled with the quiet life of its borders, were soothing in effect, but it was not until spinning over the Rockies that we felt the desired change and could imagine the laughing eddies of every creek full of trout just waiting for the fly.

How fine it was to go in a Pullman car through that great land where, but a few years before, we had travelled the length of every stage line from Omaha to Puget Sound to learn whether the country would sustain a railroad to the great waterways of the Northwest. And already many glinting steel bands reached the great tidal shores and sent their ships on to Oriental lands, and this Great Northern road was the fourth to reach the Pacific since our pioneering began.

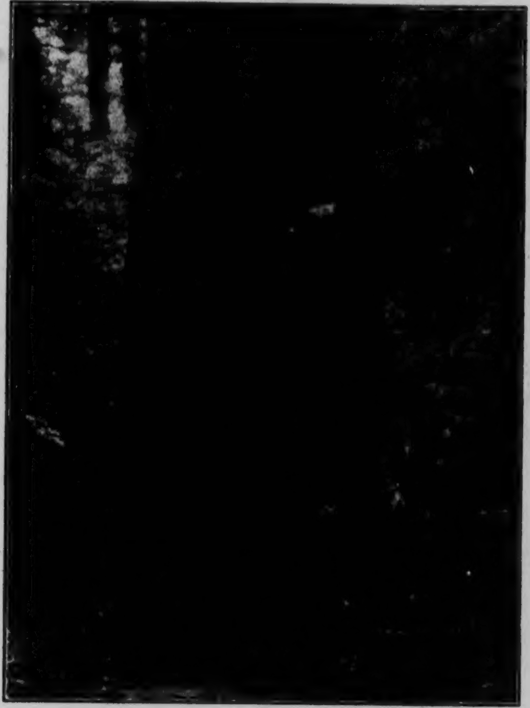
Through the garden lands of North Dakota we caught just a glimpse of the famous house that has been in five different States yet its foundation has never been changed. The children that were raised there were born in three different States, so rapidly did conditions change in a few years. Oregon once included the Territories of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and a part of Montana and Wyoming and the Dakotas. It was reached only by the Isthmus of Panama or by Cape Horn, and in later years by the overland prairie schooner and Concord coach.

It was hard to believe my own eyes when I saw the city of Great Falls, with all its stately buildings and city airs, almost on the spot where our horses got away and left us forty miles from the nearest house with not even a trail to lead us from the wilderness; but again the train moved on crossing the old stage road many times through the golden hills of Montana.

Belton was called only too soon and hours of reminiscence were blended into new experiences. We were dropped off in time to see our baggage rolling down a steep embankment, and before we could get our breath the train was off like a flash while every hope on earth seemed to fade as the rear car vanished in the distance. After all the assurances given us in St. Paul there was not even a platform and we slid down the grade with as little dignity as our baggage and with no chance to get aboard again before the train was off. Making inquiries for the stage office, etc., we were given the ha, ha. One man stared and grinned until Pard said he was demented. That stirred the grinning man's metal somewhat and he said, "No, stranger, I hain't no fool nor there hain't no stage to Lake McDonald and there hain't no road nuther."

Further urging developed the facts that it was half a mile to the river, no bridge over the river, and a poor trail full of fallen trees for two and a half miles "tother side of the river" to the lake.

Two men were finally found to take us across the Flathead River and show us the beginning of the trail. The craft was only a scooped-out log and five passengers greatly overloaded the dangerous pirogue. We were repeatedly cautioned not to make any movements to influence the canoe, and I fairly held my breath for fear we would not balance. But with all care possible there was a critical time when it seemed as if we would be rolled over into the swift turbulent whirlpools which resented our intrusion. Several attempts were made before a landing was secured and the dim trail pointed out. We watched our boatmen recross the river and wished we too were safely back on the other side, then resolutely turned our faces into the black heart of the dense forest.



Mr. Kelsey estimating axe handles

At the first little opening where we could see God's smile in the blue sky through the treetops, we sat down on a log to express our feelings toward those Great Northern officials who had so grossly misrepresented conditions and led us into such a wilderness with night closing about us.

Horatio Kelsey, a Connecticut manufacturer of axe handles and such like useful implements, was so overcome by the magnitude of the trees that he lost sight of all discomforts in making estimates on how many handles a tree would make and the cash value of every tall sentinel. Pard and I were not interested in axe handles in general, but we wanted to swing an axe over the pay of at least one Great Northern official.

It was friend Kelsey's maiden trip to the great West and he accepted every adventure with all the exuberance of a boy with his first red topped boots. The merry twinkle in his eye told how he viewed the present dilemma, but had he lost his temper and growled over the situation I am sure we would have thrown him in the river.

"Lake McDonald lay before us in all its scenic opulence"

To be in the open air and scent the sweet pine was a joy in itself and in spite of the hard trail a glad shout broke the silence when Lake McDonald lay before us in all its scenic opulence. For twelve miles it stretched its mobile length at the base of glacier-bearing mountains muffled on the lower slopes with dense green forests. The snow caps kissed the sky that spread its rosy blushes over the surface of the water, and the long shadows of the dying day were folding the peaceful nooks in the mysterious robes of night, while the moon hung low from a cloudless sky.

The "fine hotel" we were to find at the lake consisted of a log cabin about fifteen feet square, with parlor, bedrooms, dining-room, kitchen, and pantries all in one room. There was but one bedstead and that was home-made with boards a foot wide laid lengthwise six inches apart; over these boards were some deer skins but no springs, or mattress, or feather bed to disguise the hard side of the boards. A blooming red drapery hung from the ceiling around the bed and this private apartment was assigned to Pard and myself after I declined much urging to share it with the landlord's wife who was a native daughter of our continent.

Between the red curtains and cook stove was the bed of the host and hostess, with only a blanket between them and the floor, but their sleep was as sound and sonorous as if they had been in the most luxurious quarters. Close by on a large pile of deer skins was friend Kelsey. The whole cabin vibrated with every breath he drew, and when he expelled the air from his lungs it came with a "phew" as if he were blowing a fog horn, but at all events he was fortifying himself for whatever the morrow might bring. In the only remaining corner, on the floor, was a sturdy frontiersman, a regular boarder and lodger while building a cabin for himself in the nearby woods.

When the morning light broke through the column of busy mosquitoes that had been on duty the whole night, we gladly pulled our bodies out from between the boards and hastened into the bright warm sunshine on the lake shore.

But ye gods of the rod—what fishing! Hands trembling with joyous excitement knotted the lines and hooks most exasperatingly, but soon many colored flies were dancing on the ripples and scarcely would a fly touch the gleaming water ere it was seized by a hungry trout who started at once on its race for life. Its run was only equalled by the blood in the fisherman's veins. The whole world was forgotten and lost in the mad joy of the hour, and there was not a day in all the summer that followed so full of like excitement and rich success. A two- or three-pound trout can make more sport in a minute on the end of a good line fastened to a five-ounce rod than one can forget in a lifetime.

When our own camp equipment was brought in life was an ideal of nomadic bliss, and in spite of the discomforts and dangerous experiences of that first trip to Lake McDonald it became a favorite camping ground when there was a real bridge across the river and a stage running to the lake, about seventeen years after our first effort to reach the place.

One morning when everybody was soundly sleeping, Charley Howe, resident guide, and our genial host as well, called out in an agonized whisper to "Get out o' the back side of the tent quicker 'n lightnin'; biggest elk in the mountains takin' water at the lake." Then he added most impatiently, "Oh! durn it, hurry up." He was so used to sleeping in his clothes that he had no patience to wait for a man to pull on his trousers.

The "fine hotel" consisted of a log cabin about fifteen feet square

He already had the tent pins pulled at the back of the tent and Pard rolled out with his rifle and a heart thumping with buck fever. "Oh, blast it! what are you waitin' for; shoot. Quick now," cried the guide and a true shot rang through the air, the buck plunged into a thicket, and a moment of dismay followed. The guide spoke assuringly and said: "Guess you 've got 'im," and they followed hurriedly into the woods with apprehension dragging at Pard's heels. But the great elk had fallen stunned as he reached the thicket and taking the guide's trusty knife Pard hurried to put the poor beast out of misery. He had no sooner thrust the knife through the skin than he was turned in a complete summersault with the knife flying far away and the rifle out of reach. The unexpected onslaught was like a direful nightmare. The razor-like hoofs of the frenzied animal were already over him with his eyes like coals of fire glittering from his mad suffering. It seemed as if Howe was an eternity coming to the rescue—but his shot rang true and the animal fell in a limp mass upon poor Pard. The incident was almost a repetition of the experience in Yellowstone Park, but this time the animal required a second ball to bring him down.

"Life was an ideal of nomadic bliss"

The incident gave the men the hunting fever and nothing but bear, big black, cinnamon or grizzly, would do. They went direct to the wild haunts, some ten miles distant, of a famous grizzly who was the terror of prospectors, trappers, and campers in a wide region round about. They killed a deer the first afternoon, and after a big feast fixed up their lunches and equipment for a daylight start the following morning and turned in to sleep the sound sleep of the o'er tired and dream the dreams of conquerors. Some hours later they were aroused by the running and snorting of the stampeded ponies, and in the dim light of the expiring campfire were horrified to see Mr. Grizzly, of the proportions of an elephant, starting off with the only sack of flour. By the time they could reach their guns he had vanished, leaving only a white trail of the escaping flour, which they followed off into the black forest until it was obliterated by a snowstorm. Returning wet, tired, and disgusted, they found the ponies gone, with every ounce of food even to the lunches they had so carefully put up, and the remains of the deer and the syrup in the can licked up clean. There was nothing left to do but finish up bruin in their most eloquent literary style, shoulder their guns and camp equipage, and sneak sadly back to Lake McDonald afoot. Any one who wants a fight on short notice needs only to softly mention the incident in the presence of any of the participants.

Pard had to go outside for some needed supplies and he headed for the nearest place, which was McCarthyville, where he found a few straggling huts and tents that made up that hurrah town. He went to the most pretentious structure having a tavern sign and found the usual combination of barroom, dance hall, and kitchen on the ground floor. Lying on the end of the bar was the open register wherein he wrote his name and asked for a room. A very large, red-faced man informed him in a supercilious way that he had nothing left but the bridal chamber, which was spoken for, but if they did n't come mighty quick he would let the room go.

Assurances that he could get along with something less luxurious than the bridal chamber brought forth the frank suggestion that he "did n't look it." The proprietor further suggested that he "might as well have the best the country afforded." During this colloquy he noticed a trio of very tough citizens taking special interest in his autograph, hearing one of them say in a disappointed way that "He is one of them there smart Alecks that don't purpose to let you know who he is." This was not the first time attention had been called to his peculiar chirography and he would have relished the joke exceedingly had he felt a little more at ease as to the tendencies of the critics.

Now McCarthyville was not as safe as a New England village; in fact it was noted all over the western half of the Union as being a trifle the roughest place on a Rocky Mountain rail route. A necessary adjunct to rapid railway construction, it sprung up in a night and disappeared with the same celerity. An army of railway graders, woodsmen, track layers, and railway operatives made it a supply point, which it remained while the Great Northern was being built. Toughs of every type congregated from all over the West to add terror to the settlement, and incidentally rob or kill, in order to secure their share of the wealth that the great work was putting into circulation. It had been a dull day when McCarthyville did n't afford a killing or a lynching, therefore it is gratifying to know that, in some cases at least, the right parties inhabit the lonely graveyard, which is now one of the most conspicuous and doleful reminders of those flush days.

"The great elk had fallen stunned"

Pard looked the town over somewhat nervously and returning asked mine host whether he was to have the bridal chamber. He answered cheerily, "Yes siree: they can't expect me to hold a room like that on an uncertainty. A dollar please. That 's right; now go up-stairs to number 49 and make yourself to home. Can't miss it; first room to the right at the head of the stairs; you 'll find light and everything all right; if you don't, jest ring."

Pard climbed up a narrow rickety stairway and found a long, low, dimly lighted room with canvas roof. Three rows of rough board bunks ranged the entire length of the room, each bunk having its number painted on the headboard in large figures, number 49, the "bridal chamber," not differing from the rest. It was grim, coarse, McCarthyville humor. The bunk had a thin straw pillow, one blanket for a mattress, and one for a cover. The night was cold and frosty and Pard got in between the blankets without undressing.

A few others had already retired and were singing nasal melodies in various keys and the notes swelled—until more than fifty were sleeping as best they could with the night revelry ringing in their ears. Pard was suddenly startled by something passing along over his body like a man's hand tugging at his blankets. He soon discovered it was the landlord leaning over him and trying to pull off the covering.

Pard in the bridal chamber at McCarthyville

Anticipating robbery or something worse his revolver was wheeled like a wink into the man's face. Then came a muttered call not to shoot and the same voice added that it was so awful cold he must get a blanket from somebody and he shuffled down the aisle until he could strip some poor devil of his blanket which he rolled himself in with a snore of content and grunted himself to sleep.

When Pard came back to camp he said if any one else had to go on a like errand he better grease himself so he could be sure of slipping out of McCarthyville alive.

The climbing of the glacier mountains adjacent to Lake McDonald, and canoeing on the Flathead and Kootenai rivers, stopping in the primitive little towns of Columbia Falls and Kalispell completed our explorations around Lake McDonald for that year.

When we were ready to leave Lake McDonald, Mr. Howe said that he and his man would take us by boat.

"What," I cried, "do you mean to take us in those little boats through those wild rapids down the outlet of this lake to the Flathead River then up to the station?"

"Oh, yes," he replied with aggravating coolness, "it's only 'bout four mile or so."

One may love adventure, ride the cow catcher of an engine, go in a bucket down a long tramway, or try snowshoes on a mountain trail, but to chance one's life like that seemed like daring fate, and there seemed a certainty of some one being a hero or perishing in the attempt before the day was over.

It would not do to show the white feather so early in the season and I made a grand effort to swallow the intruder in my throat, then called out merrily that it would be glorious sport. The echo fell upon my own ear like a minor chord but no one seemed to notice it and preparations were begun for the departure.

At the head of the outlet of the lake the boats were turned stern down and as the men wished to fish, a bag of rocks was dropped overboard and dragged at anchor to retard progress over the rapids. It was a bang on the bank, a dash on the rocks, shooting a rapid, plunging through cascades, a whirl under the willows, or a crush between logs, one after another in rapid succession, as we were buffeted like feathers on the angry waters. At last the boats shot into a quiet pool near the confluence of the two streams and there was one that said "Amen" though the trip was but half over.

While making a cast of the flies from along shore in these seductive waters the gentlemen became separated and a fearful tragedy was narrowly averted. Fred James, of Chicago, in frantic endeavors to land two big trout at the same time slipped on the smooth spray-covered boulders, turning completely around in his fall, and was found by Pard, just in the nick of time, lying helplessly on his back, his portly form wedged tightly between two rocks, with head and shoulders downward in the icy current.

The boatman surprised us by saying the gentlemen would have to walk the rest of the way but he and his assistant could take the boat with baggage and "the woman" all right. It was easy to see the relief and pleasure it was for the gentlemen to be out on their feet and their encouraging remarks to me from the forks of the river would have made a good sized book. We were soon in the whirlpools. With a real giant in strength and nerve standing in each end of the boat to pole the craft, we slipped into the middle of the stream, then darted here and there to find the smoother currents; but as the banks came nearer together the waters grew more turbulent and progress could only be made by madly rushing into the fiercest of the cataracts. Ever and anon one or the other of the men was above his waist in the water; they would leap out to lighten quickly one end or the other of the boat that it might rise over some huge rock. At times the boat and its load would be drenched as it dipped and rolled and was tossed about as a child would toss a ball.

Shooting the rapids of the Flathead

It was no child's play, however, to take a boat safely through such rapids and in spite of the boatmen saying they were used to it and rather liked it, it was with a glad heart that I stepped on land in full sympathy with the Bostonian who returned from an ocean trip and said that he would forevermore stay on "terra cotta." But right here let me say that if any reader wishes to enjoy to the limit boating and fishing on one of the finest mountain streams in the world let him entrust himself to the safe guidance of Charley Howe on Flathead River.

The point on the railroad was only a switching station, but as the men were drenched through they felt the need of a fire to dry their clothing before proceeding further. The man in charge of the section house said he had a stove but had just received a telegram to have the stove ready to be taken up by No. 9 when it came along and he expected it every minute. "Of course," he humorously added, "if you build a fire in it, you are five to one and I can't help myself."

The suggestion was quickly followed. In a wondrously few minutes the stove was flaming red and when No. 9 blew its long whistle the boys chucked in more wood and kept it blazing. The conductor of No. 9 came in with a mouth full of bad words and demanded the stove. They told him to take it right along; there it was and no one was going to hold it. The men were dodging about the room less than half clad, turning one article and another in the drying process, and having such sport in their efforts that conductor of No. 9 went out with a growl equal to an old grizzly but not half as dangerous, and only the grumbling wheels of the freight train smothered his mutterings as it went on its way without the stove.

CHAPTER XLVI

BRITISH COLUMBIA. FIVE HUNDRED MILES OF CANOEING

IT was the summer of 1893, when the Great Northern Railroad was finished to Puget Sound, that we left Lake McDonald for a canoe trip in British Columbia. Crossing the panhandle of Idaho we soon entered our favorite State of Washington and en route caught a quick midnight glimpse of Spokane with its many bright lights, confirming the story of its being the best illuminated city in the United States. This brilliant lighting was the best advertising the town ever did. It is a pity that any city takes a backward step in such good work. Crimes were few and people were happy and safe at any hour of the night and the City Dads of Spokane better pass the hat and restore the prestige of their charge to its former glory. The midnight train west from Spokane reached that noted switchback on the Cascade Range which was then the climax of engineering skill in the full open day. The Great Northern rails were laid in zigzag lines like an old rail fence except that the angles were longer and more obtuse, and at one time from the top angle one could look down upon five rail lines where the trains went back and forth to reach the summit, and then it was the same to get down to water grade again. The two sides were so near alike, with their little red station-houses at the lower end, that one passenger declared the train was unable to get up the mountain and it had gone back to the starting place. There were no snow-sheds or snow fences to obstruct the views and every moment in crossing the great divide was a supreme delight.

Speeding from those glorious summits, and gliding down in the valley to the shining tide waters, we heard the rippling laughter of the waves as they teased the pebbles on the beach and it renewed the longing for the rollicking canoe that we might penetrate the inlets and coves of that vast Northwest shoreline.

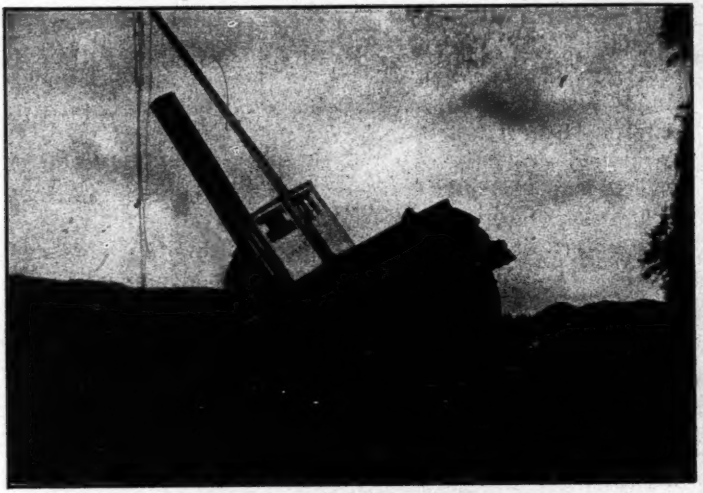
"Oh, where is the land that is fairer than this," was the song upon the lips of all, as we again gazed upon the slopes of Fairhaven, now known as Bellingham. Friend Kelsey was so captivated by the picturesque scenery that he told his fair hostess when her household affairs went wrong if she would but rest her eyes for a moment on the exquisite panorama before her, that it must at once reverse the engine of bad luck and turn everything to sunshine again. We left him on the bay still gazing at the trees like an enraptured schoolboy while Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dickinson, better known by their tillicum names of "Dick" and "Nixie," joined our camping party for a long cruise into British Columbia.

It was a curious pile of stuff that made up the camp outfit, and it did not look at all as if we were heading for Monterey or Newport. The trainmen looked askance at it and there were some curious remarks and knowing nods toward it. Aboard the train it was most carefully inspected by the various customs officers as we crossed the borderline into British Columbia from where we were to take canoes.

Some one had told the inspector that he would find our baggage a regular "Pandora's box," and after delaying the train about half an hour he came back and said he could n't find anything of that "Pandory box" and that one of the party would have to go forward and get it. A general laugh made his English lordship so angry for a moment that he would have arrested everybody if he could have invented an excuse. His good temper was finally restored and an explanation of "Pandora's box" followed. "By Jove," he said, "this is no Pandory box I 'm in; there is no hope at the bottom for me; I've got to go and set 'em up for the whole gang; it 's a blooming shame to play a fellow so, don't cher know."

We left Vancouver well outfitted for the long cruise up to Harrison Lake and wherever fancy might point, and as we paddled up the great river we grew more and more enthusiastic and every camping place grew more charming.

The Fraser River has been the favorite of all Western waterways with the generations of savages, who, on account of its genial clime and lavish stores of game and fish, could nowhere so easily exist. The Hudson Bay Company never found a more important avenue for their richly freighted batteaux than this long stretch of river into the interior, when nearly a century ago they so thoroughly appropriated its unrivalled game fields. Back in the fifties its rushing commerce was the talk of the coast like that of the Sacramento in California's golden days. Only degenerate and unromantic remnants of its once thrifty tribes remain; the fur hunter's business is pushed far to the North; the hordes of gold seekers have vanished with their millions of treasure; and the railway is at last stimulating its broad fertile valley and its highlands, rich in minerals, timber, and grazing, to a growth that will endure.

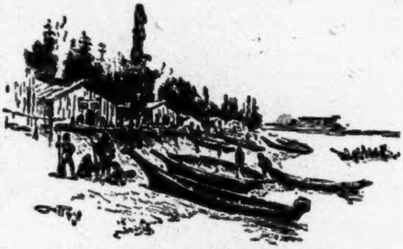


"The history of the 'Beaver' was an unending romance"

The steamer *Beaver*, whose wreck we found lying just outside of Vancouver, was the first steamboat to plough the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The *Beaver* was built near London, in 1835, by Boulton and Watt, the first firm to manufacture steamboats, and her launching was witnessed by King William

IV, and 60,000 of his subjects. She made the perilous voyage from London, around the Horn to the Columbia River in 162 days, astonishing the natives at Astoria, Oregon, which was her destination. This pioneer ship for fifty years sought the inlets, rivers, and out-of-the-way nooks of the newest Northwest. From the first the history of the *Beaver* was an unending romance, playing a most important part in north Pacific discovery and development, not infrequently marked by thrilling encounters with hostile natives.

Pulling up the Fraser, we saw much of the salmon fishing industry. It was at every stage, from the lonely Chinook Indian with spear poised for his single victim to the miles of netting that gathered them by thousands, and there were fleets of boats and great buildings and docks of incorporated fisheries whose product annually reached millions of cans of salmon. Salmon "runs" are grouped in cycles of four years and this was the fourth year, when, as the common saying is, they so glut the streams that one can walk across on their backs, and they were so numerous that we really sickened of this noble fish. Those who have not seen the salmon ascending the streams in the spawning season, cannot be convinced by such a statement of facts. When the spawning season is at its height Indians sometimes cannot paddle their canoes through the dense mass of fishes, and in some of the narrower streams the canoe is almost raised out of the water, while at intervals a salmon, in a wild attempt to save himself from suffocation, leaps in the air and lands in the boat.



An Indian fishing camp

The fishing was done mainly at night. We pulled up to a picturesque Indian camp one evening, and certainly never felt farther from home than when gliding around among the labyrinth of boats, nets, and buoys on the broad expanse of the Fraser. The swash of raising and lowering nets, the disagreeable thud of clubs despatching salmon, and weird songs of the Indians were mingled with the equally unintelligible strains and jargon of the half dozen other races. The uncouth figures and uncanny noises of the klootchmen, unkempt children and wolfish dogs flitting around the campfires, and the several peculiar barbaric dances in progress forcibly impressed us that we were out of our latitude.

Salmon fishing lasts from six to eight weeks and then how the money flies when several thousands of these happy-go-lucky spendthrifts, who earn an average of $200 to $400 each, find their wages burning in their pockets! The Indian's chief anxiety seems to be to return to the mountains without a sou. To be sure, they buy some flour, some calico, and some sugar, but these transactions are too commonplace to suit the fervid tendencies for picturesque shopping. They buy guns and ammunition, saddles, bridles, fine silks, tops, beautiful hose, white kid slippers, bicycles, coffins, silk tiles, rare etchings, full-dress suits, parlor stoves, and other equally impractical items.

We made a brief stop at the Catholic Mission, where the year before we had witnessed the wonderful "Passion Play" by the Indians. The Roman Catholic Church teaches these Indians the events of the Bible on the plan in vogue in England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, by miracles or tableaux. As their language is not well adapted to copious and graphic description this method brings the events of biblical history so vividly before them that they never forget. For this purpose was given the intensely realistic Indian Passion Play. After prayer in the improvised chapel the procession was formed, each priest from the various stations leading his people. In the front of the procession were Archbishop Duhamel, Ottawa; Bishop Leflechre, Three Rivers; Bishop Lorrain, Pembroke; Vicar General Nerechel, Montreal, and many other clergy. As the procession started the Passion Hymn was chanted until, by a circuitous route up the hill, "the scene of the Crucifixion" was reached. En route the procession passed the representation of various scenes in the few hours preceding the crucifixion of the Saviour. Four Indians in the costumes of the Disciples represented the agony in the garden, with grave demeanor and solemn countenances acting their parts to the life. The taking of Jesus by Judas and the soldiers, Christ before Pilate, and the scourging were very impressive and showed the careful training of the spiritual fathers. The crowning of the Saviour with thorns, Christ and Veronica, and the holy women meeting Jesus, followed, and last the crucifixion. The scenes were realistic and the pantomime dramatically correct. The figure of the Saviour had been brought from the chapel and elevated on a cross on the platform, while at the foot was the Virgin Mary, whose grief seemed inconsolable as she threw herself in despair against the cross. The hallowed influence seemed yet to rest about the location.

The Passion Play by British Columbia Indians

Along the lower Fraser our bill of fare included about every species of the duck and snipe family. Any novice with a gun could have supplied a battalion. After going seventy-five miles up the Fraser River we turned north into the Harrison River, until on the shore of the lake by the same name we found a sylvan retreat.

Bag and baggage was on our camp ground about four o'clock in the afternoon and before a buckle could be opened it began to rain. Never was tent pitched so quickly and baggage turned under cover so speedily as was done that afternoon. Lake Harrison was angry and it did look as if we had made a mistake in going to British Columbia instead of staying east of the range for the camping season.

The next ten days gave but four little winks at the sun. Then Old Sol just peeked through the wet clouds to see if we could stand a little more wetting and forthwith sent another shower. The outlook for health and amusement was anything but bright, but as we could not move until a pleasant day came we contented ourselves as best we could.

Just at the point of despair the sun came forth to stay and opened up one of Nature's mountain and lake panoramas of which she is so proud. Throwing open the tent fly we sat inside, and watched the heavy fog rise from the bosom of the water and hurry away to the clouds where the evening sun filled its nebulous arms with prismatic colors, and roseate hues spread over the entire sky, bidding us hope for a bright morrow.

Indian drying fish and game

Lake Harrison, six miles from the Canadian Pacific road, is forty miles long and six miles wide. As the fog sailed away, we saw the shore lines for the first time and the view held us entranced. The shores were precipitous and densely wooded, the walls often rising several hundred feet straight up from the water's edge. The lake has been sounded in various parts for a thousand feet without finding bottom, then again a sandy ledge holds its own near the surface from the shore to an island several miles out.

The lake is studded with islands of varying sizes which are named according to some individual peculiarity. The Chinaman at the cook tent said, "one was called Lecho [Echo] Island where ladies have heap fun; he go out in boat and call loud;

pretty quick call he come back. Ladies have heap good time, much laugh, and laugh he come back too."

Snowy peaks reared their magnificent forms in regal glory almost encircling the lake, revealing the charms of summer and winter dwelling together in harmony, melting snows nourishing the green fields and wayside flowers, and the warm earth of the valleys evaporating the moisture not thus absorbed and sending it scurrying back to the mountains again.

Salmon had not been so numerous in many seasons, and the mountain trout beauties lived so well on salmon eggs that no amount of coaxing would make them rise to the fly. Many days of hard work on Harrison Lake failed to result in even one trout dinner. Excursions were made to Trout Lake, nestling among the mountain crags. It necessitated a row of six miles, then a most romantic walk of a mile and a half up a very steep trail. The great tall fir trees with their intertwining branches would only let the sunlight through as reflected light of a peculiar ghostly green that was aided in its intensity by the moss-covered logs and stones.

The feeling thus engendered was one of expectancy to see a Rip Van Winkle gather himself up from the hillside or some giant of the forest come forth to dispute our passage.

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted."

Near the upper lake mosquitoes sent couriers ahead to inform their friends and acquaintances to congregate for our reception. Every one sang his song and presented his bill for services rendered, and they drew good old blue blood as strenuously as the leeches of ye olden times. Trout were plenty but the price was too high, and after catching a good mess we gladly left the lake and its thirsty attendants to future guests.

Hurrying down the weirdly lighted trail, a strange rumbling filled the air. It was long before we could tell what or where it was, but nearing the water we found the usually placid surface of Lake Harrison lashing in jealous fury and it was the reverberating echoes that we heard in such unknown cadences. The white-caps rolled and tumbled over one another in a wild chase for the shore and conditions boded well for a night's camp without bed or bread. The boat which had been deemed well moored was cast high and dry upon the shore, and scurrying clouds were threatening in the extreme. We had a long and anxious wait before the wind and sun coquetted off together, but as it began to grow dark the troubled waters seemed to have quieted enough to afford an adventurous ride home. The boat was pulled around into a sheltered cove where we could hold it to get aboard, but the homeward ride was a hard pull against the swells and the little breeze that still remained. The mad frolic of the waves was not over and the little craft danced up and down like a toy. Ever and again a big wave would gather force from afar and roll with ferocious power as if to send our precious load to Davey Jones's Locker. But a steady pull of the oars and a timely turn of the rudder would send the boat with a bound to the crest of the next high roller—but goodness! how much further it went on the down side. It seemed sometimes as if we would never come up again. It is not so very funny to be "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" on a black and starless night, and when the boat bumped against the home log there was a glad song of "Home Again" from thankful throats for we had bumped against a dozen logs in the dark before we found our own moorings.

Camp was reached none too soon, for a band of curious cows had taken possession in regular gypsy style and were appropriating whatever took their fancy. One cow had swallowed a cake of soap. Another, more venturesome, had pushed herself into a tent and was coolly standing on the carpet taking in the situation. It was a great pity that it was too late to get her picture for our rogue's gallery. It required generalship to get her out of there without tearing the tent down, but she finally gave peaceable possession and thereafter the bars were up as a notice to Mrs. Cow and her satellites that they were not expected to further continue the acquaintance.

At another time, while trolling along in dreamy admiration of the scenery mixed with half formed thoughts of how most people doze on through the hours of the dawn and thereby lose all the inspiration of the early day, there came a sudden jerk on the trolling line that made the holder think a whale or a shark had caught the spoon for a breakfast. Yielding to the playful fancies of whatever it was and coyly coaxing it along, there was soon a two and a half pound silver trout quietly sleeping beside the scales in the basket, with his fighting days over. It was the largest trout caught from the lake that summer and it was pulled in with great pride.

Landing at a noonday trysting place the baskets with a store of good things were carried to a sheltered nook, and, after disposing of everything but the baskets, we half reclined on the mossy banks and discussed the fascinations of a life in the open air and admitted how naturally one could drift back to the life of the aborigines if he did not listen to higher calls.

Dick sat in the mess tent with a hot potato on his aching tooth

All next day after that trip poor Dick had the toothache, and at night instead of joining in the campfire frolic he sat in the mess tent with a hot potato on his face to alleviate the pain, and at the same time nursed a good cigar and tried to read a novel to keep from hearing the joys he was missing in the open air.

The campfire was unusually large that night for there was a caller from the most remote end of the lake. He had seen the glow of our fire from his newly made camp nearby and had wandered over to see who was in the party. He painted a picture of such startling attractions that we were filled with the spirit of adventure. Dick was dragged from his warm corner to hear the tales of the strange messenger, and the old mountaineer was so entertaining that the tooth was forgotten and did not ache again while in camp.

The visitor told of the grassy slopes of Lake Douglas, the springs, the fishing, the hunting, and the hospitable welcome that would be given us by the only white man within fifty miles, although he had a squaw wife and family.

The old miner with his seductive tales of old Port Douglas had come down with a party of Indians for some supplies, and if we wanted to extend our trip he would guide and help us through to Douglas Lake where there was ideal camping and a little store where we could buy bacon and sugar, coffee, etc.; also there was plenty of milk, eggs, and butter to be had at the Purcell ranch.

We were out for an adventurous summer and the outlook was brightening. Our camp was then less than a mile from the Harrison Hot Springs Hotel, where we had been able to get boats and whatever occasion demanded, but we were too near civilization and formalities that we were trying to escape.

It did not seem to impress any one that it would be an unheard-of thing to accept the fairy tales of a self-confessed world rambler, if not a full-fledged tramp, and yet his stories were so in keeping with our desires that a consent to join him was given the next morning. We had spent most of our time in canoes exploring the lower end of Harrison Lake and had made frequent trips back to the Fraser River and this offer came as if it were direct from Providence. Mr. Tallyard, for such was the name of our hypnotic visitor, was a typical mountaineer. Searching the hills for gold had led him a merry chase all over the world and the bewitching glare of a campfire has a peculiar charm for drawing out tales of varied experience. The lights and shadows of the blaze seem to people the whole atmosphere and aid the imagination in adding the fable to the true story. Thus it is not the lack of principle so much as the power of circumstance that lends an exaggerated glow to campfire tales.

No highways have ever been cut through the dense forests on the shores of Lake Harrison except at the south end; no trail for man or beast, no mail service, no telegraph, no steamer except for special service ever finds its way hither; no communication whatever except as some Indian goes back and forth with canoe or sail, or perchance a white prospector comes down from the upper country, as in the present case. Early dawn found the camp in great activity—stakes pulled, tents down, surplus utensils cached in the bushes, and the necessary things stored in the boats.

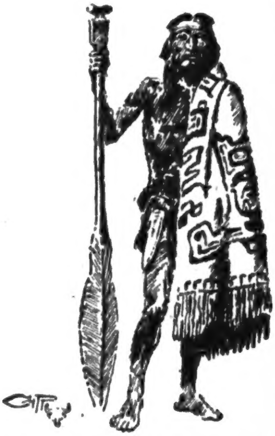
Word was left at the Hot Springs Hotel to forward telegrams at once by special messenger and mail if there was an opportunity, and the caravel set forth on the voyage of discovery. Flags, hats, and handkerchiefs waved from the hotel veranda as our grotesque outfit sailed by. Three canoes carried about a dozen Indians and Captain Tallyard, and the four of our own camping party, and two Indians in our own boat. The captain managed one canoe and Indians managed the other three. Our sails would have made an American sailor faint, for an Indian will make a sail out of anything from his klootchman's shawl to a flour sack, and all sorts of advertisements floated in the wind in consequence except the one for that "tired feeling" which, of course, no one has in that exhilarating outdoor life.

One Indian, with the good old name of Frank, had his wife and baby along. The babe had been christened "Minnehaha" and it was indeed a laughing papoose. Not once on the trip did the little thing cry. The mother was most devoted in her care, never leaving it for a moment. If she went ashore the papoose in its basket was swung on her back by an apekun, a broad home-made band around her head. On shore she would flee at once for berries or kindling and was the first to have a fire. She sat on the bottom of the boat with the babe beside her, and managed the sails or paddle while his lordship lazily steered and took his ease.

Indian "Harry," a great stalwart buck, was our captain's personal attendant and his big round face always wore a smile. He could not understand much English, and thereby made some very funny mistakes, but he kept on beaming with pleasure and enjoying the novel situation as much as anybody.

A noontime rest was made on the rocky beach at Eagle Falls, one of the famous sights of the lake where the water falls fifty feet between perpendicular black rocks into a big punch bowl at its base. The grandeur of the scenery skirting the lake is not exceeded in any land. Snowy peaks crown the summits on all sides and waterfalls rush thousands of feet down the rocky slopes into the bed of the lake.

The mountainsides are peculiarly marked by bare spots sometimes covering hundreds of feet. They can be seen miles away, and at first glimpse look like cloud shadows, but a nearer approach reveals the peculiar freaks of nature. It required but little help of the imagination to see the shape, in one, of a suppliant girl before a priest who hides his face behind a screen. Another was like a crowned woman in full dress with high puffed sleeves. Still another was like a huge bear with one paw in his mouth. All of them were so high and inaccessible that there could be no artificial work to aid the imagination.



Indian Harry in borrowed finery

At three o'clock the first afternoon the breeze died entirely away and our boats rocked only with the undulating waves, so bending to the oars the first landing was made that afforded room for a camp.

We indulged in several races en route, and one small canoe, carrying the squaw and papoose, fairly flew before the wind with such a ludicrous combination of shawl, blanket, and tent sails manipulated by the buck and squaw, as would have convulsed a Yankee skipper. No moderate sized craft in a white man's hands so fearfully top-heavy would have remained right side up in such a breeze; but it is needless to say that the gracefully fashioned cedar canoe, sharp as a razor at both ends, with such dexterous handling was a sure and safe winner.

It was a short, pebbly beach of an inlet where we stopped for our first night's camp, twenty miles from the hot springs we had left that morning. Mr. Tallyard made his camp with the Indians, about a hundred feet from our tent. Pine boughs were scarce, and in trying to get into the thick woods to cut them the men kept talking in loud voices that they might keep their points of compass, and not be lost. If one went in ten feet he might as well be in a mile, so dense was the brush.

When supper was ready, every one was savagely hungry yet it was an unusually silent meal. The strangeness of the situation seemed to absorb the thoughts of every one on our side of the camp.

As the darkness settled on land and sea there were weird flashes of light on the quiet waters and many a jest went flying between the camps. The Indians were standing, squatting, or reclining as fancy dictated, and they looked strangely grotesque in the peculiar light, silhouetted against the black night background.

Imagine the change from a luxurious Boston home to this desolate shore—away from the protecting shadow of dear Uncle Sam's broad brimmed hat, a cold dark sea in front of us, an impenetrable forest behind where no human being ever passed, no road, no trail, no life, save the wild beasts that dispute the right of way to any who enter their jungle. What awful things might happen before the dawning of a new day, if daylight ever came again for us.

We had intrusted ourselves to a strange party indeed and should we be murdered that night, no one in the outside world would know it for weeks to come. Our bones would have plenty of time to bleach on the sands, and the criminals could escape without suspicion resting upon them.

In the light of the mass of living coals we tucked ourselves away in bed, every one trying to be cheerful yet giving vent to nervous, spasmodic laughter on the slightest occasion, for not one would have dared to utter the thoughts in his mind. The stars were full of resplendent glow and looked down upon our isolated helplessness just the same as when we were safe at home.

The long night wore away at last with only a few howls from some unseen animal of the forest which seemed to either scent danger for himself, or a breakfast. The agonized cries were not reassuring as they came nearer, but the sound turned back into the wilderness and we did not hear it again. The Indians said it was the roar of a mountain lion, and the cry of a wildcat.

With the first rays of daylight came the lusty crowing from the Indian camp, and we had already learned it was their call for something to eat. The crowing was echoed most heartily, and around the breakfast cloth there were some dreadful "whoppers" told about the delicious rest and sleep of the night, now past. Surely none but experienced fishermen could have made up such stories. Neither Nixie nor I would for a moment question the bravery of our liege-lords, but when they boldly declared they had not even thought of danger it seemed proper to ask them why two who never thought of danger should load the rifles and revolvers and place them with plenty of ammunition convenient to every member of the party. The call for "all aboard" relieved them of their embarrassment by cutting off further discussion on the subject, and they never gave opportunity for it to be renewed.

"We had entrusted ourselves to a strange party"

A bright morning quickly locks all evil or uncanny thoughts in some underground passage, and thus we merrily set sail under a freshening breeze and the boats fairly flew over the rollicking billows. We felt more or less ashamed of ourselves for imagining any ill of our obliging companions.

Our nightly bivouacs were the most picturesque experiences imaginable. Tallyard was a finished story teller, drawing upon a fund accumulated during thirty years of just such life in almost every mining country on the globe. The Indians were full of frolics, neighborly yet not in the slightest degree obtrusive; but they did not conceal their amusement at our slowness in making and breaking camp.

If any places were more romantic and pleasant than others, these keen-eyed foresters found them. The beautiful sheltered beaches, the numerous inflowing streams, full of trout and salmon, the most picturesque islands and prettiest waterfalls were as familiar to these people as Broadway to us, although there was no way to reach them except with wings or a canoe.

Reaching the point known as "The Doctor," there was a broken rocky wall having something the appearance of a castle, in the front doorway of which were rocks piled by a queer freak of nature into a human form. Only the lower part of the face was visible, with very thick lips and a protruding tongue. A white rock formed the necktie and collar and below that a red sandstone formed the red shirt. This image which is called "The Doctor" has been held in superstitious awe for many generations by the Indians in all this upper country. He is believed to have full power over the waters of this narrow passage of the lake for some three miles where the perpendicular walls on either side render a landing impossible. To propitiate his favor an abundance of food must be thrown to him, then if he has already barred the passage with a storm one must wait for him to quiet the water. He is sometimes not to be bought up and keeps the waters lashing in fury for several days. Our Indians were prepared to throw out an abundance of provender as we passed around the castle, and we made our obeisance in their behalf. All Indians greatly dread this treacherous channel, and not one of them would take any lunch, even in the boat, until safely out of "The Doctor's" jurisdiction. Then the crowing began good and loud.

In the afternoon, when the boats were guided to the delta of the Lillooet River, there seemed no alternative but to remain there until the wind changed and carried out the big jam of driftwood which clogged the outlet of the river and in which the boats could soon be crushed to slivers. It was necessary to go a short distance up Lillooet River to pass into Douglas Creek, thence to Douglas Lake, our objective point. One little canoe explored for an hour and reported all passages unsafe. We must wait there or make a portage of half a mile and with such heavy boats and freight it was not expedient for any but the one small canoe. Leaving the larger boats safely sheltered, the entire party walked over to the other side of the island, the Indians carrying the small canoe. The redmen then held a private consultation and returning said two of them would take the two women in the canoe and go on up to Douglas, leaving the men with the other Indians and Tallyard to follow when they could get their boats around the log jam. A change in the wind might open the channel in two or three hours, or it might be two or three days.

Our husbands hesitated about separating our small party, and most of all sending us—they knew not where. With such a haven as was described for the ladies a few miles away, and Tallyard insisting that the impending storm would be severe, we were settled in the bottom of the canoe before we realized the full import of the move, with instructions to sit perfectly still and not get frightened in going through the eddies at the mouth of the river.

With an Indian in either end of the canoe paddling with all the force he possessed, we quickly turned across the river and around a bend into the swift swirling eddies, so that we had but a single glance backward to the rest of the party watching our departure. I had concealed my trusty revolver and kept it in readiness should there be any movement of treachery toward us.

It was wonderfully dexterous management that carried us through the rapids and we greatly admired the skill of our paddlers; but the stolid manner in which they took our smiles and nods with a few simple words in compliment to them, turned our own thoughts to treachery again, and in low voices we planned our defence if trouble came. We could but wonder how those left behind were going to get their clumsy boats through those eddies and repeatedly wished we had remained with them, although we realized that their chances were better for getting through without us.

Nixie said she knew Dick was angry because she did not take a decided stand and refuse to go—she knew it because in that one glance backward he had not waved his hand in farewell. She further declared she would not go near the old squawman's house if we landed alive on the shores of Lake Douglas, for she had been too long on the North Pacific coast to expect to find anything decent or clean in a klootchman's hut.

But it was too late to repent of what had been done, and with no little curiosity and many misgivings we wondered what our reception would be in that unknown land. We watched with eager expectancy every bend of the river and fixed landmarks in our minds for future emergencies. Two hours of steady paddling carried us out from under the overhanging brush that had obstructed our view and the glorious Douglas Lake panorama opened up before us in the wink of an eye.

The lake was as round as a dollar with but scanty signs of life about it. Here and there an Indian home was more than half hidden in the brush but we saw no signs of occupants. A strange thrill came over us as our captors muttered to each other and looked toward the most deserted place of all, but instead of heading the canoe that way, one of them pointed across the lake, less than two miles away, and said, "Ugh! Ugh! Purcell," and paddled on over the glassy waters in that direction.

Judge Goodwin Purcell

Back upon a knoll through the trees we saw the home of Goodwin Purcell. What could such a man be like, who had dwelt so long in that isolated place? Our fears of treachery began to lessen, unless perchance it was there where old "Blue-beard" lived and we might be going into a trap from which there was no escape. With absolute poetry of motion the canoe glided across the smooth bosom of the lake and as it safely anchored on the further shore we still wondered whether we should wear sackcloth and ashes in repentance for our suspicions or whether there was a plot deeper than we could yet penetrate.

Our feet had scarcely touched the grassy slopes when a patriarchal figure emerged from the house to give us welcome. His long gray beard floated in the breeze as he sauntered slowly down the slope with his hands deep in his trousers' pockets. As soon as we could clearly see his honest old face all wreathed in smiles we knew at once that we were in kind hands. He urged us to go to the house, and as I started to go with him Nixie reluctantly followed. We found everything as clean as any housewife could wish. There was no warning of company coming, so the cleanliness could not have been unusual. As soon as he learned our story, he gave us large rocking chairs and a basket of tempting cherries, then called his own boys and one of the Indians who had brought us there, and with this crew went hurriedly down the lake to help our party out of their troubles.

When we had rounded the bend that hid us from view, the gentlemen began to reconsider the matter of sending their wives, they knew not where, with untried Indians, and they were not long in deciding not to wait for the caprice of the wind to clear away but to begin the portage at once. It was a laborious task to carry all the camp outfit of tents, clothing, provisions, ammunition, and tackle across that island but that was light work compared to getting the heavy boats across.

Mr. Purcell and his rescuing party arrived just as the boats were loaded and starting up the creek, and late at night the entire party came paddling up to the shore, tired, hungry, and sore from the heavy work.

The hour was too late to make camp and Mr. Purcell insisted on sharing his hot supper and all taking beds in the house for the night. We were tucked away in dainty clean linen on good old-fashioned feather beds. The events of the past few days, while intensely interesting, had also been full of activity, and almost as soon as the lights were out a restful sleep settled on all eyelids.

Early next morning camp was located near a cold spring beneath a canopy of swinging pines. The green grassy sward sloped down to the water's edge where the boats gently rocked at their moorings, and from the elevation of the tents the whole lake and its environments were plainly seen.

In an old storage room, opened up for our convenience, we found a small heating stove, chairs, tables, and a Dutch oven. What luxuries! There was no need longer to regret the few articles that lack of boat capacity had caused us to cache in the lower camp. That old room was our fairyland from which every wish was gratified. A cook stove was improvised with mud and rocks for the sides and a sheetiron top. It looked more like a smelter for roasting iron than for roasting potatoes, but it served its purpose. Then, too, whoever ate anything finer than the dainties baked in a Dutch oven?

"Our camp was an ideal one in every way"

Our camp was an ideal one in every way. The tents were pitched about fifty yards from the lake with clusters of firs, willows, and madrones partially obstructing our view of the Purcell place and the Indian village. Where the boats were moored the syringa dropped its long arms of snowy blooms into the water; on the left the scarlet currant flamed against the dark underbrush, and, intermingling with the sweet honeysuckle and glistening dogwood were rich rosy bells of the rhododendron. Projecting all about from the thick shade along shore were the queerly carved and fantastically colored prows of a dozen or more Indian canoes, "cached" there ready for a migration to the Fraser, and much appreciated as a picturesque addition to an otherwise highly romantic scene. On the mountain was wood galore; much of it that fat pine, black and heavy with pitch, whose glow and heat would have warmed even the heart of a misanthrope. Few were the nights that we failed to light up the shadows of the shore and wide stretches of the lake with a giant campfire, round which the Judge and portions of his family, and some of the more curious Indians would gather to exchange wild forest lore for our tales of the distant East.

It was the only time that a party of white people, purely on pleasure bent, had been in that locality, and Mr. Purcell proved himself the very prince of entertainers. His milk-house was clean and cool, the pans and pails shining like mirrors, while the ice cold spring water running through it ever chuckled and babbled to the song of the churn. The sweetest of butter was made by the half-Indian girls three times a week, so that plenty of buttermilk as well as sweet cream and cottage cheese were ever in our mess box. A basket of wild cherries gathered on the mountainside, a basket of apples, a nest of fresh eggs, or a fine silver salmon, and wild flowers in pretty vases were sent to us daily from the Purcell home. The weather was perfect, and the days slipped by like a dream.

Seldom does one meet with such a genial, generous-hearted man as this king of the forest and foresters. For thirty-three years he had lived in this quiet spot—ever since the first exciting days of gold digging in the Cariboo districts away to the north. In those early days he established a depot for miners' supplies and as the dream of gold faded and carried away the searchers for the precious metal, he remained with his little store for the native Indians. He married a bright and kindly klootchman and a family of two daughters, already in the bloom of womanhood, and three boys in their teens were the living blessings bestowed upon them. He wore his seventy-one summers with a dignity and strength that might be the envy of any man.

He not only dispensed what justice was locally needed, but he lived like a king, his family and the Indians generally doing his bidding as though he owned them. His little store was their only source of supplies within many miles, and to his strong box alone they looked for the coveted silver in exchange for the grizzly's pelt or other furs. Twice a year his Indian-manned flotilla glides swiftly down to New Westminster, with loads of furs and butter, returning with the common merchandise necessary for the succeeding six months' barter. His little farm was stocked with thoroughbred cattle, and besides all the toothsome products of the dairy he had raspberries, blackberries, apples, plums, cherries—the great ox-heart cherries—and the many crisp vegetables common to our best market gardens. The judge also had a five-acre field of timothy and clover which he was cutting when we arrived. Though we remained a month, he was still haying when we left: a joint tribute to the productiveness of his meadow and the irresistible attractions of our camp, for he could n't find it in his heart to leave us for more than an hour or so at a time. The characteristic "now in the airly days" with which he invariably commenced a story, was just as entertaining the last moment as the first.

There is absolutely no trace of the civilization or thrift of "those airly days," save the dilapidated and overgrown trail off into the silent forest, and a vine clad court-house now nearly hidden by the grand old apple and cherry trees forming a part of the judge's orchard.

That now forgotten court-house was the scene of the late Chief Justice Begbie's most unique triumph over the befogging mists of a British Columbia court. Judge Begbie's idea of dispensing justice was to stick closely to the equities. He possessed that unfaltering courage and rugged honesty that made him a terror to all evil doers. Besides he held a commission direct from the Queen and there was no appeal from his decisions. Probably the decision that best illustrates his contempt for merely technical points was the one which led to the first hanging in that locality. An Indian had dangerously shot a Frenchman. The latter's recovery was somewhat problematical, at the time of the trial, and the judge instructed the jury that attempted murder was practically equivalent to the crime if the intent was conclusively proven. The twelve white jurors had little choice left but to bring in a verdict of guilty, although some say that the convalescent Frenchman was able to be present to hear sentence pronounced, and was so nearly recovered at the time the man was hung that he was able to render valuable assistance at that ceremony.

It was the happiest chance of the summer that had turned us hither, and at the time of our arrival at Port Douglas the native Indians were mostly down on the Columbia and Fraser rivers catching salmon and hop picking. The Canadian Indians are not supported by the Government, but they must work for their own living. An old squaw called "Old Mary" was said to carry a hundred and twenty years and was left in the care of the Purcell family, as she was too old to go fishing. But she used often to climb the mountains for berries and was an active element of life wherever she went. The poor creature was dreadfully frightened while sitting for her picture, and we heard her telling one of the girls, in Chinook dialect, that she was turning cold all over, and believed she was dying. She could not be made to understand the meaning of the camera and the black focusing cloth, but when she saw herself on paper her delight knew no

"Not a brush cracked under Old Mary's cat-like tread" bounds. She often crept over to our tent so stealthily that we would not hear her: not a brush cracked under her cat-like tread, and she often made us feel that she had come up through the ground when we would suddenly spy her sitting in a squatting posture almost beside us.

Notwithstanding the Indian village that was only a little way round the lake, all of these scattering bands of visiting Indians, lusty young bucks as well as older ones, went straight to "Old Mary's" one-room shack, deposited their plunder as though they owned her and everything in sight, ate her dried salmon, burned the wood the poor old humpback had lugged in from the surrounding mountains, and sat contentedly on the best side of her fire, while she smoked her eyes out cooking their meals or limped here and there to make them more comfortable.

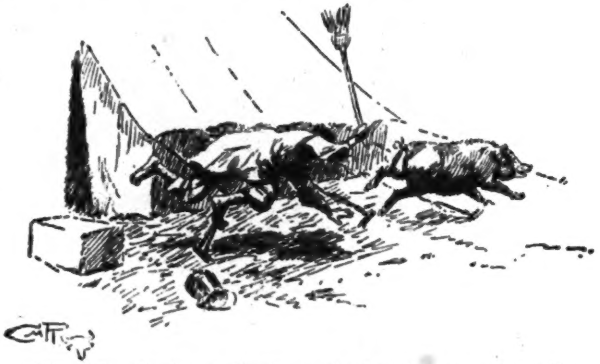
Mr. Purcell's two daughters had spent five years at the Mission school; they were industrious girls and when the daily duties were done, busied themselves with crochet work or music. The little Indian Mission Church that was directly across the lake from our camp was wholly adorned with pieces of their work.

The Mission was under Catholic supervision, and much of the money for carrying on the work of conversion was raised by fines. For example, it cost a Port Douglas Indian a dollar for every drink of intoxicating liquor, if he was detected. One who was pointed out had already contributed a cow to the church as punishment for such of his frequent potations as had been entered in the books. An enterprising padre who had unusual trouble raising money for his mission, 150 miles north of Port Douglas, hit upon the novel expedient of compelling the younger and more unruly Indians to work terrifically a whole summer in capturing and breaking about a hundred wild horses which he sold at $5 to $10 per head. It is said that the survivors did some years of penance for their sins, for an exhibition of the bucking and kicking of those wild horses of British Columbia would turn an ordinarily vicious plains broncho green with envy.

One night there was a peculiar and unusual noise around camp. There had been no night prowlers before and we were curious to know what was going on. Pard, in slippers and pajamas, hastened to investigate. Scarcely was he out in the moonlight before he was heard to exclaim, "Great Scott! it 's a pig!"

and began chasing his pigship around the tent with a broom as a weapon.

The pig had the advantage of being able to run under the guy ropes while his assailant fell over them, to the peril not only of himself but the tent. At last, when Dick could catch his breath from laughing at the mental picture of the outside performance, he called out to know who was down, but his only reply was a quick and sharp retort, "Well, 't ain't the pig."



"Pard in slippers and pajamas hastened to investigate"

About a hundred Indians belonging on the Lillooet chain of lakes from sixty to seventy-five miles north, or in the Pemberton Meadows, journeyed past us homeward from the Fraser fisheries. They were several days coming in, two or three boats coming together or straggling along at their pleasure. It had been a good year for them and they were in jolly good spirits. Foot-races, boat-races, and target shooting kept most of the young bucks busy.

The klootchmen sorted over their newly acquired belongings, proud of the new styles they had imported. One girl in short dresses and bare feet sat for hours every day fondling a pair of white kid slippers with dainty French heels, and she took great pains to show them every time we passed her wigwam.

When all had arrived they gathered around an appointed spot for a potlatch to be given by the watchman of Pemberton Meadows. A potlatch may be given by any member of a tribe who seeks notoriety among his fellows, if he has the means to do it. This one seemed to be given more in a sense of gratitude for their good behavior, yet the fundamental reason might have been traced to the usual cause. No Indian who drinks liquor will be employed at the fisheries, and the watchman in charge of them is held responsible for their good behavior, and this potlatch was his reward of merit to them.

The klootchmen were dressed in their most bewitching attire and sat outside the circle of braves, having no share in the potlatch excepting what the bucks chose to give them, but they watched the distribution of rice, crackers, and sugar with great interest and pleasure. It was a great day, followed by active preparation for the journey over the mountains to their distant homes.

The fish boats were taken to various points along the shore, and dragged into the timber, where they were turned bottom up with many already there, and covered with cedar boughs to shield them from the sun and storm, there to be left until the next year's fishing time.

We expected to be annoyed by Indians' curiosity around our camp, but we found the curiosity was more within ourselves and we had to be careful that we did not do exactly what we had expected of them. Our pretty red and yellow hammocks with long flowing fringe attracted them most. They would go out in their boats in front of the camp to look at them, but very few ventured near enough to examine them.

The night of their arrival the whole lake was illuminated by campfires. Mr. Purcell had been so busy in his store and in watching his possessions that he did not come for his customary call until he saw our late campfire blazing cheerily. The events of the day had suggested many subjects of historical interest and the campfire stories were unusually thrilling. It was very late that night when the tent flies were fastened open that from the beds we might watch the dying fires until thoughts flew away to dreamland. But listen! What is that we hear in this wild place?

> "Far on the fervid air there came
> A strain, so rich, so tender,
> The music seemed itself aflame
> With day's arriving splendor."

Just as the sun gave its first flash a cornet band composed of twenty or more young buck Indians began playing, "Home, Sweet Home"; this was followed by "America," and the "Star Spangled Banner." Could anything have been more thoughtful, more delicately planned and executed than this sunrise serenade with our own beloved national airs by these natives of the forest? Laughter and tears had a struggle for mastery and it was a drawn battle in which both claimed victory. Blinded with tears it was an effort to find the one American flag that had been brought along, but it was carried out and lustily waved in the air while we formed a motley quartet enveloped in pajamas and blankets, giving vent to our patriotism which was echoed from across the lake as the Stars and Stripes were tied to the limb of an outstretching tree.

Industrious daughters of the house

Only a few of the Lake Douglas Indians had yet returned, but as they came they settled down quietly in their smoky little cabins after their summer's work. The other tribes had loaded their accumulations on a few pack ponies and turned them loose to go home while they tramped along, sometimes beside the animals but more often ahead of them. The squaws carried their little ones on their backs, fastened with the apekun, and nearly all had arms full of precious packages besides.

It was a fanciful scene when the cavalcade moved off loaded up with old bicycles, sewing machines, and many odd things they had picked up during the summer, and when they had gone life resumed its quiet tenor again.

The gods of the rod went off for a day, to some distant stream. With books and pillows, a board for solitaire and writing, Nixie and I cozily settled in our canoe, paddled out to midlake and let the boat lazily drift at the caprice of breezes, but even reading and writing seemed laborious when one could nestle among cushions and gaze with admiring eyes upon the snowy tents that seemed pitched so near the sky and floated away or dropped on distant peaks in fluffy patches.

Suddenly a boat darted from the creek into the lower lake and made haste to reach its destination. We knew at once it was a white man's stroke of the oars and we began to paddle lively for home. The first thoughts were that messengers with news had come, but as the boats came nearer together we recognized our own braves. But what a fright Pard looked to be. He was soaking wet, his hat and clothes were torn, and his face swelled all out of shape; he was a picture of distress and despair indeed. We soon won the story that the fishing was fine, and taking opposite sides of the creek they were having great sport when Pard, utterly oblivious of his surroundings, slid down a steep bank over a clump of willows carrying a hornets' nest with him. The whole family attacked him instantly, striking him with their needles in merciless fashion. Dropping his rod he began the race of his life, running as fast as possible over boulders and broken logs with hat swinging wildly to fight off his pursuers. But it was no use; their stings were growing worse and in sheer desperation he made a mad plunge into the

A potlatch at Lake Douglas

cold creek. Dick thought it no end of fun as he watched the escapade from the opposite side of the creek but his heart stopped its ticking when he saw the plunge, for he knew the exhausted condition of his companion would render him incapable of fighting that boisterous cold water. Hurrying to the spot where he had seen the plunge he found no signs of Pard but looking far down the stream a dripping form was just rising from the bath. Dick shouted to Pard to go on to the boat and he would go back for the rod and join him in a few minutes, but he was again so convulsed with laughter that he made slow progress until with the rod in hand he met the white-headed merchants still on the war path and then his notes changed to a sadder key. However, they did not follow him, for hornets have a keen scent for the real enemy. The face, neck, and hands of poor Pard were badly stung and swollen. We made plasters with mud and the white of an egg and had him tied up until he was a sorry sight to see as he dropped down by a big log, weary and disgusted, begging for something that would put him to sleep and let him forget his misery.

The turning of the leaves from the summer hues to the rich scarlet and gold of October was a muffled bell that rang the close of our vacation, and when the canoes were being loaded for our departure we were startled by a whiteman's oars again glinting rapidly in the sunlight as a small boat came swiftly to our shore. A messenger with mail and yes—there was the unmistakable yellow envelope of a telegram. News of my dear old father, my heart's idol, lying ill unto death, and I must make haste homeward.

The whole Indian village was out to bid us *bon voyage* and a goodly attendance of aides to see us safely through the rapids of the Lillooet River into the open waters of Harrison Lake. There we were left to paddle our own canoes as best we might and brave the terrors of "The Doctor's" wrath or favor as mood might take him when we passed the narrow channel of his jurisdiction. We were full of gratitude for the kind and hospitable treatment of Mr. Purcell and his Indian followers. We waved a long farewell until forms were no longer visible, and the summer was merged into a memory as sorrow added wings to our oars in quick completion of that five hundred mile canoe trip in the British Columbia wilds.

A curious incident happened en route home via the Canadian Pacific and Bellingham Bay. Some one appropriated Dick's overcoat on the train, leaving a much better one in its place. Such a lucky thing as that does not often happen and the only drawback was that the coat was several sizes too large for Dick's petite figure.

He cared for the coat for several months, hoping his own might be returned. At last when wintry blasts began to blow and a topcoat became a daily necessity, he took the much too large coat to his tailor and had it fitted down to himself. When he emerged into the street under its comfortable padding so snugly readjusted he felt a sense of pride in his scheming that had saved him the price of a new winter covering. But alack and alas! in the very heart of the winter of his enjoyment there came a letter and a parcel to him from afar, the letter telling of the finding at last of his overcoat by the railroad company, and a request to forward the one in his possession to the address enclosed. There in the package nestled the old coat that had done such service in camp, and was no longer presentable anywhere. It was like a homeless old tramp showing up at his door, and he consigned it at once to the company of other such relics.

The money he thought he had saved from buying a new coat had been spent twice over for other things and it was hard to part with that which had become so dear. "Long he pondered, sad and weary," then with a peculiar twinkle in his eye as his mental gaze revealed a man struggling to get into a coat several sizes too small for him, he quietly folded up the remodelled treasure and without a word of explanation forwarded it to the man who would be transformed into a contortionist when he tried to put it on. Then he sauntered down for a highball and incidentally to give a new order to his tailor.

CHAPTER XLVII

FROM BOSTON TO THE CUSTER BATTLE-FIELD AND HAWAII

THE trip East in the fall of 1891 resulted in a location in Boston for seven years. Pard had his office in the Equitable Building down on Milk Street, but his business as an investment banker required more or less travelling and we explored the east as we had the West, but with entirely different motives and in most luxurious ways. Boston was known to us as the hub of learning, the home of the arts, and the acme of social cultivation and refinement. To be born in Boston was to be born with a large, receptive brain, and to be reared there meant the acquirement of scholarship and learning not obtainable elsewhere on the American Continent. It is a great pity to have one's ideals crushed to earth, but one by one the honors attributed to the old tea city faded away in the light of association.

The old metal codfish, the symbol of the source of wealth of the early Bostonians, still hung in the old Legislative Hall where it had been more than a hundred years. It was the 17th of March, 1784, that one John Rowe, a member of the House from Boston, gained permission to hang the historic codfish in the Representatives' Chamber. It symbolized a diplomatic victory with England and typified a material commercial interest. Holding the fishing grounds against England was a great victory, but it required much diplomacy at several later periods to keep the fishing banks and make the victory complete.

This historic fish which has floated on the sound waves of oratory for so many years had been but three times disturbed, and it had not been profaned by human hands in twenty years.

The term "codfish aristocracy," sometimes used as one of reproach and applied to any Madam Malaprop of modern days, is ever resented by the makers of Boston society and their descendants, who claim that the term applies only to those who deviate from the simple life of the fisherman. If that be true alas! and alas! how many have deviated right in their midst.

The bear has represented the strength of the Russians; the bee told of the great Napoleon; England's Chancellors for years have sat on a wool sack beneath the throne. The rose and the simple cross of St. George tell the story of England's morning drum beat. It was under the lilies of France that men followed the white plume of Henry of Navarre. In all ages the brazen serpent has been Christianity's emblem and the cross on which our Saviour suffered the symbol under and before which a world has worshipped.

The plain codfish has, too, its own story. More than the Indian upon the State seal is it the proper emblem of Massachusetts, and tells of great deeds of sons of the Commonwealth. But all the ceremony of taking it down was but for its removal to the new Annex of the State Building. The flag-covered bier on which rested the State fish was carried by Edwin Gould, T. F. Pedrick, Frank Wilson, and Sidney Gardner. There was a great deal of "Whoopicus Ami" in the removal ceremony. Even the glazed scales of the codfish assumed an iridescent glow and its tail wiggled a response to every wag who ogled it.

The first house in Boston did not have much the best of the first house in Caldwell, Shoshone, or Hailey; the Commonwealth's primitive start was like unto most places, but it has become one of the quaintest and most interesting. Not only is it interesting in its history, its Faneuil Hall, its Bunker Hill, its Old North Church, its Hancock Tavern, its old State House, its cemeteries, its chiming bells, and its devious and tricky trails, but it is interesting for its beautiful homes, its wooded suburbs, its glorious water views, and its wondrous institutions. Yet with all its educational advantages there is more ignorance in the middle class of people than one will ever meet with in the West. Too many confine their knowledge to the little round orbit of their daily lives and their Saturday beans. Many of them looked with pitying eyes upon us because we had been living in the awful West, way out where the Indians knock at the door or window for bread and white people run wild and carry guns. One Boston woman asked me if people travelling to Boston from the Pacific Coast were allowed to ride in a Pullman car, as she did not suppose their clothes were even respectable, and when I told her that it was easier to get the latest attire in Portland, Oregon, than in Portland, Maine, she looked as if her last vestige of faith in me had fled. She later told an acquaintance that she believed, if the truth were known, that we were born right there in Boston and had never been West at all.

Camp on the Little Big Horn near the Custer battle-field

Rarely has Boston, as she is spoken of by the American press, been better summed up than in lines of Mr. Arthur Macy:

"Fair city by the famed Batrachian Pool,
Wise in the teachings of the Concord school;
Home of the Eurus, paradise of cranks,
Stronghold of thrift, proud in your hundred banks;
Land of the mind-cure and the abstruse book,
The Monday lecture and the shrinking Cook;
Where twin-lensed maidens, careless of their shoes,
In phrase Johnsonian oft express their views;
Where realistic pens invite the throng
To mention "spades" lest "shovels" should be wrong;
Where men expect, by simple faith and prayer,
To lift a lid and find a dollar there;

Where labyrinthine lanes that sinuous creep
Make Theseus sigh and Ariadne weep;
Where clubs gregarious take commercial risks
'Mid fluctuations of alluring disks;
Where Beacon Hill is ever proud to show
Her reeking veins of liquid indigo;
To thee, fair land, I dedicate my song,
And tell how simple, artless minds go wrong."

Although Boston is noted as an incubator of "isms," fads, and fancies, there is a large percentage of just glorious people who live in its enchanting environments; people whose hearts are good as gold, and when their doors do open to strangers they are not closed again. There is reason for the exclusiveness of New England people. Many of them have never been away from the home of generations, and they have no understanding of the loneliness of a stranger within their gates. Their ancestors have not only handed down the results of commercial industry, but they have handed down a regiment of relatives who fill life's cup to the brim with companionship.

My own heart was more bitterly sealed against intrusion when we went to Boston than was possible for any one there to emulate. I left all who were dear to me in the West, and I did not want to make new friends. I went there for a purpose and as a stranger I could throw my whole energy into its accomplishment.

They were halcyon days indeed contrasting the finished East with the rough edges and possibilities of the West. But the great hurrying masses of humanity all along the East shore, mostly in the hot race for making or spending money, were a barrier rather than a help to our happiness. We missed the great anthems of the forest and the singing streams, the crisp, cool night air; we missed the elixir from the snowy peaks, we missed the sunny Western skies, and the tent in the Rockies with the hearty spirit of Western good fellowship. The alternations of our Eastern cruises with trips to our friendly mountains of the great West served to impress us that we could not be content with a home on the Atlantic seaboard. When physicians said Pard must leave the New England climate, we yielded to the fascinating call of the good wide West again. It was the same old story, in spite of all efforts to the contrary: many dear people had found their way into our hearts and the parting was almost as serious as it had been elsewhere.

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The monument for Custer's three hundred

Freed from business restraints we sailed away to the mellow lands of Hawaii for a season, to be under the palms and among the tropical scenes of the mid-ocean islands.

We were to embark on a steamer at Vancouver, B.C., and en route made a visit to the Custer battle-field at the Crow Agency in northern Wyoming. The great silent hill which marks the burial spot of so many sacrificed lives, tells a story stronger than any words can portray. Many incidents were related by Robert L. Reading, the local agent; they were so graphically told that tepees seemed to spring into existence along the Little Big-horn River in the foreground, and the whole domain to be peopled with half-clad Indians with faces daubed with gaudy war paint and eyes glittering with hate, while guns and ugly knives were their death dealing ornaments. They charged up one hill and down another and as the white troops came in they were gradually surrounded before the deadly annihilation began. Then the squaws followed in the wake of the warriors and completed the work so wickedly progressing. The squaws were ever the most cruel and it was they who usually did the atrocious mutilating of bodies on battle-fields and the torturing of prisoners. Before the Custer battle it was agreed by the Indians that there should be no prisoners but that all white men should die. The very air seemed full of echoes of the fiendish yells of the savages gloating over their success as the awful massacre went on.

Gen. Crook fought these same Indians a whole day, a week before the Custer massacre at the fierce battle of the Rosebud. He lost a hundred men in killed and wounded. Late in the afternoon of Gen. Crook's engagement, when victory seemed sure, the general with staff and Pard were riding at the head of the command in pursuit of the retreating savages, when timely report of scouts telling of the large number of Indians in ambush and the plot to entrap the whole command, as later they did entrap Gen. Custer, enabled Crook to withdraw his troops and join forces with Gen. Terry. It was on this campaign that the army had to kill and eat their disabled horses.

General Crook (seated on stump in left foreground) with staff officers and war correspondents during the Sioux campaign of 1876

Gen. Crook never carried any luxuries in his pack trains when he went out to fight Indians and on this trip there were no tents and the men did not even carry razors. The only flag they had was improvised by the boys in camp, and it would be grotesque if it were not so pathetic. The red stripe was from a piece of an old flannel shirt worn by one of the officers the white stripe was a piece of canvas, supplied by packer Moore and the blue star in the centre was cut from the bottom of Major (now Brigadier General) Randall's blue pantaloons. Pard says the men looked pretty much alike in those bearded days.

"Crook's army had to kill and eat the disabled horses"

It was ration day at the Crow Agency and every Indian was on hand to clamor for all he could get. True to their aboriginal custom of gorging themselves with all they could hold, feasting began at once and they ate until they fell asleep, unmindful of whether they had anything more until ration day came again.

The instructors in the schools had many difficulties to overcome. The parents resented the disciplining of their offspring and a moral code was not at all to their liking. It will require more than one generation to lift the Indians from their moral and intellectual quagmire to an awakening of a better life. It was a joy to leave such an environment and hurry on to an atmosphere of gentleness and mirth.

We made the landing at Honolulu on Christmas Eve, after a stormy voyage. The languorous air, the seductive music of the natives, the tropical fruits and foliage made us feel as if our souls had flown to Paradise, that there had been a transition from one world to another without knowing aught of death or its pangs. The bougainvilleas were gorgeous in purple blooms and with the white-bodied royal palms made marked contrast to the dense green foliage around them. The tall graceful cocoanuts swayed their tops languorously. The pineapple fields were yielding their harvest and great bunches of green fruit hung gracefully under the banana branches. The wonderful banyan trees with their strong arms rooted again and again made a single tree cover a great area with curiously entwined roots and branches that afforded ideal picnic grounds in their heavy shade. Thousands of blossoms of the night-blooming cereus made the air odorous with their perfume, lotus ponds were covered with lily pads sheltering multitudes of oncoming buds and blooms, and bunches of papaia clung lovingly to their tree trunks like masses of golden grapefruit.

"The tall graceful cocoanuts swayed their tops languorously"

The natives ploughed their rice fields with sharp sticks pulled through the wet marshy soil by a lone sacred ox. They ground their taro roots into flour with stones, as their forefathers had done, and ate their poi with one, two, or three fingers according to its consistency. Their beds were made of straw mats piled together as thick as the owner could afford, and the beds were large enough to accommodate the whole family. They used no pillows but rested the neck on a contrivance resembling a miniature sawbuck.

The dress of the native woman was made like an American Mother-Hubbard, gathered full at the neck and hung loosely from the shoulders to the ground, or girded with a sash under the arms, and everybody wore white from tip to toe. It was a dainty custom for men to wear white suits, white shoes, and Panama hats, and in the early evening when they were flitting through the tropical foliage of the hotel grounds they seemed like ghosts playing at hide and seek. The novelty of such a unique country with the study of its customs, its people, its productions, and its accomplishments was a diversion and a joy.

The Hawaiian people were a happy-go-lucky race having a love for music and indolence common in the warm latitudes, but perhaps in a greater degree, for there was no near country to spur them to thoughts of to-morrow. The women had beautiful hands, plump and soft, but long and tapering fingers, as smooth as wax from the knuckle to the dainty finger point. The hands told plainly the love of pleasure and the love of plenty if it came easy, and if it did n't come easy they could do without it. If the man of the house should by chance do a day's work, he returned home to find his family out on the grass or in the water, and if he was hungry he would have to get his own supper. If a native had but fifty cents he would buy a fish for twenty-five cents and spend the other twenty-five cents on a cab to take himself and his fish home.

The Hawaiians are a cleanly people, though not industrious. They love to ride and sing and dance and rest. They may have some poi bowls or other trinkets to sell, but if one wanted something more of their handicraft there would be positively no use of expecting it at any given time. They make you wait till the spirit moves them to make it, not an hour sooner, for love or money.

There were many beautiful homes and the palace of the former kings was a dignified structure in keeping with its purpose. The home of Queen Liliuokalani was an imposing two-story frame house with many white columns supporting the galleries that surround it. A peculiar feature about nearly all houses was the absence of chimneys, as most of the cooking was done in the open air. In the better families the tables were spread in a lanai, which is a veranda enclosed in wire netting. The netting was not to keep out flies, for they are almost unknown, but the pest of the islands is mosquitoes which are there in abundance, then multiplied by millions, then more. Not only are doors and windows screened, but a double precaution is taken by having

Honolulu belles with flower leis around their necks

the beds draped over with netting. The atmosphere was always mild and does not vary ten degrees in the year.

We toured the islands by steamer, stage, horseback, and afoot, but with the approach of spring began to realize that we were assimilating a brand of air and kind of life which, if they did not enervate, they would strike the limit of relaxation. Life there glides on in charmed existence; one grows forgetful of duties and becomes hypnotized by the dreamy air and soft strains of the eukalali, and awakes only on steamer days when the mail comes with reminders of another world.

Surf riding is the greatest of all sports, as it is in all south sea islands. The natives are experts in the water with boards and canoes. They are almost as aquatic as the fish in the sea. There is no sport so wildly exhilarating, but it is attended with much danger as we learned by a sad experience. For the sport a canoe is manned by two stalwart Kanakas who can read the water as an Indian will his woodlore. The pleasure party is clothed in bathing suits and caps, expecting to get more or less wet as the spray flies over them. Every one in the boat is supplied with a paddle, and he bends to his blade with a will amid shouts of merriment as the boat glides out from the shore. When perhaps a mile away, the Kanaka gives the signal to rest, while his eagle eye watches the incoming waves. Across the gunwales fore and aft a pole is fastened which extends eight or ten feet out from the canoe, then gracefully curves downward to the water and is attached to a six or eight inch log of buoyant wood; this outrigger, as it is called, serves to keep the boat from being swamped; a canoe properly handled will not upset because of the outrigger, but sometimes a great sea comber will fill the boat with water and cause it to go under, but it will not sink. The natives who handle those surf boats can scent a big breaker before it is born, while the ordinary person sees no difference in the oncoming waves, but the trained eye of the Kanaka gives warning, the boat is headed for the shore, and every paddle is lifted in the air waiting the word of

Green turtle for dinner

command. When the comber is about to snatch the canoe he yells "go," then everybody paddles with all the power he has in him. If the canoe does not have sufficient momentum when the roller lifts it up it will only get a good drenching and be left behind, but if its speed has been rightly calculated there is a sudden lifting of the stern, an instant of breathless suspense, then on the crest of the great roller the boat shoots ahead with a lightning increase of speed that sends a yell from every throat as it shoots along the inshore side of the roller always just ahead, yet under the curling crest of a great comber that breaks into foam at the stern of the canoe, and amid the wildest kind of excitement the boat glides safely in to shore. That is fun when all goes well, but there are times when the sensations are different.

It was nearly our last day on the island and we wanted one more ride on the crest of the waves ere we departed in the big ship for the homeland. The day was a wild one, but in our ignorance of conditions it seemed just the right kind of a day for the sport. The natives gave no note of warning, neither did the people in charge of the beach say aught of danger. The Kanakas were eager for their fee, and we started out. As the boat advanced and the great waves rose and broke I grew somewhat alarmed, but my fears were allayed by expressions of full confidence in the two men in charge. Suddenly they grew serious, and when our boat was headed inshore we noted that they lost all their cheerfulness and talked excitedly in their native tongue. At last they gave the signal and we paddled for life; the roller lifted us twenty feet in the air, and then instead of carrying us inland the prow was sent downward and we turned a complete summersault going down into the coral beds at the bottom of the sea. The outrigger was broken off entirely from one end of the boat and it swung away quite out of reach. We all came to the surface and regained the now upturned boat. Pard clutched me with a grip of death, and while he was telling me what to do another breaker tore us from the canoe and sent us down again. One Kanaka took the young daughter of Col. John A. Stearns, now a resident of Los Angeles, and flinging her on his back started for shore leaving the rest of us to get on as best we might. The other Kanaka was so interested in trying to get his outrigger that he paid but scant attention to us.

We were swept again and again from our frail hold on the slippery boat and hurled like straws down into the dark depths of the waters. But never for an instant did the great breakers tear me from Pard's vise-like grasp. At last between the series of waves that come in threes and sevens he managed to help me get astride of the overturned boat where, by hugging close with my head on its slippery bottom, I could just hold to the edge of the submerged gunwales and cling to them as the waves swallowed us again and again and carried us on the flowing tide.

Mrs. Stearns had remained on shore and saw our helplessness. She was crazed with grief and anxiety and rushed about frantically to get some one to go to our assistance. There were, however, but few people about the beach, as the day was considered unsafe for pleasure-seekers, and the Kanakas had all gone into town except the two who had taken our party out. As we drifted in to more quiet water, the one who had remained with us made us understand that he wanted to right the boat. I threw up quantities of seawater that I had swallowed in my various excursions to the bottom, and it seemed cruel to be obliged to release myself and slide off into the foamy deep again, but the old Kanaka could only say: "Too bad, too bad," and I realized that with the boat right side up we could all cling to it and be assured of safety. I slipped off and at a given signal a united pull in one direction turned it over. Although it was full of water and we could not get into it, we could cling to its sides and thus finally worked our way to shore.

Surf riding near Diamond Head

Colonel Stearns had been fortunate enough to get a position between the broken outrigger and the bow of the boat so that at no time was he in danger of drowning after the first or second immersion, but whenever his head came up out of water he looked for the Kanaka with his daughter who was sometimes in sight and sometimes not.

When we had the boat turned up and were slowly getting into safer waters Colonel Stearns began to call my name in a most distressing voice. Again and again he called to me until we feared he was becoming unbalanced in his mind, and I asked: "What is the matter, Colonel?" "Oh, Mrs. Strahorn," he called again in agonizing tones, "I 'm losing my trousers." We were all so excited and weak that we became fairly hysterical and with the distress and laughter I nearly lost my hold on the boat. The force of the water was gradually carrying away a portion of his bathing suit, and he did not dare loosen his hold on the outrigger for an instant to hold his trousers, yet as he was in front of me he was in a doubly distressed state of mind. Pard called out to him most reassuringly to cheer up for if that was all that was lost on the trip we would be mighty lucky. It was a happy moment

A Hawaiian spearing fish

when our feet could touch the soft, mellow slope near land, where we let go of the boat and waded ashore more dead than alive and dropped on the warm sand. The suspense for Mrs. Stearns had been terrific; she had watched us working our way to the shore, sometimes in sight and again not one of us to be seen. Pard's feet were torn and bleeding from frequent contact with the ragged reefs that lie close in the harbor of Waikiki. His trembling form showed how near he had reached the limit of his strength, and every time I bent over I brought up so much water that I must have been very near the point of drowning. It was a miraculous escape, and if there was no mortal hand reached out to succor us there was the mysterious hand of Providence that brought us safely into port.

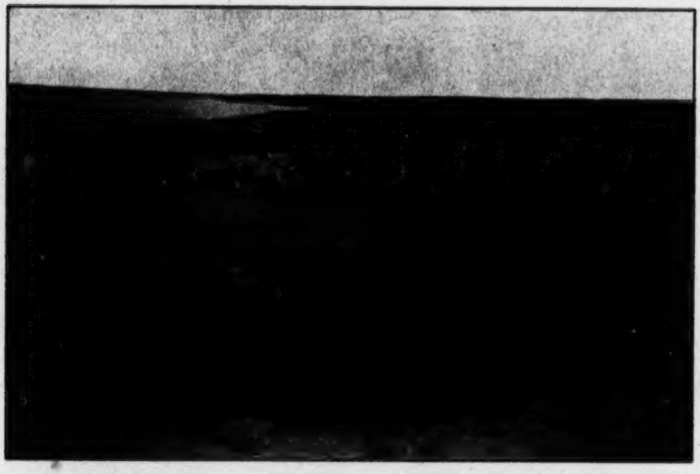
The incident caused a great deal of newspaper controversy and a scheme was at once started to establish a life-saving crew at that beach, as well as to license only experienced Kanakas to take parties out.

Just how close a call we had in other ways was made manifest to us soon after our return when in a smooth sea a few men went out to the vicinity of our mishap and jumped into the water for a swim; one of the men failed to come to the surface again and no amount of hunting could reveal any trace of him. Within three days a large shark was caught near by and the missing man's foot was found in the shark's stomach and identified by his wife through a peculiar malformation.

Shark hunting is one of the most exciting diversions about the islands. Mr. T. W. Hobson, who owned the superb little yacht *Gladys*, invited Pard and a few others to go to Pearl Harbor on such a hunt. A circuit of twenty-five miles was made for the purpose of fishing and sightseeing, but it was only eight miles from town where the anchor was dropped for the night, and the shark bait lowered into the deep. The hook was seven eighths inch steel, about a foot long, and attached to six or eight feet of steel chain, which in turn was fastened to some two hundred feet of five eighths inch rope. Not having any nibble before they went to bed the slack rope was carried down into the cabin and a tin pail attached to it that would give warning by its rattle across the floor. A few hours later there was an unmistakable clatter of the pail as it bumped against every available article on its way across the cabin and up the stairs with the half-clad men scrambling for its possession. There was a spectacle not to be photographed, with four or five men in "undress uniforms" exerting their strength on the rope as if a wild Texas steer were pulling at the other end. If a shark comes to the surface under these conditions there is just as much danger from his tail as from his head. After securely hooking him, the first important thing is to get his head above water and shoot him with a heavy ball, to stun him, so that a loop of an extra rope can be slipped over the line and pushed over his head back to the tail and drawn taut. Then when he gets his second wind he can be gradually worn out or pulled ashore without so much danger.

"He was ten feet long and would probably have weighed 500 pounds"

But sharks are great on going to the bottom or to the end of the rope and wanting to stay there. This fellow followed these tactics until the men were about tired out, and not until daylight did they succeed in getting him near the surface. Then the way he plunged, churned, and hammered the water and gnashed those big jaws of his suggested the thought that he might jump on to the yacht, whose decks were only about three feet above him. One of his first feats was to whip the fourteen foot tender nearly full of water. Meantime, Mr. Pierson was giving him an occasional .45-90 bullet, which so long as they struck only his body seemed to make him all the more furious and dangerous. Finally a ball lodged in the head and they managed to get the noose over him as above suggested; then quickly hauling him out of the water, tail first, by aid of the throat halyards, they gave him the *coup-de-grâce* with additional shots. During this latter performance he twisted and wriggled, and snapped those vicious eyes and gnashed those ugly teeth of his in a way that kept all hands at a safe distance. He was ten feet long and would probably have weighed five hundred pounds. Sharks are very ticklish and will jump clear out of the water if you happen to touch them with a rope or boat hook. Their ferocity, courage, strength, and endurance are out of all proportion to their size when compared to other fishes. They are, indeed, the tigers of the sea.



A happy family taking a sun bath on Layson Island

The teeth of the shark are most peculiar; they are about three fourths of an inch long with a circular shape whose edges are like the teeth of a saw. These man-eating sharks have three rows of teeth. In the upper jaw they are like rows of hooks slanting backward, and when not in use they lie flat in the roof of the mouth in a leathery cartilage.

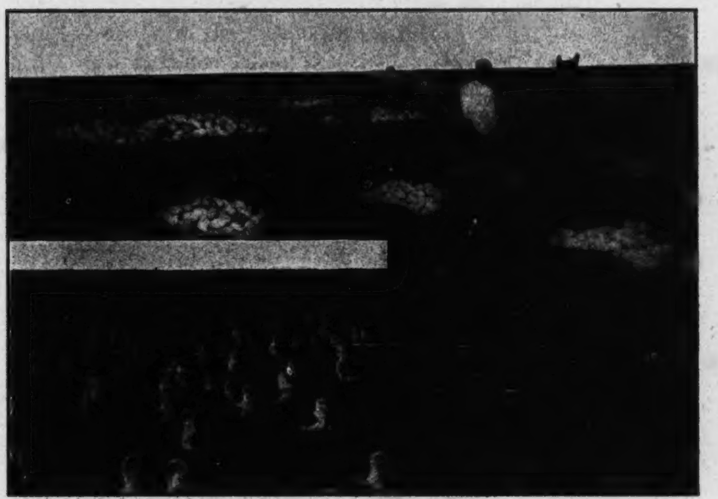
They care for their young by keeping them in the mouth and an eighteen foot shark that had recently been captured had twenty-seven young ones in her mouth. These sharks are always accompanied by a pilot fish, an odd looking creature with sucker attachment on its back, which is used to enable it to cling to the shark at times. This fish always stays close by when a shark is being killed and can easily be caught. Mr. Hobson says a shark that he hooked once carried away the hook, seven feet of chain, and a lot of rope, and the natives living on the beach nearby complained that the fish kept them awake nights rattling the chain over the coral reef along the shore.

The unique national customs of any country cannot long endure the inquisitorial régime of strangers however friendly they may purport to be. It has changed the peasantry of all Europe and the same thing was going on in Honolulu. Only the hula-hula girls still wear the skirts of beaten bark or grasses, though many wear the floral *lei* and bracelets of dog teeth. The hula dance was once the ceremonial dance of Hawaiian festivities, weddings, births, or national feast days; the hula song and dance was the very poetry of motion and it was the whiteman's coming that transformed it by jeers and jests to the most disreputable of dances.

Another custom that is passing away is the chanting of the *olioli*. In olden days the history of the island lived only in song, and the deeds of brave kings were memorized and sung in the most melancholy chant. Those who sang were professional historians and their language was the old classical Hawaiian that the younger generation of this day do not understand. Their singers are rapidly passing away and no new ones take the vacant places.

Princess Kaiulani died while we were in Honolulu and the *olioli* singers gathered in great force to sing the deeds of the royal house. The midnight air was heavy with wailing songs, and to those who did not understand it made a night hideous and melancholy. The funeral, however, was an imposing one, with the dead princess clothed in royal robes lying in great splendor on the bier surrounded by her household retinue and guards with torches. It is an old superstition that the royalty of Honolulu die during great storms. The night the princess died there was such a terrific storm that many predicted her death, and she herself grew alarmed and fought like a tigress for her life until she became exhausted with her efforts and died quickly after making a final leap from her bed. She gave a loud scream, and sprang from her attendants; then as she tried to get under the bed the wind caught her soul and carried it away on the wings of the storm. Those old superstitions die hard when they have been bred in the bone for many generations.

The popular food of the islands is the taro, which resembles our Irish potato only the taro grows somewhat larger. It is eaten as a vegetable and it is also made into *poi* which looks like a thick cooked starch, and it is eaten by dipping it up with the fingers. Some of the *poi* bowls are exquisite works of art, many of which are made of cocoa shells.



Goonies and their eggs on Layson Island

The most beautiful custom in this dreamland of the South is that of stringing the flowers into ropes and wearing them about the head, neck, and arms or wound about a hat. It fills one with delight when the steamer lands to see the native women stretching out their arms laden with the floral *lei* as a welcome to their sunny land and every departing steamer has passengers covered with bright strings of carnations or the national yellow flower of Hawaii until the individual is almost hidden from view. It used to be the custom to fling them back to the people on the wharf as the steamer slipped from her moorings, and it meant good luck to any one on whom a *lei* fell. But they are so attractive that foreigners do not like to part with them until the sea begins to roll and the heavy perfume of tube roses and carnations sends people to their staterooms. The deck boy then consigns the flowers to the fishes without asking or needing any one's consent. It is to be hoped that the custom will never pass, for what could be a more gracious welcome than a lasso of delicate flowers.

"We were transferred at the end of a rope by a derrick"

There are many things novel, interesting, and exciting in what one sees in foreign lands, but the one we would not care to repeat was the landing at one of the islands where there was practically no harbor and we were transferred at the end of a rope by a derrick, and let down to a small boat waiting in the rough water. I demurred and said I would go back without seeing the famous crater, without a lock of Pelée's hair, and without a glimpse of the great burning fields of the volcano rather than go ashore that way, but my mate was to be so disappointed at turning back that I nerved myself for the fling and took my turn at the midair suspension. Its repetition from the small boat to the dock, up on the rocky bluff, and back again was entirely too much aerial travel for one season.

The soft languorous air, the glorious opalescence of Oriental colorings of earth and sea and sky were with us at all times in that tropical land; we lived out of doors with no fear of change of weather or of temperature; wraps and hats were laid aside for day or night, and everywhere and at all hours one heard the strains of stringed instruments and the seductive tones of the native words made up of bewitching vowel elongations whose cadences were full of alluring caprice.

It is no wonder the natives rebelled at annexation. They did not want to be classed with our negroes. Though they are dark of skin they have very straight hair. Hawaiians are an aristocratic class, they are mellow eyed, big hearted to a fault, and musical from tip to tip. Nor did they want to turn from the pleasure loving life to one of toil and restraint. It must be wrong to molest the happy, care-free life, and force upon them customs and habits and ways of living that are so distasteful and that will destroy all that is picturesque and beautiful in their primitive existence.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE PASSING OF THE WILDERNESS

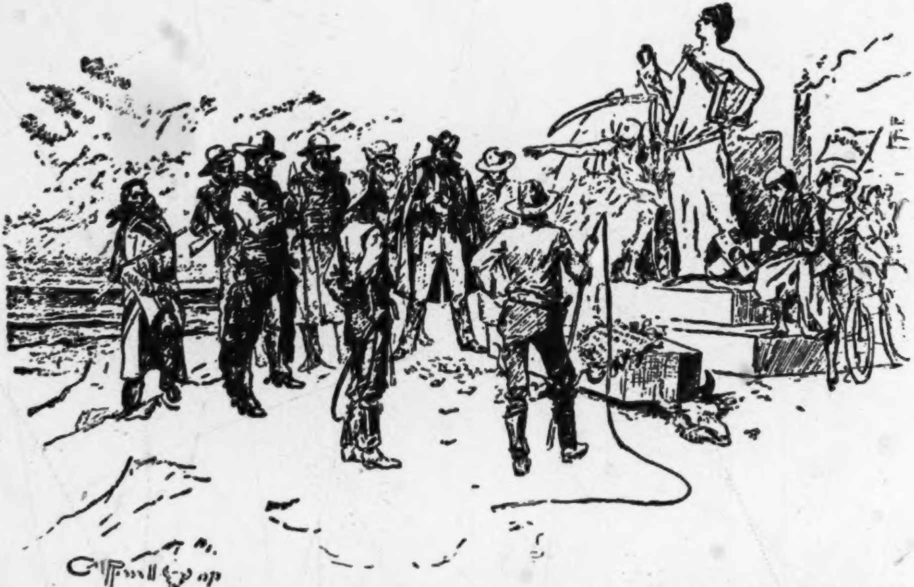
THE days of long stage trips are now forever past and the broad sage-brush desert, so lately labelled "unexplored country," is blooming in fertility. The development of varied resources is accelerated by thousands of miles of well-fed waterways opened by enterprising private capital and by special acts of Congress. Great mountain ranges and deep tangled forests have been everywhere cut and penetrated by the iron horse. All this, coupled with the vast productions of the West, has evolved a civilization and an environment no other land on earth can in such brief time emulate.

A faint conception of the import of these lightning strides of the passing of the wilderness can best be gathered by referring to conditions existing in 1825, as graphically set forth in a speech made at that time by Hon. Malon Dickinson, United States Senator from New Jersey. He came out boldly in the United States Senate for a bill to provide land grants to settlers in Oregon Territory because it could never become one of the United States, and it would never be of any essential value to the Union. He undertook to show that it would be almost impossible to secure from it a representative to Congress. He estimated the distance from the Columbia River to Washington, D.C., at 4650 miles, and said that a member of Congress from the State of Oregon must travel, going to and returning from the seat of government, 9300 miles, and supposing him to travel at the rate of thirty miles per day, allowing for Sundays, it would take him 350 days of the year to go to Washington and return. This would allow him only a fortnight to rest himself in the capital before commencing his journey home. As a considerable part of the way was over rugged mountains, covered the larger part of the year with a great depth of snow, he stated that travelling at the rate of thirty miles a day would be a hard and almost impossible task. Yet a young, able-bodied Senator or Representative might possibly travel from Oregon to Washington and back again in the course of a year, but he could do nothing else. He stated that he might come more expeditiously, however, by water, around Cape Horn, or through Bering Strait, around the north coast of the continent to Baffin's Bay; thence through Davis Strait to the Atlantic, and so on to Washington. "It is true," he said, "that such a passage has not yet been discovered except on our maps, but it will be discovered as soon as Oregon will become a State."

It is evident that his views were shared by a majority of the members of the Senate, because at the conclusion of his speech the bill passed the Senate by two votes.

A few fur settlements and a small agricultural and lumber district were created before 1850, but it was not until after 1880, when the railroads were pushed into the Northwest country, that any great development began, or that settlement began to take place with any rapid stride.

The Northern Pacific road was finished to Wallula in 1883 and to Puget Sound in 1885. The Oregon Short Line with the Oregon Railway and Navigation connecting lines were finished to Portland in 1884. It is of much interest to those of us who traversed the long, lone, and barren wastes in the old Concord coaches to watch, following in the same trail, the new iron horse that has won the race and sidetracked the old mode of travel to the more remote districts; to note, also, the steel arms reaching from the main lines to every valued section and encompassing the lands, the fields of wheat, the forests, the fruit orchards, and the cattle ranges, and circling the waters of the great fisheries and sending their laden ships to foreign shores. It is like watching the development of a new world. While for us there is a measure of sadness in the passing of the lumbering stage-coach, the rollicking cowboy, and the care-free, open-hearted prospector and miner, the picturesque Indian, and the unstinted frontier hospitality, with all the breezy,



“There is a measure of sadness in the passing of the lumbering stage-coach, the rollicking cowboy, and the care-free, open-hearted prospector and miner, the picturesque Indian, and the unstinted hospitality, with all the breezy florid atmosphere of real pioneering” florid atmosphere of real pioneering, yet there is a thrill of ecstasy as all the different startling stages of West-wide development burst into bloom.

The passing of the wilderness is no idle dream; it is like the opening of the chestnut burr with its thorny, dry, resisting elements. One may scratch and bruise himself and rebel at the pricks that shed his blood, but the delicious sweetmeat pays for it all.

Photograph by courtesy of Lee Moorehouse, Pendleton, Ore.

"The lonely outpost of a dying race"

The wilderness is blossoming into the most important section of the United States, and now the news has come to the United States over the Alaskan cable that Captain Donald Amundsen has passed from the Atlantic Ocean through that passage which Mr. Dickinson had ironically said would be discovered when Oregon became a State. He looked upon both as being too utterly improbable to be considered at all. It is a pity he could not have lived to see the five glorious States created out of Oregon, with their people enjoying full congressional rights and privileges equal to that of any Eastern commonwealth.

What hardships have been endured and heart-strings crushed and broken; what family ties have been rent by the great movement to the West! The spatulate hand of the explorer has kept him hewing his way through the forest and beckoning others to follow in his wake. His heart and home are in the forward ranks of civilization and it is through an earnest, life-sacrificing ordeal that the frontiersman has slowly blazed the way, with sword and shovel and gun, with pick and plough and pan, and with poverty and suffering. Each has played a part to one great end—the opening of the chestnut burr—revealing a land of milk and honey, a land of fruits and flowers, a land full of running streams and turbulent waterfalls, a land with bread for all nations, a land of mountains that kiss the sky and scatter fertilizing fluids to thirsty deserts, a land of life-giving ozone, where youth holds the charm over years and the ravages of time are lost in eternal bloom.

The vast herds of cattle and sheep that roamed at will on a thousand hills have been taken from the cowboy range and confined within gateways, that many broad acres might produce the more golden harvests of fruits, grain, and wine. The trails have broadened into great highways of commerce, the prospector and his packhorse have gone over the hills, the loaded wagons with their many oxen and horses no longer drag along the mountainsides where but yesterday drivers met and snarled over the right of way.

Irrigation has travelled far and wide down many a mountainside, making the world brighter wherever it has roamed. Its smile has been caught in the blush of the rose, in the cheek of the apple, in the bloom of the peach, in the lips of the cherries, and in the heart of every other product of its marriage with Fairyland. Even the great maddening salt plains are being drawn into the seething vortex of commerce, and trackless deserts are no longer on the maps of our grand and glorious United States.

THE END